



WARLOCK OF THE MAGUS WORLD

BOOK 06

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Warlock of the Magus World

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Synopsis

-What happens when a scientist from a futuristic world reincarnates in a World of Magic and Knights?

An awesome MC is what happens!

A scientist's goal is to explore the secrets of the universe, and this is exactly what Leylin sets out to do when he is reincarnated.

Dark, cold and calculating, he makes use of all his resources as he sets off on his adventures to meet his goal.

Face? Who needs that... Hmmm... that guy seems too powerful for me to take on now... I better keep a low profile for now.

You want me to help you? Sure... but what benefit can I get out of it? Nothing? Bye.

Hmmm... that guy looks like he might cause me problems in the future.

Should I let him off for now and let him grow into someone that can threaten me..... Nahhh. kill-

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Chapter 501 - Timely Appearance

A wild blaze surged up as corrosive artillery shells created a blanket of lightning across the sky.

The glows of numerous attacking spells revolved around the Ouroboros Clan headquarters, unfolding in layers continuously at the Phosphorescence Swamp.

In order to protect their organization and their homeland, the formidable Warlocks went all out against their equally-powerful opponents. The earth was stained with blood and bones.

Outside headquarters, two behemoths roared ferociously in their entanglement. Every strike sent tremors through the land, as if forming an unending earthquake. This sort of remarkable battle was uncommon even in the central continent, and deserved to be recorded as a legendary one.

The intense confrontation had lasted a full day, yet not the creatures, nor the Magi nor the Warlocks showed traces of backing down. The Magi could bear the intensity of the battle, and the two giant creatures could do it even more easily.

On the other hand, Faisal wore a displeased look from within the command room.

“The East Zone is 37% damaged, the city walls 55%. The energy consumed by the Duo Serpent Annihilator is too large, 67% of our combined storage is already depleted. We can’t keep going much

longer...”

How could there not be a price be paid for them to maintain a Morning Star realm combat strength?

The Kyasha Beast depended on a frightening amount of food as sustenance. On the other hand, the Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan could only use the stored energy from the multiple Magus Towers to power the Duo Serpent Annihilator.

Faisal understood that a puppet would always remain a puppet. Once the energy supply was terminated, the Duo Serpent Annihilator would revert back to its original form.

The remaining energy was insufficient for them to continue holding the fort.

If this went on, with the exhaustion of their trump card, the Ouroboros Clan looked to be set for extermination...

“Mentor! Please come back as soon as you can!” It didn’t matter what Faisal thought previously. His pleas now were extremely sincere.

“For the Family! For the bloodline! For the glory of our Warlocks!”

At the battlefield at the West Zone, Freya was covered in blood from head to toe, multiple cuts all across her body. Yet, she fought

on through sheer force of will and obstinance, directly blocking the Demon Magus ahead of her.

“Admit your defeat! You no longer have the protection of your Morning Star Magi, you are destined to fall...”

The Demon Magus chief was out of breath, as he spoke sentimentally, “There are few Magi who can sustain battle with me for over 30 hours...”

“...” Looking around at the messy battlefield filled with corpses of bloodline Warlocks, Freya shut her eyes for a moment. When she opened them again, they glowed with ferocity.

“I vow not to yield! The glory of the bloodline Warlocks cannot perish in my hands!”

“What a foolish decision!” the chief chided, “If it is so, I will not show any mercy!”

As if a seal had been unlocked, the iron chain on his right hand cracked apart, snapping off and dropping down in segments. Dark black flames rose continuously from the arm, and Freya’s previous sense of danger had increased tenfold.

“This Demon’s Arm is a precious treasure that I acquired after braving countless dangers...”

A terrifying arm, completely coated with scales and tipped with

sharp claws, was revealed as the chain broke. Compared to the transformation of the other members of the Demon Magus Army, the horror that this arm exuded was far more terrifying. This could be considered a true Demon's Arm!

“The Crystal Phase Magi that have fallen to this arm number seven. Today, you shall be the eighth!” The chief roared, swinging his arm towards the front. A frightening black blaze erupted, barricading the whole area like a cage.

With the allied army winning, a loud humph sounded, audible to the entire region. A Magus appeared in the middle of the battlefield.

With eyes of silver and brows as sharp as swords and a Magus robe, decorated with the images of tortured demons, draped over his body.

Although he just stood silently in empty space, his presence generated a strong domain that had the whole Ouroboros Clan headquarters engulfed.

In but a moment, the chaos of the battlefield had died down, giving birth to a deathly silence.

Even the Kyasha Beast and Duo Serpent Annihilator had stopped in the middle of their intense battle. They felt a huge, imminent threat from this tiny human body.

“It’s Demon Hunter Cyril! Why did he show himself in advance?” the red-haired female Magus asked in disbelief.

“Cyril, it’s said that you’re a person who doesn’t bother with reputation!” the green haired Magus looked unimpressed, “Seeing the positive circumstances on our side, you must have rushed here to forcibly take credit for it!”

“He’s an exalted Morning Star Magus, why would he snatch anything from you?” The female Magus covered her mouth and sniggered.

“Hehe... Cyril’s reputation amongst Morning Star Magi... You will find out soon enough...” the male Magus smiled bitterly. In the world of Morning Star Magi, everyone knew that Demon Hunter Cyril lacked all form of chivalry. He was overbearing and shameless, seizing the resources and treasures of lower-ranked Magi.

“Are you not going to act anymore?”

“Me? How can I interfere?” The male Magus spread out his hand and gestured, “Everyone clearly has made some deals with the Demon Hunter. In front of a Morning Star Magus, I am but a slightly bigger ant, no more than that...”

Thereafter, he laughed at himself and continued, “No matter what, with the addition of the Demon Hunter, this battle will end soon.”

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On the battlefield, the Warlocks who had yet to reach the Hydro Phase were confined by the enormous pressure, and even moving seemed to be difficult.

Even rank 3 Crystal Phase nobles were helpless as they realised that their ability to gather elemental particles had been halved. Even activating their spiritual force proved to be extremely difficult.

Under the effect of the domain of a Morning Star Magus, all lower-ranked Magi were like ants.

“It’s over! It’s all over!” Faisal slid to the ground, witnessing the ruthless massacre of the Warlocks. His expression turned deathly pale as he felt the life draining out from him.

With the support of the domain of the Demon Hunter, the allied military immediately stomped out many regions of defence, even as the last bit of the defensive barrier was destroyed.

At the centre of it all, Cyril sneered in mid-air. A projection of huge sharp claws appeared and it reached out and attacked the source of energy at the city center.

Po! A colourful barrier appeared, blocking the sharp claws. Then, both the barrier and the claw in an instant before turning into ashes, disappearing into the emptiness.

“A rather good item! Pity that it could only block one attack at the Morning Star realm!” Cyril laughed heartily, his body’s radiance growing brighter. Horrifying amounts of elemental particles coagulated once again, as if a tsunami had crashed into the bright barrier.

The membrane cracked, and the energy source was extinguished!

The huge defensive spell formation supporting the whole city had been under the attack of the army for an entire day. The combined Magus Towers, as well as the various spell formations, collapsed loudly.

Like a screen of water being dispersed, the membrane disappeared, and the entirety of the Ouroboros Clan headquarters grew visible to the enemy.

“No!” Two rolls of tears streaked down Lucian’s face as he cried out. An enormous carnivorous flower that was almost ten meters high devoured him completely.

Even though he’d suppressed the other party with all his might, after being weakened by the Morning Star domain he could only await his death.

“Is this it?” Freya’s jaws were clenched hard. She knew she wasn’t a match for her opponent. Under the attacks of the Demon’s Arm, she now cut an extremely sorry figure, collapsing

on the ground after sustaining heavy injuries from the domain.

Seeing the sharp claw advancing towards her and the cold, ruthless eyes of the Demon Magus who owned it, Freya was dazzled.

In the blink of an eye, time seemed to slow to a crawl. Her life flashed in front of her eyes as if she was reading a picture book, flipping page to page.

In the end, her thoughts drifted to a young, black-robed Warlock. He smiled warmly at her, the passion in his eyes enough to sent the hearts of all female Warlocks fluttering. They would be attracted to him like a moth to the flame... Regardless of the danger of the blaze... Regardless, that attraction would end up fatal...

“Goodbye... Leylin...” A single sparkling tear slipped out of the corner of her eyes.

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The sharp, scaly claw with its dark flames and terrifying energy brought with an intensely violent wind as it aimed at her body.

The Demon Magus across her was very confident in his abilities. He could handle a Crystal Phase Magus that was armed to the teeth easily, forget a Warlock who was seriously injured and suppressed.

He was even imagining the death of this female Warlock in front

of him, the blood and internal organs spilling everywhere.

However, nothing was set in stone.

Suddenly, The chief felt like his hand had been trapped in an iron hoop, rendering him unable to take another step forward.

He looked up and was stunned. A Warlock wearing a black Magus robe stood in front of him. He had long black hair, an extremely handsome face and had traces of a demonic charm on him that could attract the attentions of all female Warlocks

He seemed to have appeared in a flash. His right hand gripped the Demon's Arm, and the other radiated a black serpent-shaped airflow which held Freya in place.

Freya's shut eyes popped open, and she saw Leylin. Unable to contain herself, she blurted out, "Ley... Sir Leylin! Am I dreaming?"

"No. You're not dreaming. You've exhausted yourself. Take a rest while I handle everything else!" Leylin's bright smile was soothing and it put Freya's heart to rest. Drowsy, she fell asleep.

"Who are you?" The chief was shocked beyond words. For someone to be able to remain calm under the Morning Star domain and even cause the chief himself to be helpless, this person must not be easy to deal with.

Besides, he couldn't even see through the opposing party's energy. The feeling was as if...

The Demon Magus shook his head, forcing his mind to abandon such thoughts as he didn't want to frighten himself. He was afraid he might lose all confidence, kneeling and asking for mercy if his train of thoughts was to develop further.

Chapter 502 - Bloodline Ignition

Boom! Dark black flames exploded forth from the Demon's Arm along with sharp knife-like blades. It was obvious that the Demon Magus chief had definitely used everything he had up his sleeves for this attack.

Unfortunately, be it the flames or the blades, they couldn't even leave a scratch on Leylin's pure white palms. The flame was even extinguished moments after it burst forth.

"Morning... Morning..." This chief's teeth began chattering. He had a feeling that things were progressing in a bad way. Who knew, the entire alliance army's plan could have been hindered.

"Master! Save me!" At the edge of life and death, he immediately cried for his master's help.

"Looking for him? Too late!" Leylin shook his head, and a black blade of light swept across him.

This frightening magus, who was in the Crystal Phase and had an unfathomable strength with the addition of his Demon's Arm, was sliced into two just like that.

Be it innate defence or magic equipment, they were all like air in front of the black light blade, posing no resistance at all.

Even at the moment of death, the other party's face showed

bafflement.

“Um?” Seeing his best subordinate killed, Cyril naturally had a reaction. By the time he understood the situation, an even more horrified expression emerged on his face. “Leylin!”

“It’s me!” Leylin handed Freya over to his subordinates’ care, and floated up to mid-air. His gaze fixed onto Cyril, showing not a trace of weakness.

Boom! As if an ancient beast had awakened, a mysterious yet powerful force field began to emanate from Leylin, rapidly offsetting Cyril’s Morning Star domain.

To their relief, all the Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan felt like a load was being lifted off their backs, immediately restoring their previously sluggish spiritual force to full capacity.

“You have already advanced to the Morning Star realm!” Cyril managed to squeeze out from the crevices between his clenched teeth.

“Of course!” Leylin laughed brilliantly.

With just those two words of his, everyone on scene was amazed.

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A while ago.

“I’ve left Parker and Tanasha at Freya’s side. There’s no need for me to worry!” Leylin, wearing a loose black robe, activated the last spell formation. A mechanical door dropped down, along with the activation of multiple layers of seals.

Vibrant runes wandered close to one another across the surface of the iron door. Leylin had used every bit of knowledge he had about defensive spell formations in this, and together with the A.I. Chip’s deductive capabilities, even a Morning Star Magus would take a while to force his way in.

The walls of the secret chamber were littered with aura isolation runes. This room could be said to be one of the best-hidden places on the continent right now.

There was no choice about it. This matter concerned his advancement to the Morning Star realm, and Leylin wouldn’t dare to be sloppy.

This was not his manor at the headquarters, but a cellar where he kept his secret purchases. The entire process was controlled by him alone, and to an observer, it would seem completely unrelated to Leylin.

In his own manor, he had set up the same defensive spell formation, displaying the facade that he was still there.

At such a critical junctures, Leylin was extremely vigilant. He even found it hard to trust some of his subordinates.

“As long as we make it through this, everything will be fine and all the future holds for us is boundless open vistas...” Leylin sighed softly. As if he released all of his emotions, his eyes became clear and he calmed down.

He sat on the ground, and some items emerged in his hands.

A milky-white fingerbone with a few narrow cracks on it, a tube of golden blood emitting terrifying energy waves, as well as a messy pile of spiritual force crystals. These crystals were mostly from his spoils, while a portion of it came from Freya’s gifts and his own collection.

“The road to the Morning Star is vast and long. Many Crystal Phase Magi do not even have the chance to come into contact with this bottleneck...” Leylin held a solemn expression.

He had only advanced to the Crystal Phase not long ago, and he was already thinking of breaking through to Morning Star. If it was an ordinary Magus, it would be nothing but a dream!

But he was different. He had a lot of cards in his hand and abundant knowledge, so much so that even some Morning Star Magi could only wish for it.

Even with just the Lamia fingerbone, Warlocks who had been

stuck for years would gain the possibility of breaking through.

“A.I. Chip, report my current condition!”

[Leylin Farlier, rank 3 Warlock (Crystal Phase) Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent Strength: 40 Agility: 35 Vitality: 55, Spiritual Force: 356.5, Magic Power: 356 (magic power in synchronisation with spiritual force)]

The A.I. Chip replied loyally.

After advancing to the Crystal Phase, his own spiritual force had increased only slightly. It was instead his strength and vitality that had gotten a growth spurt under the effect of the techniques of the Multi-Armed Race.

“Rank 3 spiritual force varies from 200 to 400. The first threshold for advancing to the Morning Star realm is for it to reach a critical value, filling up your entire sea of consciousness...”

Because the A.I. Chip had already deduced more than half the information about the Morning Star realm, Leylin currently had no doubts as to his path.

In fact, this was why he had to wait for the A.I. Chip’s deduction progress to reach such a point before he could advance. Many times, the crucial reason for failure in advancing was exactly a lack

of knowledge about the path to Morning Star, as well as the handling of the many real-life problems during the promotion.

The A.I. Chip's deductions on the Morning Star realm happened to make up for this, clearing any remaining confusions that Leylin had. To a certain extent, he also needed to thank the Azure Mountain King for this. If he had not anxiously sent a clone, the A.I. Chip probably would not have been able to progress in the Morning Star deduction to over 50%.

“My spiritual force now can only be said to have just reached the Crystal Phase. It's still far from the critical value. I'll need the help of bloodline ignition.” Leylin picked up the test tube which was filled with golden blood.

This was the bloodline of the ancient red dragon, obtained from the Kobold Warlocks of the Forgotten Land. Although it was extremely pure, because Leylin's own bloodline had long before been fixed, there was no chance to use it. That opportunity would only arise after he completely analysed the ancient Quicksand Organisation's bloodline experiment results.

The bloodline ignition experiment, as its name implies, was conducted by burning various kinds of bloodlines to strengthen one's own power.

Its requirements towards the bloodline was very strict. One had to be a Warlock in order to conduct it, and the grade of the bloodline that was to be burnt could not be too low. If not, the entire experiment would not succeed and could even backfire. The bloodline of the ancient red dragon fulfilled this requirement

perfectly.

As for the supplementary resource for the experiment, it was a Crystal Phase Magus' spiritual force crystals! Only the spiritual force fire produced by such crystals could completely burn the ancient bloodline, and convert it into energy that would serve as the driving force for the Warlock's advancement.

A complicated, detailed spell formation was already drawn on the surface of the ground. Leylin inlaid the many spiritual force crystals one by one in an orderly manner, filling up the spell formation quickly.

The spiritual force crystal of a Crystal Phase Magus was a top-grade resource in many social circles. It could even be used as a currency on its own and was of high worth.

But now, a large amount of spiritual force crystals were laid on the ground as if they were worthless, radiating a pure, sparkling light.

The marks of the original owners of these crystals had naturally been erased by Leylin.

“The ancient red dragon bloodline is preceded only by that of the Sun's child. It's an extremely powerful bloodline that can at least reach rank 5! Frankly speaking, if not for the fact that my bloodline cannot be changed once absorbed, I'm afraid I too would not be able to resist the temptation, and would convert into a dragon bloodline Warlock.....”

Leylin sighed, taking off his Magus robe. He then smeared the golden blood all over his body, without missing a spot.

The golden blood felt viscous to the touch, and smelt like orchids. It was cool to the touch at first, but soon became boiling hot.

At the same time, a translucent flame rose from the spell formation below Leylin's body.

Streaks of crystal-clear light were pulled out of the many spiritual force crystals like threads. They then converged at a point, forming a translucent flame comprised of spiritual force!

Although this flame was not really hot, once it came in contact with the essence of the ancient red dragon's golden bloodline, it sparked a violent reaction.

"Ow!" Leylin groaned. His body grew rigid in a moment, and under the burning of the spiritual force flame, he could feel the strange transformation in the ancient red dragon bloodline. It even turned into a blood-red energy, passing through his pores and making it all the way into his bone marrow.

For an ordinary person, such pain was almost unbearable, but Leylin was just more focused on the A.I. Chip's monitored information:



[Beep! Large amounts of bloodline essence has been absorbed by host body! Identified as the ancient red dragon's blood, beginning bloodline ignition experiment!]

[The curve of the spiritual force's fire is stabilised, converting the ancient red dragon bloodline into energy...]

[Beep! Bloodline energy absorbed by host body, spiritual force increasing!]

The repeated prompts caused an expression of delight to surface on Leylin's face suddenly.

He noticed the initial value of 356 for his spiritual force spiking suddenly, and at the same time, a large amount of blood-red energy was injected into his sea of consciousness, expanding its boundaries continuously. Black spiritual force crystals, faintly hued red, condensed in large quantities.

Even if his spiritual force was spiking suddenly, with the amplification of Multilimb Strength, Leylin managed to hang on without losing his consciousness. This gave him an opportunity to deepen his understanding of his own body.

His spiritual force rocketed up continuously, exceeding 370, then 380. It reached 385 before it began to slow down.

Shortly after, the value shot past 390, making its sprint towards 400, the limit of the Crystal Phase.

395, 396, 397!

At this value, it began to slow, with the swift change relegated to decimal places.

Pop! At this moment, all of the numerous spiritual force crystals were sucked dry, and the spiritual force flame swelled! With the support of this power, Leylin's spiritual force began to rise again, all the way to 399 before it came to a stop!

Chapter 503 - Morning Star! Morning Star!

[Beep! Injected spiritual force reaching critical levels!]

With his sea of consciousness swelling up, and the reminder from the A.I Chip, Leylin realised that not only had his spiritual force reached the value of 399, even his sea of consciousness were filled with black—with a tinge of red in the centre—spiritual force crystals.

Inside his sea of consciousness, the three layers of the spiritual force core nucleus started to emit dazzling lights.

‘The results of the first time the bloodline ignition experiment is performed is the best, and they decrease over multiple uses.’ As he could still feel the strong surge of bloodline energy, Leylin ordered, “A.I. Chip, initiate the promotion to Morning Star!”

[Assignment received! Vital signs under observation, initiating Morning Star deduction, starting from the prototype of the point mass...]

Numerous amounts of data, both numeric and otherwise, relating to the construction of the point mass began streaming in front of Leylin’s eyes. If not for the Azure Mountain King’s clone, Leylin could never have gotten a hold of all this secret information about the Morning Star realm as easily.

“Lamia fingerbone!” Looking at the other bloodline treasure, he realised that it was actually his biggest gain from Quicksand Castle. If he were to use it then, he could have advanced immediately to the peak of Rank 3, skipping the Hydro and Crystal Phases.

Yet, Leylin was one who did not give in easily to temptations, forcing himself to control his impulses and merely using the radiation emitted by the fingerbone to slowly nurture his bloodline.

Even though the Lamia fingerbone could help him advance tremendously, but under comparison with the advancement to the Morning Star realm, he knew which one was more important. So what’s there left to think about?

Peng! The milky white fingerbone disintegrated into ashes, and one of the rays of lights that appeared during the explosion pointed directly towards Leylin’s forehead.

Hong! The Lamia fingerbone was absorbed into his body.

A terrifying change started to occur immediately. In Leylin’s sea of consciousness, under an enormous compressive power, numerous amounts of spiritual force crystals moved towards the centre.

His face paled under the enormous pressure exerted at the heart of his spiritual force. It was so bad that his whole body started twitching.

The sea of consciousness was essentially the home of the soul. The moment that it experienced any damage, the Magus would be in deep trouble.

Under the immense pressure that the spiritual force was experiencing, sounds could be heard coming from the centre of Leylin's sea of consciousness. It wasn't a good sign.

“Construct the fourth innate spell!” Leylin commanded with red eyes.

[Beginning assignment. Supplementary work initiated, transferring atomic microscope!]

the A.I Chip replied loyally.

Leylin's sea of consciousness consisted of three layers presently. The outer layer held runes for two innate spells— one for Kemoyin's Scales and the other for the Eye of Petrification. On the layer beneath was the rune for rank 2— Toxic Bile. The innermost layer held rank 3 spiritual force crystals, consisting of his rank 3 innate spell— Intimidating Gaze.

Under a sudden flash of red light, the three layers of runes perfectly combined, forming the exquisite image of a Warlock's rune. Yet, it was missing one final thing.!

At this very moment, a fourth layer of crystals started to appear in the centre of the third layer.

As the centre of the core nucleus had a unique structure, the crystals became smaller as one went closer to the centre, but at the same time, the details on each rune became more intricate and they grew much more specialised.

At the centre of the fourth layer, even though it was a quarter the size of the first layer, it was still important that there be no errors when one was carving the rank 4 rune. That was an out-of-the-world request of a Magus' spiritual force manipulation abilities.

“It's no wonder that most Magi fail at advancing to rank 4. Even with the assistance provided by the A.I, Chip, this task seems to be too difficult ...”

With the help provided by the A.I. Chip, Leylin who had already initiated the atomic microscope had started to carve down the Kemoyin's Pupil innate spell on the fourth layer with the innate runes he'd recorded.

This was something every Warlock must choose and only in high-grade meditation techniques do innate spell models like these exist.

The attention to detail required to carve a rune in the sea of consciousness was much greater than carving a statue, and the act was much more difficult. Once Leylin completed the final stroke of

the rune, his body almost collapsed due to exhaustion.

Under the immense pressure, it seemed like completing the fourth level rune properly was a big challenge. It took a while for Leylin's consciousness to stabilize.

Once the innate spell had been completed, his entire sea of consciousness started to tremble.

Boundless rays of lights started to radiate from the centre of his sea of consciousness. The four layers of intricate runes started to bind together in a picturesque order, much like a piece of artwork.

Once the centremost part was filled up, the entire crystal started to shake violently, strengthening tremendously within seconds and the immense pressure that was present previously had disappeared.

"This rune?" Leylin observed the rune that was a combination of all his innate runes. It represented all of his achievements so far, and hence he commanded the A.I. Chip to record it down.

Perfection! The first impression this rune would leave on a person was that of perfection!

A gigantic rune was created by the combination of these small runes, which circulated continuously and looked pretty much 3D. Regardless of how one looked at it, it was flawless.

“Is this... the path of my bloodline?” Leylin mumbled. At this very moment, he was almost moved to tears.

Rustle! Once the four layers perfectly crystallized, they started to crumble inwards, shrinking to a point that rapidly started revolving. Much like a black hole, it started to suck in everything in its surroundings.

The spiritual force crystals inside his sea of consciousness started to shrink as they got sucked into the black hole.

[Initiating the construction of point mass. Guidelines activated.]

the A.I. Chip reported.

Leylin, too, started to construct his personal point mass according to his understanding and the information from his A.I. Chip.

Boom! An immense suction force could be felt coming from the mass point of the spiritual force. Not only were the spiritual force crystals sucked in, even the sea of consciousness was broken through and more energy, flesh and soul aura were pulled in.

Slap! Leylin’s consciousness suddenly blurred. Time seemed to pass extremely slowly, and at times it felt like eternity was

squeezed into an instant.

It took the sounds of glass shattering for Leylin to wake up again.

This time, his sea of consciousness felt empty. There was a dim light shining at the centre of the core, the result of shrinking the spiritual force a million times over such that the nucleus core's density and purity had reached an remarkable level. This was the point mass of a Morning Star Magus!

The source of the light shook, and the purified energy of the Morning Star realm, the energy of the point mass that was also known as soul force, started to leak out into the entirety of Leylin's body.

At that point, he had entered the Morning Star realm!

[Beep! Host's Kemoyin's Pupil meditation technique has advanced to the fourth level. Host has advanced to rank 4!]

The A.I. Chip sounded out.

[Host's spiritual force has undergone a qualitative change. Data is inaccurate, recalculating...]

It was a long time for the new data to go up.

[Leylin Farlier, rank 4 Warlock Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (complete form) Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 65, Spiritual Force: 503.7, Magic Power: 503 (magic power in synchronisation with spiritual force) Soul Force: ???] [Due to a lack of information about soul force, it is currently not possible to calculate stats.]

Looking at the A.I. Chip's report, Leylin touched his chin and went into deep thought.

After advancing to the Morning Star realm, the original spiritual force would undergo purification and turn into soul force. This energy was on a whole new level compared to spiritual force! Yet, as the information and data that the A.I. Chip had on soul force was limited, there was too little knowledge in the database to display a value. It could only display numbers in terms of spiritual force.

He had to wait until the A.I Chip had collected sufficient data to thoroughly calculate his soul force statistics.

“The boundary of the Morning Star realm is 500?” Leylin felt the terror of having such strong energy and sighed, “This is nearly a hundred higher than a rank 3's spiritual force value. It is no wonder rank 3 and rank 4 are worlds apart.

“Soul force!” Something came into Leylin mind and a gloomy light appeared above his palm. This was the mutated spiritual force from the point mass, it is also an energy of a greater level.

All Magi at the Morning Star realm and above used soul force. It was only when one reached this stage that they could find their own path in life.

“This is why in ancient times, Magi below rank 4 weren’t even deemed to have entered the world of Magi yet.”

There was a huge difference between rank 3 and rank 4, and the same was true between ranks 6 and 7. Leylin had no idea about what happened one reached rank 7, but after advancing he now clearly knew the differences between ranks 3 and 4.

“Magi at rank 3 and below mainly use spiritual force. However, once that is crossed, the Morning Star, Radiant Moon and Breaking Dawn Magi will have to come in contact with the soul force and pay extra attention to explore the potential in their soul”

Leylin couldn’t help but look at his own point mass. In the heart of his sea of consciousness, that small glow of light continued to spin around, forming a nebular spiral that pulled many of the energy particles around within, only to regurgitate them upon purification.

From this point forth, his spirit had been concentrated into the point mass, creating a truesoul. At the same time, due to the protection from the point mass, his resistance toward the previous

spiritual force and soul attacks were largely maximised.

The point mass, with its extreme density, was the last defence of Leylin's truesoul.

"My truesoul..." Leylin subconsciously remembered the last moment before he advanced.

In that instant, it seemed as though he saw the life and death of the universe, and also the rise and fall of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent clan. It was also at that very moment that his soul truly bonded with his bloodline to form one body, making him a true Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock!

Chapter 504 - Edges Of The World

A Warlock's path was one of a bloodline.

However, before a Warlock reached rank 3, the influence of the bloodline extended only to his body, and was not sufficient to affect his soul. Even if the two were linked, they were completely different.

But after advancing to the Morning Star realm, a Warlock's true spirit would have harmonised with the power of his bloodline, the two no longer separate.

‘The reason this promotion went so smoothly... Is it that, besides my sufficient preparations, there was a great deal of help from the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline?’ Leylin contemplated while touching his chin.

‘The Giant Kemoyin Serpent of ancient times was originally a creature that could reach rank 4 at adulthood. My bloodline is incomparably pure as well. After the complete fusion with the spirit and its maturation under the radiation of the Lamia fingerbone, my body can totally be viewed as a pureblood Giant Kemoyin Serpent. All these factors were key in my promotion to the Morning Star realm.’

Now, Leylin could obviously feel that his spirit body possessed a desolate and distant ancient aura. It even glowed a blood-red on the outside.

“The emotional instability of the Warlock bloodline can no longer pose a problem to me now that I’ve promoted to the Morning Star realm. It has integrated into me as my personal state of mind and emotions, instead of being under the influence of my bloodline.”

Leylin forced a smile, handing over the bits and pieces of the memories he received about Purgatory World and Shadow World to the A.I. Chip for storage. Although these fragments of memories could be incomparably useful, they were likely to tempt the brutality in his heart.

However, as compared to the common bloodline flaw of a Warlock, this innate emotion was even harder to control.

Because of how pure his bloodline was, Leylin learned a lot of things from his bloodline inheritance when he advanced to rank 4.

“My path as a Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock, has already come to an end?” Leylin stood up, feeling the strong power surging in his body. He couldn’t help but feel a little depressed.

He had already advanced to the peak of all Giant Kemoyin Warlocks. Those like Gilbert who were older than him had just accumulated more time at the rank. Essentially, there was no difference between the two.

Due to the limitation of their bloodline, rank 4 was the highest rank a Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock could reach. This was the shackle of the bloodline, and was a curse no Giant Kemoyin

Serpent Warlock could escape from.

Now that his future was bleak, Leylin felt lost.

No matter his bloodline or the A.I chip, they clearly told him that in his current state, the Morning Star realm was the limit! And this misery killed him.

This was the most difficult thing for Leylin to tolerate. He was determined to reach the peak of the Magus world.

“The stars are boundless, the numerous worlds were even more in number than stars in the universe. Some other world definitely has the solution to this. If not, I can always find the coordinates of the Snake Dowager through the Icy World of the Twilight Zone...”

Leylin comforted himself. His scope was a lot wider now compared to before, and he even had the ability to adventure through astral gates independently.

A Magus who advanced to the Morning Star realm could cross over to other worlds on his own. The knowledge and resources they could gain through this were incomparable to the rewards from using a spirit seed.

“Alright let’s do it this way. I’ll first lay low for a period of time, stabilising my Morning Star realm or even trying to reach the peak. Once that’s done, I’ll immediately adventure through the different planes...”

Leylin decided.

At this moment, an explosion sounded as what seemed to be the tremors of an earthquake made it through the multiple layers of defence, being transmitted to the room.

“This kind of effect even after being damped by my defences?” Leylin’s face grew heavy, “The situation outside has probably escalated to the extreme. The enemy might even have entered the city!”

“It’s time to go!” He waved his hand, and a luxurious black gown was automatically draped over his body. He then disappeared from the secret room as if a shadow.

If he’d failed to advance to the Morning Star realm this time, Leylin could only wait for the opportunity to escape when the city was destroyed by the enemy. Even that was not likely, because he was still being hunted by the Azure Mountain King.

But since he’d already been promoted to one of the most powerful existences in the central continent, he had the confidence to try and rescue the Ouroboros Clan!

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Looking at the genuine Morning Star domain being issued forth from leylin, even offsetting his own, Cyril’s expression turned

extremely ugly, as if he was a dead person.

Morning Star! This was one of the highest-ranking powers in the entire central continent! It took the protection of a Morning Star Magus for an organisation to be called large-scaled, and such organisations could last for millennia.

And this time, only after seeing the three Morning Star Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan disappear did the allied armies set out to attack them. Their own side wasn't irresistible. Once a Morning Star from the other side attacked, more than half their legion would definitely be dead or injured. This was why they were very cautious to the point of being timid.

Now that there is a fresh appearance of the Morning Star in the Ouroboros Clan, undoubtedly it will strengthen this operation!

“He... What did he say? Morning Star? He is a Morning Star ?”

On the battlefield, Julian's face grew dull looking at Leylin's back view and was flabbergasted. He would never have guessed that the Marquis Leylin who had only recently advanced to the Crystal Phase would break through to the Morning Star realm at such a critical juncture!

“It's mentor! Mentor has advanced to Rank 4!” On the other side, a blood-covered Snoopy grew so excited he hugged Parker in revelry. Tanasha smiled while watching from the side. She had always been optimistic about Leylin's future, but she'd never have thought that this day would come so quickly.

Compared to them, the expression of another person was very complicated.

“Leylin Farlier? Wasn’t he searching for the astral coordinates? So it was actually a pretence for his secret breakthrough to the Morning Star realm...” Inside the main control room, Faisal felt the two large force fields counteract each other and stood up from the ground, his mood very complicated.

With Leylin’s protection, it was possible for them to survive this crisis.

And what made him feel complicated was that, be it his own painstaking effort or his persistence, it was still a joke in front of the sheer power of the other party. He was just like a soap bubble that could be burst by a mere finger.

“Duke Gilbert! Your student is excellent...” After a long time, Faisal sighed, covering up all his disappointment and loss. Shouting himself hoarse through the communications, “Ouroboros Clan! Strike back!”

Boom! Like a signal light, his command brought about an immediate change.

On the battlefield, the numerous Warlocks that had recovered suddenly burst forth and struck down the enemies that had come to invade until they drew back, shifting the battlefront to its initial location in no time.

Faisal surveyed the battlefield comprehensively without any cheer. He knew well that the key to their victory was not here, but instead, the confrontation with Demon Hunter Cyril.

‘Leylin is just a newly promoted Morning Star Warlock. Can he obstruct the other party?’ With a worried heart, Faisal moved his gaze up above, and saw an imposing figure blocking Cyril.

“How about just giving up this time?” Leylin started the conversation. Demon Hunter Cyril was an impressive existence among Morning Star Magi, not to mention the allies waiting for him.

Leylin felt the attention of several consciences watching him the moment he appeared. And one of them even had a scent of deep hatred and shock.

‘Not only Cyril, there are at least three or four Morning Star Magi observing from the outside. The Azure Mountain King is among them!’ He understood the situation after a sweep of his soul force.

“With just you?” Cyril jeered. It was not because he looked down on Leylin. But Leylin was obviously a newly promoted Morning Star Warlock while he himself was an existence who was well known for a long time in the Morning Star circles. It was impossible that he would be frightened by the words of the opponent. If he was, how could he mix in with the others afterwards?

Besides, he still had some impression on this young Warlock. They were the ones who caused him to fall at the last hurdle and lose a huge share of loots from the Forgotten Land the last time.

The new and old hate compounded, and there was no way he would cower! Besides, even if he himself agreed, the others behind him wouldn't. This was a war that they had prepared for over a long time, and the hate had already been planted. How could they back down at his words alone?

“In that case...” Leylin shook his head and seemed very sorry, “I can only request that you die first!”

Crash! Leylin tried to attack first, striking like lightning. Powerful energy waves ripped apart the space and formed a huge rift. A silver spatial wave rippled, swallowing both him and Cyril.

“They went to the edge of the world to battle! Let's follow them!”

“This type of battle between those at this rank is very rare. If we record it, we can definitely sell it for a sky-high price.”

Several Morning Star conscients communicated, but another voice chimed in, “Although Morning Star Warlocks have the additional power from their bloodline, I still look down on that fellow. Although Cyril has a bad personality, his nickname of Demon Hunter was rightfully earned!”

“I also agree. I bet that Warlock will be defeated in ten rounds! What do you think, Azure Mountain?”

“I...” the Azure Mountain King touched his chin and recalled the loss previously. Although he wished that Leylin could just be defeated and even killed, he still didn’t speak out. “You guys need to be careful, that kid is unfathomable.”

“Hehe! I remember now. Wasn’t Azure Mountain’s clone killed by a Crystal Phase Warlock? Was it him?” Another voice sounded, making the Azure Mountain King’s face turn dark.

“Enough!” The largest conscripts spoke, and the place suddenly became quiet.

“Watch their battle carefully. The result of this battle will be the basis of our next actions!”

A battle between Morning Stars usually lasted a long time and it was difficult to kill the opponent completely. Thus, Leylin’s strength would be the key to the upcoming battle!

Chapter 505 - Great War Of The Morning Stars

‘Although the data paints a similar picture, the magnificent beauty of the edge of the world can’t ever be fully described by mere words and pictures...’

Leylin sighed faintly. Currently, he was in a mysterious space surrounded by darkness. Multiple silver rays of lights streaked across among the stars, and it was like the universe in his previous life, boundless and magnificent.

Cyril sat opposite him with gloom clouding his face. Subtle chaotic flows of turbulence struck him, but were rebounded by the layer of soul force on his body, unable to cause even the slightest of injuries.

All Morning Star Magi possessed the ability to survive in the crevices of space. They relied on it to pass through the different worlds.

Of course, it also depended on the grade of the crevices.

The one that Leylin chose was situated at the edge of the world. The space there was comparatively stable, and the slight spatial turbulence could easily be held off by one’s soul force.

If, by any chance, the space encountered violent turbulence similar to that caused by ancient battles, or due to the wild and

violent storms occurring within the crevices of two worlds, leave alone Morning Star Magi, even Radiant Moon Magi were likely to succumb to the force, leaving just ashes. The Scorpion Man from the Icy World had met his death in that exact same manner.

Clashes between Morning Star Magi caused extensive damage. A battle between two could destroy the entire continent. As such, if any Morning Star Magi desired to take revenge, they would choose to settle scores inside these spatial crevices instead.

No matter how extensive the damage was, it would not affect the stability of the world.

The venue of the big battle this time was the Ouroboros Clan headquarters at Phosphorescence Swamp. If their clash had occurred there, regardless of the outcome Freya, Parker, and the rest would certainly meet death. In fact, the entire Ouroboros Swamp could cease to exist.

Leylin definitely would not want that to happen. Hence, he voluntarily dragged the opposite party here.

“You’re good!” Cyril raised his eyebrows in rage, traces of blue current circulating between them.

He felt insulted at being outsmarted by a junior. Even though he didn’t want to be criticised by the other Morning Star Magi for starting a battle in the main world, he felt he was entitled to choose another location as the battleground instead of being forced here by the opposite party.

“Cyril! This and the matter at the Forgotten Land, let’s settle everything today!” Leylin’s voice was soft yet strangely firm. He had not let go of his grudge from when he’d almost been killed in a single blow and was forced to take refuge in the main headquarters for over a century.

He’d shelved the idea of revenge then due to lacking power, but now the time had come.

“How dare you bring up the past?!” Cyril fumed as he recounted the interference of these fellows who took away a portion of the gains. If not for them, the natural resources at the Forgotten Land and the Quicksand Organization would have all been his.

He had also been suppressed by the three Morning Star Warlocks and been left with no possible means of escape.

“You have to account for your teacher’s sins too!” Cyril’s silver pupils shone with a sharp icy chill. A long black pike appeared in his hand.

Faint, yet audible demonic cries were sounding out from its tip, chilling to the bone.

“You’re a brat who just advanced to rank 4, just how much do you understand about the abilities of the Morning Star realm? Prepare to accept your fate of failure!”

Cyril's growl was steely, "Rank 4 spell— Demon's Wail!"

He tossed out the pike from his hand. Boom! The horrific scene was like history repeating itself, when the legendary giant Argyle threw the ahlspiess that destroyed the sun and killed the Sun's child!

Violent waves of torrential power descended, and the black pike transformed itself into a ray of black lightning, streaking through the turbulent space before arriving at Leylin.

Powered by a Morning Star Magus' soul force, the results of the spell were earth-shattering!

"Demon Hunter Cyril, you are indeed worthy of your name!" Leylin gasped in admiration, "Unfortunately, I too am not as weak as you think!"

He had prepared to advance to rank 4 for a long time. During this period, he had managed to acquire some badly damaged rank 4 spell models. With the A.I. Chip's simulations, he had managed to repair the content, and skillfully grasp them.

Besides, the numerous memories he'd inherited from his bloodline also net him a battle experience that was even marginally better than Cyril's!

The phantom of a Giant Kemoyin Serpent, with large amber eyes, smooth scales, and ferocious razor-sharp teeth hissed from behind

Leylin.

“Complying with the ancient contract, I call upon the power of the bloodline, serve me now and transform into a resolute shield...” Leylin spoke with a delicate yet intense tone, similar to the hissing of a giant snake, as he chanted awkward-sounding ancient incantations.

With every syllable distinct and audible, Leylin chanted the incantations before the pike arrived, completing the spell’s preparations and causing everyone an eerie sensation of time disorder.

“Bloodline Shield!”

As if an existence from ancient times, a black-scaled shield that had ferocious Giant Kemoyin Serpent images portrayed on it appeared out of empty space. Crimson lightning still bounced across its surface.

Bang!

Like a clash between the sun and the moon, or the impact of a star hitting the earth, the long devilish spike that had transformed into black lightning suddenly bombarded the shield. Blood red and coal black tangled, and the explosive aftermath was horrifying.

A huge spatial turbulence resembling the gushing of a tsunami struck from both sides. If it were the main world, one single wave

could have left the entire Ouroboros Clan completely destroyed.

“No– No way!” Cyril yelled hoarsely from afar. From the connection with his soul force, he clearly witnessed the crimson point on his pike fade to its original dull colour. The Giant Kemoyin Serpent on the shield seemed to have come to life as it opened its mouth and ruthlessly chomped the tip off the pike!

The black pike cracked, and violently blew up.

Space itself rumbled as the turbulence started wreaking havoc. It created enormous sharp rifts that even Leylin and Cyril had to avoid temporarily.

“Shield Strike!” The huge shield collapsed like a mountain, taking aim at Cyril. With Leylin following closely behind, the attack was incomparably fierce.

“No way! No way! No way!” Cutting a sorry figure, a defensive Cyril yelled despondently, “You’re a newly promoted Warlock. Why...”

He was clearly agonising over his situation. Leylin was not like a newly promoted Morning Star at all, being extremely familiar with battling in spatial rifts. His ability to handle difficulties even exceeded that of Gilbert and the rest!

‘It looks like my inherited bloodline is indeed rare!’ Assessing his expression, Leylin understood his display of abilities had been too

outstanding, even exceeding that of the three dukes.

“The exceptional purity of my own bloodline must have meant that the bloodline inheritance I received is more complete. As for Mentor Gilbert and the rest, what they’d received was much weaker...”

The inherited memories of a creature were always stored in its bloodline. Thus, if the descendant’s blood was pure, the arousal of the inherited memories would be greater, and the inheritance itself would be richer, resulting in more benefits.

With the A.I. Chip having purified his bloodline and the Lamia fingerbone’s supplementation, Leylin could potentially be the best of the Kemoyin Warlocks!

Suddenly, Leylin was clear about his fate and he had no intentions to be lax about it.

Crackle! Multiple black scales appeared on his right hand, morphing into a sharp blade.

The runes of the rank 4 Kemoyin Scales were even more simplistic and reflected only a minimal amount of light but still carried a uniquely daunting aura.

Swoosh! A layer of menacing black light surfaced on the blade, and Leylin mercilessly cut across Cyril’s chest.

The soul force from both sides came into contact. With Leylin's formidable strength and the razor-sharp blade, he successfully broke through Cyril's innate defence. The knife-like blade left a huge wound across his chest, and blood splashed everywhere. It left a hole so large even the organs could be seen within.

"How... how can it be?" Cyril attempted to cover his chest while stumbling backwards, disbelief in his eyes.

"How can I lose? And to a newly promoted junior?" Cyril yelled fiercely, his face distorting with anger. The poise he previously possessed evaporated, and the fury tinged his silver eyes blood red.

"No! I have not lost! I have my last trump card!" Cyril suddenly looked up, his body filled with an extremely dangerous aura. "Leylin Farlier! Today I will show you what it means to be a true rank 4 Morning Star Magus!"

The halo of an innate spell appeared from his body before brightening.

"Rank 1 innate spell— Anarchic Forcefield!"

This was followed by the halo of his rank 2 spell...

By the end, Cyril's aura had risen to the maximum, and four unstable rings revolved around his body.

This was the Morning Star Arcane Art! Forced to the edge by

Leylin, Cyril he'd ended up brazenly using his final trump card!

“The Morning Star's final technique...” The corner of Leylin's mouth curved up in a smile. His old memories of witnessing one being performed had been refreshed, and it came to life.

“I have one too!” Restraining his smile, the brilliant red glow on Leylin's body started twinkling.

“First, the rank 1 innate spells— Kemoyin's Scales! Petrifying Gaze!” A fine layer of black scales covered Leylin's body entirely, and his pupils glowed amber.

“Next up, the rank 2 innate spell— Toxic Bile!” A poison from the ancient times surfaced, swiftly surrounding him.

“Then the rank 3 spell— Intimidating Gaze!” After his promotion to rank 4, the dignified aura exuded by Leylin's body had grown even more terrifying. His body had rightfully regained the power and influence of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent itself. He now radiated the aura of an ancient first-rate predator.

“Finally, the rank 4 innate spell— Bloodline Metamorphosis! Combining to form the ancient Morning Star Arcane Art— Kemoyin Serpent Transformation!”

The point mass in Leylin's sea of consciousness started rotating violently, with his and his soul force spurred him on. The four innate spells synchronised with each other, with an amplification

that caused a horrifying change.

Chapter 506 - Fall Of The Morning Star

Hiss!

In the void that seemed to resemble the universe, a gigantic black serpent emerged. With a body more than ten thousand meters long, it looked like it could swat an entire star out of the way with a sweep of its tail.

It was a predator at the top of the food chain which only existed during the ancient times, and was only heard of in rumors and myths. The Giant Kemoyin Serpent had actually descended!

The huge black serpent occupying the void had large amber pupils that resembled stars, and the fine black scales on its body twinkled, reflecting its glossy texture.

This wasn't a phantom that was combined with his bloodline aura using spells; this was an actual living being, made of flesh and blood!

The Morning Star Arcane Art of Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks was indeed this Kemoyin Serpent Transformation! It allowed the Warlock himself to temporarily revert to his ancestral form, and turn into a terrifying ancient creature!

The ancient Morning Star realm creature was still completely under the Warlock's control, and he even retained his original spell-casting abilities.

With the terrifying strength of the corporeal body and great magical prowess, Kemoyin Warlocks at the Morning Star realm were definitely a nightmare for many Morning Star Magi!

Cyril broke out in a cold sweat when he realised that the large pupils were staring right at him, and the fear hidden in his deepest corners of his psyche suddenly burst out.

“No! NO! I still have a Morning Star Arcane Art! I’ll give it my all!” At this moment, Cyril had also completed his own Morning Star Arcane Art. Splendid rays of light exploded forth from his body.

“Rank 1 innate spell— Chaos Forcefield!”

“Rank 2 innate spell— Meteor Force!”

“Rank 3 innate spell— Celestial Explosion!”

“Rank 4 innate spell— Rites of Turbulence!”

“Combining to form the Morning Star Arcane Art— Aerial Meteor!”

Bang! The void exploded, and an enormous meteorite that seemed like a star emerged, transforming into a streak that charged towards Leylin and fire flickered continuously in the space

the meteorite travelled through.

The Giant Kemoyin Serpent hissed, greeting the huge meteor in a great clash, just like in the legends.

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Above Phosphorescence Swamp in the Magus World, numerous Morning Star conscents were at a loss for words.

“How... How could it be... Why is that youngster’s Kemoyin Serpent Transformation so strong?”

After a long silence, the strongest central thought spoke up, “The strength of a Warlock’s innate spell is not only decided based on their rank, but also on the bloodline. The purer the bloodline, the more powerful the Warlock!”

“What you’re saying is that the purity of that fellow’s bloodline is even higher than that of Gilbert and the other two?”

“Yes, it’s such a regret that we didn’t discover him earlier and kill him... Now that we have allowed him to grow...” The central conscent sighed, feeling that it was a great pity.

“Seems like Cyril is bound to lose...” Soon after, the numerous voices started making gurgling sounds like strangled ducks. Even the Morning Star Magi watching the battle were alarmed.

“You must be joking!” “How is this possible?”

They seemed to have seen something unfathomable happening before their eyes, and sank into collective despair.

Buzz! Above the battlefield, the void contorted. Leylin changed into his black Magus robe and proudly straightened himself.

Upon seeing him, the numerous Bloodline Warlocks below finally heaved a sigh of relief, yelling forth, “Leylin! Leylin!”

However, the shouting from the crowd suddenly stopped.

This was because Leylin had lifted up a head, one that didn’t even have the chance to die a peaceful death with its eyes closed. It had thin lips and silver eyes— just that they had lost their luster. This was the head of the Demon Hunter, Cyril!

“Demon Hunter Cyril has already fallen in battle. Which one of you would like to be next?” Leylin stood proudly on the battlefield with Cyril’s head held high, and looked around.

This rank 4 Magus had always been held in high regard for a long time, and was even seen as a Morning Star Magus. But now, he had actually fallen right in front of their eyes?

It wasn’t just the Magi in the allied armies, but even the

Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan who pinched themselves, unable to believe their eyes, and thinking that they were dreaming.

The battlefield fell into a deathly stillness for a moment. When the Warlocks regained their senses, they all started screaming wildly.

All this while, the burden they had been carrying in their hearts was too heavy. Now that they had the chance, they naturally unloaded everything off their chests, and they even seemed to have gone a little insane.

At the same time, Leylin was also communicating with other Morning Star Magi.

“You shouldn’t have killed him!” A large conscient sounded.

“This is a war, an endless fight to the death!” Leylin refused to concede.

“Does this mean that you will fight us to death as well?” The other party was naturally not startled by Leylin’s threat.

“Of course... Not! If you still decide to continue to battle, I will abandon the Ouroboros Clan headquarters and flee, then attack your territory!” Leylin answered without a single bit of shame, and instead caused the other party to be caught in a dilemma.

The battles between Morning Star Magi usually lasted for long

periods of time. If one could not subdue the other and let him escape, no organisation would be able to withstand the consequences if he came back for revenge.

Leylin had already proven with his military accomplishments that he wasn't your average newly-advanced Morning Star Warlock. He had great capabilities, even among those at the Morning Star realm.

His enemies, who were Morning Star Magi, would be able to defeat him if they joined forces, but they would have to pay a tremendous price. It would also pose a problem if he ran away after they suffered serious injuries!

The risk was not nearly worth the reward. And with the possibility of a hidden danger being present even Morning Star Magi would not attack head-on.

The many conscients immediately started quarrelling.

“Are we going to let him go just like that? He killed Cyril!”

“Doesn't Cyril still have a doppelganger?”

“It is only at rank 3, what use does it have? Furthermore, Cyril has bad blood with many other Morning Star Magi, and they won't let this chance slip by. He's as good as dead!”

“No! We cannot let him go!” The Azure Mountain King bore the

most hatred towards Leylin.

“Really?” Leylin’s voice was transmitted to his mind directly.

“Dear Azure Mountain King, if the allied armies still decide to start a war in the end, I can guarantee that the stardust bugs will immediately be made known across the whole of the central continent!”

The Azure Mountain King’s was startled. He glanced around his surroundings. Seeing that none of the Magi discovered that he was communicating with Leylin, he spoke with less restraint. “Are you threatening me?”

“Yes I am!” Leylin answered without a tinge of modesty. “Now that I am already a Morning Star Magus, you can’t erase all traces of me. In comparison to you, how many people will choose to believe me?”

He even added another sentence at the end, which ruthlessly pierced through the Azure Mountain King’s heart like a dagger, “Also, I seem to have found some possibly disastrous items among your grandson’s belongings! So many interesting sketches... If they are leaked, I’m afraid...”

“Enough!” The Azure Mountain King’s tone went an octave higher, and he had no choice but to accept a compromise, “I promise you!”

Even as he said this, his heart was bleeding. He understood that with such an agreement, not only would he be unable to seek revenge in the future, he would also be subjected to Leylin's threats.

However, he had no other way out. After all, his strength was not even as great as Cyril's. If Leylin could kill even Cyril, using military force against him would just be a joke.

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"Damn it! How could such a thing happen?"

On the ground, in the command centre of the allied troops, the Bloodline Warlocks on the entire frontline were counter-attacking. This made the green-haired commander hysterical, especially with Leylin having just attacked and killed a Morning Star Magus.

"What do we do? What do we do?" Hesitation flashed across his face, and the green-haired Magus tightly clenched his teeth. "Order the Kyasha Beast to attack with full force, and self-destruct at the end. Even if we cannot reap the fruits of the battle, we have to make sure the other party suffers great losses! We have to at least get rid of that Giant Serpent puppet!"

The Kyasha Beast and the Duo Serpent Annihilator of the Ouroboros Clan were both puppets; artificially manufactured products at the Morning Star level. Although they had partial Morning Star strength, they were unable to fully put it to use. They were not very intelligent either, and were rather rigid.

But even so, the terrifying damage one could cause upon self-destruction could not be looked down upon. If Leylin didn't pay attention, forget the Duo Serpent Annihilator, even the entire town of Warlocks would be reduced to ruin.

Just like how other Morning Star Magi were apprehensive towards Leylin, but did not take action. It would not be wise for Leylin to harm the green-haired Magus just because of the damage he caused. Because threats would always be always mutual.

The green-haired Magus then made a decision. He fished out a necklace from his waist pouch, adorned with emerald. He was about to issue an order.

At this moment, he was greeted with a fragrant smell. A figure that he was familiar with appeared behind him, and the smell of perfume lingered around the tip of his nose.

“Quit playing around, I'm doing something serious!” The green-haired Magus furrowed his brows, but didn't push the other party away. He knew this person all too well, thus he took no precaution at all.

All of a sudden, his face turned blank. He lowered his head, seemingly in excruciating pain, and saw the tip of a blade sticking out of his chest. Fresh, scarlet blood stained the knife, dripping down.

A gentle voice explained next to his ear, “The minister of the

Dark Serpent department, Trelisse, sends her regards!”

“You... You...” Blood foamed at his mouth continuously. He had not been wary of that female Magus at all, and his innate defence was as weak as paper when faced with that dagger.

“This mission was completed successfully all thanks to you! Also, don’t even think about using the life entrustment spell to reincarnate; I already learnt of the location a long time ago... One last thing, your choice was a grave mistake. You really shouldn’t have turned against us...”

The lady’s voice seemed like the sweetest venom, entering the male Magus’ body along with the dagger. His vitality trickled away unceasingly, and even his vision was starting to blur.

Soon after, a black ray of light flashed and the ring finger on his left hand was burnt to ashes.

As a high-ranking Magus, and also the commander of the allied armies, he had methods that he could use as a last resort to ensure his survival, the most important one being the life entrustment spell. This would allow him to transfer his soul to any part of his body; as long as that part still existed, he would be able to reincarnate.

But what a pity it was that the other party had already seen through it all.

Chapter 507 - Post-War

Boom! Upon pulling out the dagger, a beautiful red-haired female Magus grabbed the emerald necklace from the male Magus expressionlessly.

“Command: gklm...” After a series of spells, the aura of the gemstone necklace burst forth, as if a miniature war giant had emerged from its core.

“Get as far from here as possible, beginning self-destruct procedure!” After she coldly issued the command, the necklace in the female Magus’ hands immediately turned to ashes. Shortly after, her entire body was engulfed in a dark green flame, disappearing into thin air...

The headquarters’ allied army had been thrown into confusion. It instantly became a mess, and some of the soldiers had already chosen to retreat.

“Very good! Very good! The ‘Shadow Snake Department’ of your Ouroboros Clan has even infiltrated our main command post!”

The conscient in the middle gritted his teeth.

“How would I know?” In his heart, Leylin rolled his eyes. Previously, his position in the Ouroboros Clan was not one where he would be exposed to such things, but it did not stop him from improvising.

“War is always unscrupulous. Now, it’s your choice. With the current state of the allied army, I’m afraid that even without us attacking, it will immediately descend into chaos...” Leylin spoke very confidently, as if he was the one who had sent out the female spy.

The Kyasha Beast growled, abandoning the fight with the Duo Serpent Annihilator as it made a run for the outer regions, causing the ground to shake vigorously. The allied army soldiers in its surroundings became minced meat one after the other.

Big chunks of flesh fell off its body even as it ran. This was the activation of the previous self-destruct command.

Watching this, many of the conscents fell into a silence, then began to talk to one another soon after.

Leylin smiled confidently instead.

Now, they were evidently carrying out an arduous but unrewarding job, and were in the midst of hesitation. And just now, the most stubborn Azure Mountain King had been changed from opposing him to being a supporter. With these changes, the strong force that had at least two votes had become the one to decide between the two previously evenly-matched choices.

Indeed, after a short moment, the large conscent emitted huge soul force waves, communicating with the many soldiers of the allied army.

After receiving orders, the Azure Rain knights, as well as the other numerous allied Magi, began to retreat gradually.

Only the Demon Magus Army, and a few other small organisations like the Arm of Vengeance, held their positions with a look of helplessness on their faces.

“You have won this time!” The large conscient spoke from opposite him.

“Thank you all! I only need to preserve the core territory, which is Phosphorescence Swamp. As for this war, pin the blame on the City of Sins, Nefas, and that Arm of Vengeance...” Leylin quit while he was ahead, speaking with a slight bow.

What he meant, was to maintain the current situation, make the opponent hand over all the territories they were occupying, and not to look into the responsibilities of other forces.

Leylin had considered things thoroughly. Because of the support of the 3 dukes, the Ouroboros Clan could originally hold such a large territory. Now, with him alone, the results of this war were considered a success.

Furthermore, with his current frail strength, forming rivalries with so many Morning Star forces was unrealistic. He could only assign a few scapegoats to settle the problem.

The Arm of Vengeance was originally a predetermined choice. With the addition of Nefas, which had already lost its Morning Star protection, it was enough.

“Very well! You have made the right choice!” A hint of rare gentleness floated in the conscient’s voice.

“I believe in the future, we will become good friends...”

The interactions between those at the Morning Star realm was this simple. Once they realised they could not completely annihilate the other party, it was very normal to humble themselves to form good relationships.

Two great forces in heated conflict could sometimes bury the hatchet the next day. All of this was definitely not unlinked to the Morning Star Magi backing them.

If not for Leylin coming out of the blue this time, how would these starving wolves have been so easy to convince? Perhaps the entire Ouroboros Clan would have been swallowed up without any remains.

Swoosh! Many conscients disappeared, and only at this time did Leylin slowly heave a sigh of relief.

He knew that, at least for now, the Ouroboros Clan had crossed its predicament.

“Sir Leylin!” “Sir Leylin!” “Sir Leylin!”

On the ground, many of the bloodline Warlocks had injuries on their bodies. As they watched the allied army retreat, they could not help but rejoice. Especially upon seeing Leylin’s gaze, it was as if they had seen a deity.

Faisal, who saw the scene, could only smile bitterly to himself.

He knew that from then on, the entire Ouroboros Clan would probably fall into the hands of the Morning Star Warlock floating above.

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“Ugh... I... Where is this?”

Freya groaned. After waking up, she looked at the familiar ceiling with a little disorientation in her eyes.

Suddenly, the devastating great war, the blood and flesh flying all over, the appearance of a Morning Star Magus emerged one by one in her mind. At the end, was that pair of gentle eyes.

“The chief has awakened!” The two pretty maids at the side noticed Freya coming to and they immediately rejoiced, scurrying out.

After a moment, Freya who had regained her usual astuteness and capabilities, tidied up her clothing and sat by the bed. Listening to the many elders who had rushed here, as well as Julian's narration, her tiny lips slowly spread apart.

“That means... Leylin! Oh no! Sir Leylin has already advanced to rank 4, to the Morning Star Realm?” Freya muttered, unsure of the feeling in her heart. Previously, it was because she had been driven by Leylin that she went into seclusion in order to cultivate and advance into the Crystal Phase.

She had originally thought that she had shaken him off, but little did she know that Leylin would display such great strength at the Crystal Phase after that, even advancing before her.

Now, he had even broken through the Morning Star bottleneck directly, achieving the dream of many of the central continent's Magi—rank 4.

Furthermore, he had even killed Demon Hunter Cyril in one blow, and with a determined stance remedied the Ouroboros Clan's perilous situation.

“So, without me even realising it, the gap between us has already grown so large?” Freya's eyes grew hot, almost tearing up. However, after having trained for such a long time, she was able to hold it in by force of will, not exhibiting the slightest bit of emotion on her face.

“Yes! According to Sir Leylin's previous diagnosis, your spiritual

force is exhausted. You require more rest...” Julian looked at Freya carefully, making eye contact with most of the clan elders.

Deep in their hearts, they were extremely impressed by Freya’s previous support for Leylin. Now that he had been promoted to the Morning Star realm, even obtaining the great power of making changes the Ouroboros Clan, he would definitely favour their clan in the future.

Even... some elders stole glances at Freya.

Because she was seriously injured, Freya’s face was slightly pale yet it did not cover up her touching expression. It was a pitiful look.

If this clan leader could mesmerise Sir Leylin, wouldn’t the clan be able to introduce a Kemoyin bloodline of the Morning Star rank?

Just the mere thought of it made these elders flush red, and their bodies trembled uncontrollably.

“No need, I’d like to see him!” Freya took the thick fur jacket, draped it over her shoulders, and walked out.

The physique of a Crystal Phase Warlock was beyond one’s imagination. With only a short rest, Freya’s body was more or less recovered, posing no problem for her to move around on her own.

Julian wanted to follow her initially, but was stopped by an elder with a strange smiling face...

The heart of the Ouroboros Clan's regime was originally a senate formed by the 3 Morning Star Warlocks. However, with Leylin as the only one left, he could naturally decide everything as he wished.

He no longer worked in his own manor, but in the most luxurious hall in the headquarters. Many high-ranked Warlocks bowed humbly, awaiting orders from the young Magus on the throne.

"Dark Serpent Section, the military, the technical department... 57 Marquises, as well as many Earls and Viscounts have announced their loyalty to your highness. They are all willing to follow your highness, and revere your highness as the highest veteran of the Ouroboros Clan!"

A smile of flattery hung on Faisal's face. Like the most loyal dog, his back was hunched almost 90 degrees as he reported to Leylin.

"Very good!" Leylin was now wearing a platinum robe embroidered with a fierce black serpent. In the vibrant lights and colours, even the totem of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent was on the robe. At the sides of the robe, many runes were sewed on with thin golden thread.

The robe itself was a low-grade magic artifact! And Leylin, who wore it, seemed much more majestic for it. Being on the throne

was like being the central power of the universe, and it had him brimming with dignity.

As he watched Faisal and the other Warlocks giving him an abnormal amount of respect, a playful smirk curled up at the corner of Leylin's lips.

Ever since the war ended, these Warlocks immediately crowned him lord, showing the utmost respect for him.

The strong rule, this had always been a fundamental truth!

Furthermore, with Leylin's current strength and the reputation of saving the clan from its perilous situation, even if they disagreed he could force a massacre upon his subordinates. By that time, things would no longer be as simple as handing over power. Hence these Warlocks were very obedient, fearful of Leylin finding their weaknesses.

Thump! After Freya stepped into the hall, two rows of Warlocks immediately stared at her, giving forth a pressure that even she could not endure.

"Blood serpent Marquis Freya greets Sir Leylin!" Freya was also unsure of the feelings in her heart, and she just bowed respectfully.

"Everyone except Freya, leave!" Leylin nodded. The two rows of Warlocks immediately exited in an orderly manner, shutting the door silently to make space for Leylin and Freya.

“What’s wrong?” Leylin stepped down, watching the slightly strong-headed yet confused and fearful Freya, accurately capturing the trace of fear deep in her eyes.

“You... really are different now!” Freya muttered softly as she watched the heroic young warlock before her.

From his aura that was as calm as the ocean that had an extraordinariness to it, one could tell that he had really advanced to that far-fetched Morning Star Realm, and was probably even stronger than her Mentor.

It was just that, such a powerful Leylin gave Freya an urge to cry instead.

Chapter 508 - Taking Action

With a sweep of his soul force, everything regarding Freya was revealed in front of Leylin.

“Your injuries are pretty much healed up, though your sea of consciousness still needs nourishment. I recommend the Giant Serpent’s Spirit Potion! There are already very few Crystal Phase Warlocks like you in the Ouroboros Clan...” Leylin sighed.

After the great battle, the ten or so Crystal Phase Warlocks had dwindled in number to a pitiful seven or eight. Even Leylin’s senior, Lucian, had been unlucky enough to lose his life at the hands of the plant legion.

In a situation like this where there were few trump cards remaining, Leylin knew that even though he was in charge every single Crystal Phase Magus was a precious resource.

“Many thanks, my Lord!” Freya bowed, seemingly very solemn.

“Oh, right. One more thing. I hope the Blood Serpent Family can help me arrange for my Morning Star Ceremony.” Morning Star Magi had very high statuses in the central continent, especially since it was so difficult to advance. Every instance of it was a joyous matter worthy of celebration with a huge circle of friends, and was even a grand ceremony for the entire continent.

Based on conventional practices, each appearance of a Morning Star Magus meant that there had to be something like a ceremony.

This was an announcement of power, which was even more important for the Ouroboros Clan, given its current state.

The bloodline Warlocks, who were in a state of chaos, were in desperate need of a burst of motivation.

“It shall be my family’s honour to do so!” Leaving it to her family meant valuing her. Whatever it was, this was beneficial to the Blood Serpent Family. As the leader, Freya could not reject them, nor did she have any reason to do so.

“I am also planning to release another piece of news during the ceremony.” Watching Freya, who was biting her lips with an odd look on her face below him, Leylin smirked.

“What is it?”

“After the ceremony, I shall organise a huge wedding and marry you into my family!” The words that left Leylin’s mouth were earth-shattering, leaving Freya completely stunned.

“Marry into your family?” Freya repeated it like a mantra, her child-like features perplexed. Leylin was a Warlock who had recently joined and basically had no support from any bloodline families.

“Yes, the Farlier family. Although there’s only me on the central continent for now, I believe we’ll become the first family of the Ouroboros Clan. We’ll even become the best of all bloodline

families!” Leylin touched his nose.

Though he was the only Warlock in his family and it seemed pitiful, Leylin didn’t care.

After all, how could a family with a Morning Star Magus be common? With his pure bloodline, the chances of his descendants advancing were much higher than for other Warlocks. In no time, it would be capable of becoming the greatest family in the Ouroboros Clan!

The central continent was much too large. Though Leylin now held control over the Ouroboros Clan, he needed to develop an organisation that was uniquely his. How could there be anything that could beat a family he created himself? Others would have another layer of bloodline restrictions, and this would count as insurance for himself.

In addition, he who had already reached the Morning Star realm no longer had to worry about the leakage of information regarding the purity of his bloodline. He now held enough strength to protect himself.

Since he needed a female Warlock to spread his bloodline, Leylin naturally chose Freya. First of all, she was clean and honest, and treated him well. She looked pretty as well. What else was there to hesitate over?

“What if I... reject you?” Freya bit her lips, slightly unwilling. Though she liked Leylin, she didn’t want things to go this way.

“You can’t reject anyway. I rule the Ouroboros Clan!” Leylin’s tone could not be questioned. The rims of Freya’s eyes reddened, and she lightly grasped Leylin’s hands.

“I know you’re unwilling to do this because you’re hoping I’ll marry into your family instead of the other way around. Is that right?” Leylin completely saw through Freya.

Deep inside, Freya still hoped to bring Leylin into the Blood Serpent family, but this was obviously not possible.

The Leylin right now would definitely not agree to this at all. Even before he advanced, he would only get others to do as he wished, and there were never instances of others getting him to do something.

One had to acknowledge that Leylin was a male chauvinist. He would marry Freya of his own accord, and not because he was thankful towards her. And he would definitely not marry into her family.

“You know all this, but why...” Freya raised her head, face glimmering with tears as she protested.

Seeing her reacting this way, Leylin knew that she had pretty much made up her mind, and couldn’t help but chuckle, “Because I am stronger than you! This is what you’re destined to do!”

Strength ruled the Magus World. This was an undisputable truth.

Since Freya had completely given in, Leylin softened his tone and began to console her, “Don’t worry. I will naturally take care of your family. When we have many children, I can even send a son over to the Blood Serpent family...”

This was an attempt at pacifying her. Since Freya had done so much for Leylin, he had to pay her back. However, Leylin’s nature was such that he had to take the initiative, instead of being begged to act.

Upon hearing this guarantee, Freya nodded, finally at ease.

Leylin could tell that Freya had nodded slightly and agreed, and laughed heartily at that.

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The battle that happened at Phosphorescence Swamp swept through the central continent like a whirlwind.

In particular, Leylin’s exceptional and powerful appearance, from how he had killed the Demon Hunter Cyril and caused his fall, increased the enthusiasm towards the situation till the extreme.

Demon Hunter Cyril was not a nobody, even amongst the

Morning Star circles. Rather, his strength had been proven to surpass the masses, and as a newly-advanced Morning Star Warlock, Leylin had been able to cause his downfall. Such strength immediately led to the dread of other Morning Star Magi.

From the outside, it seemed like not only had the allied armies that had attacked the Ouroboros Clan completely withdrawn from key regions such as Phosphorescence Swamp, they had even drawn a certain line of isolation, seemingly wanting to avoid conflict.

After the fall of the main body of Morning Star Magus Cyril, Nefas, the city of sin, fell into a state of confusion. The Magi there weren't good people from the start, and mostly comprised of vicious bandits and those with death warrants for them. Without Cyril's suppression, the place grew rife with violence.

The areas surrounding Nefas gradually descended further into chaos as news about the death of Cyril's clone came in, confirming his fall.

In that period, spells flew everywhere in the city, and the architecture was engulfed in a sea of flames.

As many Demon Magi gleefully broke into Cyril's Magus Tower and were prepared to loot the place as they wished, a large number of elite Magus armies suddenly descended upon them.

Under the suppression of the Magus army, as well as with a Morning Star Magus' help, the chaos in Nefas died down.

After losing the deterring power of Cyril, the defenceless Nefas had basically turned into a giant gold mine, attracting the interests of many Morning Star Magi.

This was especially true for those few Morning Star Magi in the original allied army. In the name of their comrades, they dispatched forces and took over the city, making up for all their previous losses.

By the time the matter with Nefas had died down, an even more startling piece of news spread throughout the central continent.

The one who had caused Cyril's fall based on his own strength, and thus protected the Ouroboros Clan, the Morning Star Magus Leylin Farlier, had invited many friendly organisations to his Morning Star ceremony.

In response to this invitation, many large-scaled organisations who had intentionally kept a distance due to their disdain towards the Ouroboros Clan saw a chance to repair this relationship and sent people to attend.

Other organisations also saw the ceremony as a great chance to figure out the situation within the Ouroboros Clan, and to better understand Leylin's strength. They, too, sent out spies or envoys.

During that time, numerous Magi hurried towards Phosphorescence Swamp, causing the swamp to be bustling with life, a huge contrast from the normal deathly silence.

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Within the city headquarters, Leylin reclined on the couch comfortably, listening to the female Magus reporting from beside him.

“The messengers we sent out have mostly returned with positive replies. Most of the emissaries of those organisations have already set out. Recently, Phosphorescence Swamp has not been very orderly. Though preparations for the ceremony are completed, I think it’s necessary to prepare a few emergency contingencies...”

Freya leant against the couch while holding countless files and wearing a pair of frameless glasses, seemingly very busy.

“Let’s do as you say!”

“Also, the bloodline Warlocks from Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair are about to reach headquarters. You need to take some time out to meet them...” After finishing her report, Freya laughed delicately and moved away from the couch, leaving quickly.

After she left, Leylin’s expression turned serious. He put on white gloves and produced a broken sword. This sword had the style of casting in ancient times. It was cold and sharp, and even time could do nothing to weaken its firmness. There were even traces of golden-coloured blood on the blade.

“I never expected for the bloodline of the Sun’s child and the

Wing of the Sun to reach my hands...” Sensing the powerful bloodline strength on the sword’s hilt, a hint of a smile revealed about Leylin’s lips.

This broken sword was one of the treasures from the Azure Mountain auction. Cyril had shamelessly used his status and pressurised others so he could purchase it.

Leylin had really wanted to get his hands on it, but for one he did not have enough magic crystals. On top of that, he did not dare go head to head with Cyril. However, this was no longer an issue.

Even Cyril’s main body had fallen at Leylin’s hands. The items he had hoarded and brought along on his body had naturally been kindly accepted by Leylin. Besides many precious materials and countless magic crystals, what he’d really desired was this item.

[Beep! Top-grade meditation technique, Wing of the Sun recorded!]

The A.I. Chip transmitted.

“Hopefully it’s useful for Kemoyin’s Pupil.” Leylin sighed, keeping the giant sword well.

Kemoyin’s Pupil was merely a high-grade meditation technique with the fourth level as the limit. It was impossible to progress

further. For Leylin, this was absolutely unacceptable.

Chapter 509 - Celebration

Based on the traditions of the central continent, high-grade meditation techniques had a minimum of four levels, allowing Magi to enter the Morning Star realm. Top-grade meditation techniques needed to have six or more levels, allowing Magi to understand the path to the Breaking Dawn.

Kemoyin's Pupil had merely four levels and was considered the bottom of the pack among high-grade meditation techniques. Leylin naturally hoped the A.I. Chip could simulate the rest of the levels.

Leylin had been trying to solve the issue of the bloodline shackles since advancing to the Morning Star realm.

The simulation of meditation techniques was very important. The Wing of the Sun was also a meditation technique for bloodline Warlocks, and there were six complete levels. It would surely be extremely helpful in completing Kemoyin's Pupil.

Since he had the bloodline of the Sun's child as well, he could attempt to purify it. Though the Oakheart Clan had already confirmed that the bloodline had lost all vitality, Leylin still had some confidence that he could restore it.

The ancient Sun's child was a being that could reach rank 6 when it matured. It was even a fixed sun for multiple small worlds, and was, therefore, the best bloodline Leylin had gotten to date.

“With this, I can begin the bloodline experiments...” After advancing to the Morning Star realm, many ancient bloodline experiments, and things like the interplanar experiments, could be undertaken independently. Leylin was extremely eager to spend all his time on this.

However, he still took some time to meet the emissaries from Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair the next day.

It wasn't only the Ouroboros Clan that held bloodline Warlocks in the central continent. There were other organisations and families that had inherited ancient bloodlines, forming a giant alliance.

However, the three Morning Star Magi of the Ouroboros Clan had disappeared all of a sudden, resulting in a drop in their value. Hence, no aid had been given.

Leylin understood this very well, since even when saving allies, one had to see if they were powerful enough. Otherwise, they would only be bringing trouble upon themselves.

Besides, the various Warlock organisations weren't exactly tight-knit. There were conflicts, and a loose alliance was basically as good as a nonexistent one.

Of course, things were different with Leylin's ascension. It was especially so after he displayed his strength. All these former allies rushed forth to mend their relationship.

Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair were the two largest bloodline Warlock organisations that the Ouroboros Clan was close to.

“Hehe... Sire Leylin is so young. This was entirely out of my expectations!” The moment they met, the two Warlocks were blown away by the plentiful life force brimming in Leylin.

Magi obviously did not rely on appearances to determine age. They usually had their own unique methods to determine it.

However, no matter which angle they looked at him from, Leylin was extremely young. He was not like those Magi who were approaching their end and looked young from the outside, yet held a rotting scent.

“Hehe... The two of you, please!”

Leylin was now dressed in a platinum robe that was a piece of magic equipment, giving him a more elegant aura. With his experience in controlling places like the Twilight Zone, he had already developed a distinct aura of a ruler in how he treated others, which made him all the more convincing.

Meanwhile, while the two emissaries were stunned at Leylin's age, Leylin himself was also shocked.

He could feel the energy of the point mass on these two emissaries. In other words, they were actually Morning Star Warlocks as well!

“Looks like these two organisations are taking this very seriously!”

The smile on Leylin’s face became even more welcoming as he invited the two Warlocks to the couch in his room. Freya brought three cups of coffee over, bowing to the three of them unreservedly as she quickly left.

“By the way, I’ve yet to ask you for your names!” Leylin smiled as he spoke.

“Oh, look at me! I was so surprised when I came that I didn’t introduce myself. How impolite of me!” A Magus with countless tentacles on his face that looked like a giant octopus head palmed his forehead with a tentacle and answered, “I’m Paul, from Spirit Circle!”

“Sir Paul!” Leylin nodded in recognition, seeming serious.

The bloodline Spirit Circle had inherited came from a strange creature—the Spirit-sucking Oddity! It was said that this being not only had a unique spirit body, it even enjoyed sucking the brain juices of intelligent beings, and had the strange ability of peeking at someone’s spirit.

What caused countless bloodline Warlocks to rip their hair out in frustration was that this Spirit-sucking Oddity was no bloodline creature! However, the original Spirit-sucking Oddity Warlock had fused the ability of this creature into his own bloodline and passed

it down, resulting in this strange branch of bloodline Warlocks.

This branch was named the 'Spirit Warlock' and had a very special strength. They were more partial towards attacks on the mind, and it was difficult to resist them.

At this point, Leylin couldn't help but look into his eyes.

On the giant octopus head were a pair of dark eyeballs with no pupils, looking like a dead fish's eyes.

However, the moment their gazes met, Leylin felt as if his heart was being stripped and laid bare before him.

Weng! The point mass in his body rumbled, and soul force swept through. The discomfort instantly vanished, and Leylin immediately put on his guard even though he smiled at the other party.

"I am Philip of the Wind Wolf Lair. Greetings, Sir!" The other was a middle-aged, burly white man. His face and body were filled with hair, and his sideburns were very straight.

Compared to spirit Warlocks, Wind Wolf Lair was an orthodox bloodline Warlock organisation that had inherited the bloodline of the ancient Wind Wolves. They were exceptionally sensitive towards wind elemental particles.

On top of that, Wind Wolf Lair was a very well-known bloodline

Warlock organisation in the central continent that maintained good relations with other Warlocks. They had very deep roots.

“Sir Philip, and Sir Paul!” Leylin nodded, “It is my honour for the two of you to attend my ceremony...”

Whether it was Leylin or the other two Warlocks, all of them were very satisfied. Though there weren't any deep discussions, this was a good beginning.

After that, however, Leylin could not bring himself to feel happy, as the two Warlocks brought him shocking news.

“Jupiter's Lightning?”

After unexpectedly finding out who was responsible for attacking the Ouroboros Clan, Leylin's expression turned grim.

Even if he hadn't been privy to the knowledge among the Morning Star circle before his own advancement, even he had heard of this organisation's fame in the central continent.

Compared to organisations such as Nefas and Azure Mountain City, Jupiter's Lightning was even more tremendous, and perhaps even surpassed the Ouroboros Clan.

It was a shadow that loomed over the continent, and was perhaps more similar to a bandit guild. It regularly took on assassinations, bounties, and the like, preferring to stir up chaos and exploiting it.

The reason why they were so fearless was due to the manipulator behind them. It was a Radiant Moon Magus!

A Radiant Moon Magus was also a great rank 5 Magus, and they were even rarer than Morning Star Magi, as well as much more formidable. In the entire central continent, there were probably less than twenty of them. It could be said that besides the few Breaking Dawn Magi there were, the rest of them split the central continent amongst themselves.

Hearing that Ouroboros Clan was being targeted by such a person, even Leylin couldn't help but break out in cold sweat.

Paul and Philip exchanged a glance and, noticing Leylin's peaceful expression, nodded.

“Don't worry. As allies, we will provide a certain amount of assistance, such that at least the Radiant Moon Magus will likely not deal with you personally...”

‘Do you mean that if the other Morning Star Magi of Jupiter's Lightning attack, I have to take them all on myself?’

Leylin rolled his eyes inside, but his expression was that of gratitude, “Thank you so much.”

In reality, he had serious suspicions that these two organisations wanted them to fight. Perhaps they had been the ones to provoke

Jupiter's Lightning, and yet were now pretending to take the brunt of the damage for the Ouroboros Clan, and were insincere about sending aid.

Of course, he was no child and would not believe everything these Morning Star Magi told him. He would only trust them after performing his own checks.

This was a very simple matter. Though he was unfamiliar with the Morning Star's conscient, he had already recorded the aura fluctuations. With more Morning Star samples, he would be able to make comparisons.

He even had a spy like the Azure Mountain King, so information was not an issue.

At the thought of the Azure Mountain King, Leylin's gloomy mood was lifted, and he began to anticipate ascension ceremony.

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Boom! Boom! Boom!

Countless giant fireworks exploded in mid-air. The headquarters of Ouroboros Clan had been painted over, and now no longer had any traces from the battle. There were even fresh flowers and streamers along all the pathways.

The guests from the other organisations in the central continent

all had sincere grins on their faces. Under the guidance of the Warlocks of Ouroboros Clan, they headed towards the heart of the city.

This was a palace that had been constructed in a hurry for Leylin, the location of the ceremony.

In order to curry favour with the only Morning Star Warlock in the organisation, as well as the husband of their family's leader, the Blood Serpent Family Warlocks had done all they could and arranged everything tidily. They had even gone out of their way and brought out lavish liquor and delicacies, many of which were unique resources in the Magus World that could increase spiritual force and the effects of meditation. There were so many that they seemed dirt cheap, and it resulted in looks of admiration and surprise.

Many guests were gathered in a hall, though they were separated clearly into tens of little circles.

Bloodline Warlocks and Magi had two large circles, and within those, another ten or so were formed based on various factors like power, ranking, level of intimacy and so on.

The Warlocks and Magi were like the ladies and gentlemen of high society, conversing courteously and occasionally toasting each other. The atmosphere was harmonious, and it was unthinkable that some of the people here had been eager for the death of the other party just a few days ago.

Chapter 510 - Assuming The Post

“It’s time to start the ceremony!” Parker’s tone conveyed his high spirits and excitement. He was wearing the suit of a compere, and his hair was sleekly styled.

His previous investment at this time had gained him the most returns. Leylin was advancing at the speed of light, far beyond his own predictions. It made him feel like he was in a dream.

With unanimous joyous cheers, Leylin stepped on the flower petals laid out on his path as he entered the hall, wearing a magical robe with a gold crown on his head.

At the same moment, an overbearing and horrifying force similar to that of an ancient beast was slowly released from his body. From his eyes, one could faintly see the image of an enormous black serpent which was several tens of thousands of metres long.

Morning Star! The formidability of a true Morning Star made many Magi and Warlocks bow their heads respectfully to welcome him. Some of the sullen emissaries were also so overwhelmed by his aura that they too bowed, albeit rather unwillingly.

“In accordance with the rules, Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan who are promoted to the Morning Star realm will fundamentally acquire the noble title of a Duke! Congratulations to you, Duke Farlier!”

Faisal stepped up and ceremoniously handed a snake-shaped

scepter embedded with jet black crystals to Leylin, who accepted it effortlessly and raised it up.

Numerous bloodline Warlocks stood up and bowed in salutation, “Greetings, Duke Leylin!”

This was a tradition of the Ouroboros Clan, something shared by many other Magus organisations. Yet, for Faisal himself to do it meant that Leylin had already succeeded in suppressing internal strife. Seeing this unfold, many influential emissaries were left in deep thought.

“The ceremony shall begin!” Parker yelled after Leylin was seated.

“The emissary from the Rustic Woodlands— Louis greets Duke Leylin!” An old fellow dressed in a red suit took the lead and saluted Leylin.

“The Lord’s promotion to the Morning Star is a grand occasion for all of us in the central continent. This is a gift from our Master!”

The entourage standing behind him lifted the cloth off a tray to reveal a rock shimmering with brilliance.

“An astral stone!” “Such a huge astral stone is rare indeed!” “The Rustic Woodlands is so magnanimous!”

The comments from the surrounding visitors were incessant.

Leylin nodded his head and smiled, evidently very pleased. Such opportunities to receive free gifts without obligations were always welcomed.

“I have just been promoted to the Morning Star, and my need for astral stones is undeniable. Thank your Master on my behalf!” Leylin expressed his contentment, and the emissary was delighted. He bowed again and retreated.

“Duke Leylin! I am the emissary from the Fallor Family, and I present to you a personalized private ride— the Colossal Serpent!”

Another emissary stepped forward and presented a core controller. In the middle of it, an image of a private airship could be seen. The detailing and ornamentation of the warship structure were vivid and thorough.

“That is very considerate of you!” Leylin nodded his head.

The Fallor Family controlled the entire airship network. They also had the support of the Monarch of the Skies, and gifting every newly promoted Morning Star their very own airship was their tradition. As such, Leylin voiced, “I thank the kindness of chief Fallor and the Monarch of the Skies...”

Perceiving Leylin to have understood their intentions, the emissary respectfully bowed and retreated. Almost immediately,

yet another emissary stepped forward....

The etiquette for this ceremony was complicated, but Leylin still had to receive them one by one and express his own goodwill. It would be extremely important and beneficial for the Ouroboros Clan.

Leylin was brimming with enthusiasm and was all smiles. He conversed casually with many of the emissaries with ease, showing no impatience.

At this time, a Magus with a head of brown hair who was wearing a silver robe stepped forward. Impressive undulations emitted from his body without restraint. He clearly lacked manners, and was disrespectful in front of Leylin.

“You’ve come with ill intentions!” Leylin’s eyes narrowed and he glared at the Magus.

“Greetings, my Lord, from Collins of Jupiter’s Lightning!” Collins straightened his back and looked straight into Leylin’s eyes without a hint of fear.

“Collins is one of the more able ones in Jupiter’s Lightning. He clearly wants to test Leylin’s strength as a baseline comparison...” Paul remarked from the side, smiling at Philip with a wineglass in hand.

“Collin’s abilities are not comparable to Cyril’s. Shall we give

him a helping hand?” Philip rubbed his fist, his eyes glistening with ambition.

“There’s no need! Duke Leylin is very powerful, do not ever underestimate him!” Paul’s dead-fish eyes glimmered with a smile.

The atmosphere inside the hall didn’t seem right. All the emissaries’ eyes were locked on the confrontation between the two Morning Stars.

Since it was a celebration, Leylin and Collins did not go overboard. On the surface, it looked like they were just staring at each other in the face. However, a ruthless cross-sword fight between the spiritual domains had already unfolded unknowingly.

A few minutes later, the colour started to drain from Collins’ confident face, and beads of sweat appeared on it.

Witnessing the scene, the other Magi thought they had seen a ghost. Paul and Philip exchanged glances, and both broke out in smiles.

“Oh!” A moment later, Collins scathingly stumbled a few steps back. Although there were no differences in his expression, the imposing aura on his body had disappeared.

Leylin, on the other hand, continued to sit upright. No one could tell what he had in mind.

“This is a present from our chief!” Collins no longer dared to look Leylin in the eye as he presented the gift. Soon after, he left in haste.

All the Magi who witnessed this silent confrontation grew more fervent about Leylin.

The revelry lasted until midnight. After receiving bountiful gifts, Leylin began conversing about his experience during his advancement.

It was, in a way, his means of imparting knowledge. Many of those present were rank 3 Magi after all.

Leylin was forthcoming, pointing out mistakes made during the construction of the point mass, as well as other general tips. Many rank 3 Magi were intoxicated by this essential information, and even some Morning Stars fell into deep thought. When it was time to disperse, many felt reluctant to leave.

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After the banquet was over, Leylin chose not to rest, and instead, headed out to meet another guest in a private room.

“Distinguished Azure Mountain King, we meet again!” Leylin smiled calmly and sat opposite the Magus.

The person here was certainly the Azure Mountain King. He

possessed the same appearance as his clone, with blue hair and a pair of starry eyes.

He had not come to this ceremony representing Azure Mountain City, and instead snuck in on the pretence of a diplomatic mission. He'd felt threatened by Leylin.

"You can call me Zack!" The Azure Mountain King spoke in a deep tone, without any further intentions of undermining Leylin.

"Alright, distinguished Zack, let's talk about the compensation that you have to make with regards to my territory!"

Leylin leant back on the sofa, intertwined his hands. He was unusually relaxed. Opportunities for such extortion, where one took advantage of another's weakness, were very rare.

"Sure! Your people, your land, and any other losses, I'll pay you for it all. I'll even pay double, as long as you promise not to leak the matter of the stardust bugs!" Zack said frankly.

He only yielded to Leylin as Leylin knew his biggest secret. If this information was leaked out, the entire Oakheart Clan would be faced with imminent disaster. Even his own life would be in danger.

Leylin was well aware of this. But he also knew that the destruction of the Oakheart Clan, and the fall of the Azure Mountain King, would not net him any benefits. On the other

hand, such extortion had the potential for a lot of profits.

As such he didn't mind letting Zack leave... as long as he paid his due, of course.

"Let's not talk about the territory for the time being, you destroyed my Magus Tower. Shouldn't you compensate me with another?" Leylin laughed with a hint of profoundness.

"Consider it done! I will build you one that is exactly the same!" the Azure Mountain King replied with a rich and overbearing tone.

"Oh! No, no, no! I think you misunderstood something..." Leylin swayed his finger, "What I need, is a Magus Tower that corresponds to my current status. Do you understand?"

"What..." Zack took a cold breath, and immediately blurted out, "Impossible! This is extortion!"

Although Leylin's previous Magus Tower was of considerably high quality, it was only fitting for a rank 3 Magus. In the central continent, anything that catered to the Morning Star rank would cost more, especially so for the Morning Star Magus Tower!

The construction cost of a Morning Star rated Magus Tower would be at least ten times more than that of Leylin's previous Magus Tower. Even if he were to sell his territory, it could not even cover the cost of building one level of it. Leylin's request was like a lion biting a huge chunk of meat off the Oakheart Clan's

body.

Based on Zack's proposed bill of compensation, the Oakheart Clan wouldn't suffer a huge loss. But to build a Morning Star rated Magus Tower? Even if Leylin were to decline all the other compensations, this request alone would still be outrageous.

"Indeed, I am extorting you. Didn't you know?" Leylin mockingly laughed.

"Compared to the matter about the stardust bugs and the whole Oakheart Clan being erased from this world, I think it's a good deal... With the accumulated wealth of Azure Mountain City, there should be no difficulty in constructing one such Magus Tower, right?"

Being reprimanded by Leylin, Zack's face hardened as he gritted his teeth in anger, "... Fine!"

"That's the way!" Leylin smirked, obviously pleased. His expression immediately turned from one of hostility to that of friendliness, and this made Zack perplexed.

"Other than the Magus Tower, I have no other requests, so long as you assist me in building an astral gate..."

Having sensed the limits of Zack's tolerance, Leylin naturally and pursued further benefits without scruples. After all, Zack wouldn't suddenly appreciate him if he lowered his requests, so he could just

as well get a hold of as many benefits as possible.

Chapter 511 - Attitude

After some haggling, Leylin and Zack finally reached an agreement.

The Oakheart Clan would bear the burden of building a Morning Star level Magus Tower, as well as provide him with all the resources for an astral gate. In return, Leylin guaranteed that he would never divulge information regarding the stardust bugs in any shape or form.

The two of them had even made an oath under the Trial's Eye, which was at the request of the Azure Mountain King. However, he did not notice the look of mockery in Leylin's eyes.

After that, Leylin got Zack to narrate the details of the allied army's attack on the Ouroboros Clan from start to end.

After receiving this information, his eyebrows furrowed.

"Jupiter's Lightning..." After sending Zack away, Leylin half laid down on the couch, massaging his forehead and sinking into deep thought.

"I never expected it to be them. Why would a haughty Radiant Moon Magus have any interest in the Ouroboros Clan?"

Before Gilbert and the others reappeared, nobody would be able to give him an answer. Leylin himself could only make wild

guesses.

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Most emissaries had yet to leave after the end of the ceremony, when another monumental event occurred.

The Morning Star Warlock, Duke Leylin, had announced his engagement with the leader of the Blood Serpent Family, Freya!

Bloodline Warlocks were generally very picky when it came to picking partners. This would affect the passing on of bloodlines, and determined the rise or fall of a family.

The engagement of a Morning Star Warlock implied that new Kemoyin blood would spread, forming another formidable family!

Though there were only two people in the family, Leylin and his fiancée, nobody could deny the strength of a family with a Morning Star Warlock within.

Based on some faint rumours, Duke Leylin's bloodline was unbelievably pure, and perhaps even surpassed that of the other three Morning Star Warlocks! His fiancée was also of a prestigious Kemoyin Family, and her bloodline was pure.

The emissaries and Warlocks could envision an exceptionally powerful Kemoyin family rising to power in the Ouroboros Clan.

Though they were cursing within, these emissaries all looked elated at Leylin's engagement, and gave their 'sincere' blessings to them.

Only after the engagement ceremony was over did the emissaries of the multiple organisations leave Phosphorescence Swamp. They had seen far too much at this celebration and ceremony, and needed to report back to their masters.

Leylin could finally relax, handling some miscellaneous work.

"Your Grace!" On the way, many Warlocks stepped aside when they saw him from afar, bowing to him from the sides of the road.

Leylin's expression remained solemn. At most, he sent a nod of recognition in the direction of high-ranked Warlocks, his movements revealing boundless dignity.

His status in the Ouroboros Clan made it such that he could move without obstructions. He headed for a building that seemed like a beehive, formed of countless giant laboratories.

This was the headquarters of the technical department. Upon noticing Leylin's arrival, there was a flurry of activity at the entrance. Schadt, who was wearing glasses, was escorted by Warlocks donning large white gowns as he welcomed Leylin. It made him feel as if he had returned to the research centres in his previous world.

“Your Grace!” Schadt bowed respectfully. He was extremely grateful towards Leylin. If not for his advancement, the Ouroboros Clan would probably have been done for.

“Mm! Bring me to the astral gate!” Leylin said indifferently after a nod. He then followed Schadt as they went in deeper.

After passing through the layers of isolation and detection spell formations, Schadt brought Leylin before a gate formed entirely of astral stones.

The entire gate emanated a starry radiance. The innermost layer actually possessed a stony surface and there were multiple bright runes, floating above the surface of the stone gate.

“This is Lord Emma’s astral gate. We’ve moved it here...” Schadt sighed as he took off his glasses.

“We’ve determined through multiple experiments that there is no problem with the gate itself. However, there was an unknown interference that stopped us from locating the coordinates, making the second attempt at finding the coordinates even more difficult!

“What level of power do you think is needed for this to happen?” Leylin’s eyes shone as he asked.

“I’m afraid...” Schadt’s temperament suited research perfectly. He explained things as they were and did not beat around the bush,

“Only interference from a Radiant Moon realm Magus can cause the three elders to make an error in judgment!”

Radiant Moon realm! A great rank 5 Magus! The moment the words exited Schadt’s mouth, the rest of the researchers all trembled, evidently feeling weak.

Just a Morning Star Magus was enough for the Ouroboros Clan to be on the verge of being destroyed by the allied forces. What if a Radiant Moon Magus were to do the job himself?

The bleak future immediately caused these high-ranked Warlocks to tremble in fear.

“Don’t be so negative!” Leylin patted Schadt on the shoulder, “Just focus on saving Mentor and the others. You must work hard on this...”

“Understood, Your Grace!” A hint of shame appeared on Schadt’s expression as he lowered his head deferentially.

Initially, he had boldly bragged that he could find the coordinates within five days. However, multiples of that time period had passed, and he had yet to determine which world Gilbert and the others were trapped in.

Every time he was about to find the coordinates, he would be obstructed by berserk spatial turbulence, barring him from finding the real location.

If there was the slightest discrepancy in the coordinates, the two areas could be millions of kilometres away from each other, being two separate worlds!

With trouble both internally and externally, the Warlocks would definitely not dare have Leylin take the risk.

On top of that, they had no clue if Leylin would listen to them.

In actuality, even if they had determined which world Gilbert and the rest were lost in, Leylin might not aid them.

Since they had already determined the other world was a trap set up by a Radiant Moon Magus, how could he go in like a lamb to the slaughter?

Leylin was not so selfless as to take this risk.

“I should find a chance and take care of those Warlocks.” Leylin touched his chin, eyes glimmering with a dangerous light.

Those who had been urging him from the shadows to save the elders were not anyone else, but the many descendants and students of the three Morning Star Warlocks. Of course, they did not dare request anything of Leylin in the open, but as long as they was no evidence, they were bold in their discussions.

In Gilbert's case, Leylin was one of them and they thus had the least complaints. With Emma, Freya was a mediator and they were less impatient. Only the students and family of the other Morning Star Warlock pressed him on, and Leylin was preparing to make use of them.

He was no saint, and would not save others and then give up his power to be shared. And yet, Gilbert was his Mentor and had taught him much. Thus he would save him, but now was not the time!

Leylin was confident that with a bit more time, he could set up his own authority and spread his influence. By the time the three Morning Stars were back, they would not be able to affect his status!

Hence, he had to make use of this time. Though he could use his strength and force everything, Leylin did not want to end up with an Ouroboros Clan that was divided.

Schadt's report was exactly to his liking. This way, it was not because he was not trying hard enough, but that he was lacking information and had no way to do this.

Leylin had long since secretly determined their coordinates. But for his own purposes, he had kept mum until now.

After consoling Schadt and the other members of the technical department, Leylin returned to his castle. There, two precious guests needed to be attended to.

“Lord Paul, Lord Philip, sorry for the long wait!”

Leylin apologised to the two Morning Star Warlocks. After the other organisations had left, these two emissaries had stayed behind for some unknown reason. As they were Morning Stars, this was also good for Ouroboros Clan, which was why Leylin had no complaints and was so welcoming towards them.

“We only just arrived as well. Duke Leylin must have investigated thoroughly, right?” Paul grinned, the beady eyes on the octopus head seemingly able to see into the Leylin’s soul.

“Yes, Jupiter’s Lightning! They went too far!” Leylin clenched his fists, face flushing red and showing his anger.

Through the investigation of the Shadow Snake department as well as the Azure Mountain King’s story, he had confirmed that Jupiter’s Lightning was behind this.

In this case, he would not reject the good intentions of these two Morning Star Warlocks.

“I’m going to be frank with you. That Radiant Moon Magus of Jupiter’s Lightning has been finding us bloodline Warlocks an eyesore and caused conflicts with the union. Even the organisations backing us are in a cold war with them...” Philip said. The burly werewolf smiled wryly.

Leylin vaguely understood their meaning. The intentions of these Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair Warlocks was to seek external aid.

However, he would definitely not reject them. Radiant Moon Magi were not existences he could deal with as of yet. If he could pull someone else over to contend against them, the pressure on him would be slightly lesser.

For this reason, Leylin did not seem to even hesitate as he exclaimed, “If there’s anything you need me for, just say the word!”

While that was what he had said, Leylin would not be so stupid as to rush to the frontlines without any benefits.

Paul and Philip exchanged a glance and saw the elation in each other’s eyes. No matter what it was, Leylin’s attitude meant that this trip had not been made in vain.

Chapter 512 - Revitalisation Of Bloodline

“Of course, we hope you can form an alliance with us. We wish to take on Jupiter’s Lightning together...”

Philip interrupted, “With your current status as Duke, you can definitely represent the Ouroboros Clan!”

“This... I need to think it over... After all, there are many seniors who I need to pacify...” When it came to proper business, Leylin seemed to draw back.

Paul silently cursed at Philip for being too hasty, and also Leylin, for not being willing to be more open until he saw benefits. He merely continued smiling, which was difficult enough with his octopus face.

“Duke Leylin, you don’t know this yet, do you? We Morning Star Warlocks organise a gathering every once in a while, where everyone will exchange information. Sometimes, we even have trade meetings...”

“This gathering is only for bloodline Warlocks, who must be at least at the Morning Star level. Someone even needs to vouch for them. A few elders from Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair will attend as well. How about we continue the discussion there?”

“Gathering?!” A gathering amongst Morning Star Warlocks was still very attractive to Leylin.

Furthermore, he was not worried that their leaving the Ouroboros Clan would bring any harm to them.

To be frank, the Ouroboros Clan's safety all depended on him. As long as he was fine, it would be well fortified even if there was nobody here guarding them. If anything happened to him, the allied armies would immediately level the place.

In fact, if he managed to slip out of headquarters without being seen, it would put his foes under a lot of pressure instead.

With this in mind, Leylin answered, "Sure. When the time comes, please notify me!"

Seeing Leylin agree, Paul heaved a long sigh of relief before he laughed in answer, "I'm sure that our other comrades are eager to see an up-and-coming youngster like you!"

It looked like this gathering was a small circle where bloodline Warlocks interacted.

Watching his expression, Leylin nodded inside and began to anticipate the gathering more fervently.

Since everything was settled, Paul and Philip had no reason to stay longer. They chose to leave.

With how hurried they seemed, Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair had probably fallen on hard times. As important deterrents, they would not have been able to squeeze out the time to attend if not for Leylin's ceremony.

"We're rich, my Lord!" Within the hall, Parker's eyes glinted as he gazed at the account book in his hands, "Just the gifts from the other organisations is equivalent to dozens of fiefs..."

"But of course. You only ascend to the Morning Star realm once. And it's a good time for other organisations to form good relationships with them..."

Though Leylin seemed as calm as an ancient, unused well, he was actually very happy; he just kept it in. At the same time, he had gained a better understanding of the great status Morning Star Magi held in the central continent.

The destructive power of a Morning Star Arcane Art was far too high. If a Morning Star Magus were to let go of all qualms and act as they wished, the geography of the entire central continent would be destroyed. Radiant Moon, and even Breaking Dawn Magi would regret the damage caused.

As a result, every time a Morning Star arose, everyone would express their goodwill, and intent to be on good terms with each other. These were actions that large organisations were used to.

"The moment I stepped into this realm, everything changed..."

Leylin sighed to himself, the look in his eyes even more intense. “What would be the scenery be like after the ranks of Radiant Moon or the Breaking Dawn throne?”

In his eyes, rank 4 was far from the limit. His goals were on higher peaks, and he did not pay attention to even the shackles to his bloodline that had troubled bloodline Warlocks for many years.

Of course, he could overlook his opinions while strategizing, but tactics needed to be done properly. Hence, he sent Parker away and ordered for all his gifts to be stored. After handing over the important items, Leylin returned to his laboratory.

He was now the highest power in the Ouroboros Clan, and could mobilise all resources. The laboratory he used was the best they had, which was usually reserved for Gilbert and the other two. This was just another one of the many advantages.

That was not all. The treasury of the Ouroboros Clan was completely open to him, and the treasures accumulated over thousands of years by a large-scaled organisation such as this had Leylin’s eyes going green in envy.

The first thing he did was to take a pile of astral stones and keep them in his spatial pouch.

Though the Oakheart Clan had agreed to build him an astral gate, it was better to have more astral stones in reserve. After all, passing through planes required the usage of astral stones, which was why they were so highly valued. They had always been a

strategic-class resource.

“Beep! Ascertaining identity! Welcome, Duke Leylin Farlier!”

After passing through the stringent aura detection system and numerous disinfecting procedures, Leylin finally stood in a room seemingly cast entirely in crystal.

The translucent crystals emitted beautiful light, and the area was spotless and unbelievably glossy.

Seeing the data the A.I. Chip provided, Leylin, couldn't help but sigh. “Though the strength setup is different, in terms of disinfecting and dust, it can achieve the same effect!”

Such an environment was extremely similar to the sterile laboratories in his previous world. Ancient Magi were no fools, so how would they not have noticed the effects germs and the like could have on research? Even without scientific methods, they could use magic to achieve the same effect.

Within a giant glass container at the heart of the laboratory, a broken sword was soaking in a translucent green liquid. This was the same blade that held the bloodline of the Sun's child and the Wing of the Sun meditation technique. Numerous transparent air bubbles could be seen arising from the hole-filled dull blade, and only the area with the blood was glowing brightly.

He'd already recorded all the information about the Wing of the

sun through his A.I. Chip. The only thing left of value was the blood, which he had yet to extract.

The golden blood was like warm light as it slowly grew on the sword, somehow moving automatically as if breathing.

“As expected of the blood left behind by a rank 6 creature. Even if all its vitality has been lost, a slight simulation from the external world allowed it to regain its instinct...”

Leylin was full of praise. The ancient Sun’s child was at the peak of Breaking Dawn, and was an existence he could only look up to. Just a single drop of blood could multiply, enough to form life.

If it placed its spirit branding inside, an almighty ancient being could definitely revive itself from just a droplet of blood. The bloodline of the Sun’s child was that terrifying!

Of course, confirmed by the appraisal of top-notch masters, the bloodline of the Sun’s child on the blade had long since lost its vitality and was impossible to stimulate. This breathing movement was only an instinctual reaction and not a display of full revival.

If the bloodline of the Sun’s child could be made use of, the broken sword would not have been sold off at such a low price. Even if the Azure Mountain King, Zack, had to fall out with Cyril over it, he would definitely use force to keep the bloodline.

However, for Leylin who was an expert in ancient bloodline

experiments and had the support of the A.I. Chip, it wasn't an impossible task to stimulate the revival of the bloodline.

He was now gazing at the broken sword in the glass container, a look of satisfaction appearing on his face. "The restoration is coming along quite well! I can begin the second phase..."

He, who had acquired the research data of the Quicksand organisation, had grasped the finest technology of the ancient era. This naturally included many methods to restore bloodlines.

At that point in time, due to his lack of strength, he could not display all his skills. Many of the methods required the coordination of soul force, and Leylin who had only been rank 3 at the time would only be working in vain. Now, however, this was no longer an issue.

"Soul Web!" Threads of black soul force brought with them a simple radiance as they shot out from between Leylin's brows, forming a web-like structure that disappeared into the green solution. Large amounts of fine runes with unknown functions emerged from the thin web.

The soul web seemed to have no effects on the broken sword and went straight through the blade. However, the golden blood seemed to be attracted, gathering onto it.

Minutes later, all the blood on the broken sword had been shifted to the soul web, causing it to turn golden.

Gulu! Gulu! As the last thread of golden luster left the blade, the metal immediately corroded into nothingness in the green solution, leaving no residue behind.

“It was only made of the plainest materials. Only because of the will of the Sun’s child had it been preserved for over ten thousand years. The moment the blood is removed, it instantly reverts to its original form!”

Leylin’s eyes shone, no longer focused on the sword. All his attention was focused on the soul web, as he manipulated the golden web to float over to another large breeding pool.

Countless loach-like long fish poked their heads out of the dim yellow pool, translucent bubbles being spat out from their lips.

These were blood-sucking loaches, and were rarely-seen bloodline creatures. All the reserves of the Ouroboros Clan were stored here.

“Go!” Leylin controlled the soul web until it was atop the pool. Drop by drop, the golden liquid fell, being devoured by countless blood-sucking loaches that were trying to outdo each other.

Water splashed everywhere in the cultivation pool, and Leylin watched the changes in the loaches without blinking.

Golden threads appeared from the stomachs of these blood-sucking loaches. Then, their eyes rolled back and they began

floating in the pool.

“The bloodline of a rank 6 creature is too powerful for these loaches...” Leylin shook his head, but did not stop the experiment.

Chapter 513 - Morning Star Magus Tower

Threads of golden radiance emanated from the carcasses of the blood-sucking loaches and were then swallowed by other loaches which had not managed to get the blood the first time. This process was repeated as the loaches died.

Leylin watched on expressionlessly. After three rounds, where the blood-sucking loaches could hold on for longer and not die immediately, the golden bloodline seemed to have become more reserved and guileless.

“Looks like I can continue...” A look of excitement appeared on his face.

As long as this was successful, there was hope to stimulate the revival of the Sun’s child’s bloodline.

“Maintain this process and ensure there are no less than twenty blood-sucking loaches in the cultivation pool,” Leylin ordered the spirit genie.

Leylin knew this would take a long time. After observing for a while longer, he left the laboratory for his castle.

He now had many tasks to direct, and while troublesome it was the best way to exert his authority.

Though the students and families under the Morning Star

Warlocks' care all hoped Leylin would act as soon as possible and rescue their mentors and family leaders, they did not dare exhibit their wishes openly.

They were also extremely afraid of contradicting Leylin, all doing as asked to the best of their abilities. Even when Leylin took all the astral stones in storage, they did not say a word.

It had to be said that these Warlocks knew their place.

Even so, Leylin could not be bothered to bicker with them over trivial matters. Besides, with his current strength still inadequate to deal with Jupiter's Lightning and Radiant Moon Magi, he needed to save the Dukes first to increase the strength they had on their side.

The issue of when this would happen would depend on him.

This was not just about gaining power in the Ouroboros Clan, but also to avoid the trap set up for them! If three Morning Star Warlocks could disappear, Leylin would not be an issue at all.

Leylin was well aware of this fact, which was why he did not dare make a move until he made sense of the situation.

"Your Grace, there's a female Magus claiming to be from Azure Mountain City here. Also..."

Faisal bowed, with none of his high spirits from before. Humility

had taken that place. Ever since Leylin had exited his secluded cultivation, he had been maintaining this attitude. He'd even been the first to side with Leylin, and Leylin relied on him heavily.

“Also what?” Leylin found the puzzlement on his face laughable.

“She also said... she's here to help my Lord construct a Magus Tower...” Azure Mountain City used to be the Ouroboros Clan's enemy. However, they were now coming over trying to get into Leylin's good books. Faisal had lived for over six hundred years, but even he seldom met with such a situation, which led to his confusion.

“In that case, I don't need to see her. Help me choose a good location in the headquarters. My Magus Tower shall be erected there!”

This had previously been decided upon with the Azure Mountain King, and he was merely going through with the agreement. Leylin did not pay much heed to these matters and waved his arms, sending Faisal away.

The reason he had not built the Magus Tower at headquarters originally was because he was afraid of being made use of. However, things were different now. He was the one ordering others to work, and nobody would come and bother him. Leylin naturally wanted the Magus Tower to be located in headquarters now.

“What's wrong?” Leylin asked Faisal who stood in the same spot,

eyes full of mixed emotions.

Though these were just a few simple words, Faisal felt cold sweat running down his spine. Leylin was now no longer a Marquis he had jurisdiction over, but a great elder! He was the highest authority, the commander of the entire Ouroboros Clan, a Morning Star Warlock!

Every one of his titles was like a huge mountain weighing down on Faisal's heart. When all these identities gathered on a person, this person was someone he definitely needed to look up to.

"It's like this. Your Grace. My family, the Dose and Olka families, and the others are all willing to contribute to my Lord's Magus Tower..." Faisal gritted his teeth and spoke in a low voice.

From his perspective, it seemed that Leylin had accepted offerings from outsiders, which was a very dangerous sign. It signified that he had lost all trust in all these traditional, well-known bloodline nobles, which was absolutely unacceptable.

At this thought, he could not help but begin to reproach his own allies. Though saving the elders was extremely important, they could not be so hasty. As expected, it resulted in this terrible result.

Faisal could not help but begin to envy the Blood Serpent Family. As long as Freya was still around, Leylin's relationship with them was secure. There were even rumours that Leylin would have one child inherit the Blood Serpent's Marquis position, which immediately resulted in the envy of multiple bloodline families.

The bloodline of a Morning Star Warlock, and especially that of Leylin, who was unbelievably talented! His bloodline was said to be extremely pure and something many bloodline families did not dare hope to have. However, the Blood Serpent Family had gotten this so easily.

It seemed that in the next few hundred years, the Blood Serpent Family would definitely rise sharply. Of course, it would be under the lead of the Farlier Family.

Thinking this, Faisal could not help but sigh inside while simultaneously beginning to wonder if there were female Warlocks like Freya in his own family.

“Good! Go and discuss with Azure Mountain City!”

Since there were people in a hurry to send him money, Leylin obviously accepted it. With the cooperation of so many families, his Magus Tower would be built more quickly, and its quality could even be raised. Why would he have anything against this?

Watching Faisal fall back so fearfully, Leylin couldn't help but laugh.

“Only trying to mend relationships now?” How could sly old Leylin not know what he was thinking? He never had plans of having anything to do with those families, and this was the situation.

This peaceful life continued for a few months.

In these few months, the Ouroboros Clan's surroundings were calm. He had the few key regions in the Phosphorescence Swamp in his palm, while the allied forces seemed to have some worries. With both sides showing restraint, the region completely regained its peace, and the fires of war seemed to have been put out.

However, only Magi who saw things long-term could see the undercurrents under this calm surface.

In the headquarters of Ouroboros Clan— Warlock City, a giant and awe-inspiring Magus Tower was slowly constructed, full of dignity.

Many high-ranked Warlocks and Magi were all crowded around the tower whose structure had just been completed, and began work on the details.

Every lower-ranked Warlock would bow slightly as they passed by, eyes full of reverence as they glanced at the Magus Tower.

This was the Morning Star Magus Tower, where their pride lies, of the Morning Star Warlock, Leylin Farlier!

“Your Grace! The main body of the Magus Tower has been completed, and it has also been connected with the cores of all the other Magus Tower in the headquarters. It has the highest

authority!”

Faisal tried to curry favour as he spoke, while Leylin had his hands behind his back, watching his own Magus Tower with interest.

Compared to the Magus Tower he had constructed himself, the resource consumption of this Morning Star grade one was terrifying. It could be said that the price could not be measured in magic crystals. If not for taking advantage of the huge reserves of the Azure Mountain King, as well as the generous offerings from the old bloodline families, this would not be so successful.

“How much more time will we need?”

Leylin watched the Magi that looked like ants floating at the sides of the Magus Tower, numerous runes flashing in their hands and entering the Magus Tower. He could not help but frown.

There was someone he knew among the ones working on the tower. It was the host who he had seen at Azure Mountain’s auction. However, Leylin had no intentions of going forward to meet the said one.

He now had a different status, and it wasn’t as if there was anything to say even if he went there.

Faisal produced a white handkerchief and wiped his cold sweat before he spoke.

“The main body of the Magus Tower is the easiest part to construct. As long as there are enough materials, work will be completed quickly. However, the embedding of the spell formations, and especially the construction of the energy pools as well as the design of the tower genie needs to be done by you personally. Just the preparation for that will take ten years, and that’s the fastest...”

“As I expected!” The blue rays vanished, and Leylin’s eyes returned to black, seeming warm.

“I will be out for a period of time. Handle the matters at headquarters with Freya and Parker. If there are major issues, the majority decides!”

Though secret imprints could be used for communication, they did not extend to a wide area and could easily be intercepted and listened in on, or even used to determine locations. Hence, Leylin typically did not like using them.

“My Lord, you’re leaving?” Faizal’s eyes widened, and he even forgot to wipe off his sweat.

“Yes. There is a bloodline organisation gathering for the upper class. Lord Paul from before invited me!”

There was nothing to hide, and Leylin admitted this easily. He also had thoughts of exploring the central continent. In the past, he had had too little strength, but after attaining Morning Star

power, he could go to many places in the central continent.

“It’s very important to be on good relations with other bloodline Warlocks!” Faisal expressed his approval of this and spoke with some regret, “It’s a pity that we can’t be involved in interactions between Morning Stars, and can’t provide you with any useful information!”

Faisal was merely a student, and him knowing which organisations Ouroboros Clan was on good terms with was already a lot. As for which high-ranked organisations the Morning Star Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan were close to, or who their foes were, and who was only friendly on the surface— all that was a shot in the dark. At this crucial moment, he did not dare give suggestions, and Leylin could only make his own judgments. If not, if anything were to happen, he would not be able to take on the repercussions.

“Don’t worry, I will judge for myself.” Leylin nodded.

Chapter 514 - Phenomenon In A Small Town

The sun slowly sank beneath the horizon, the sky a brilliant blend of red and orange. With twilight looming, the town looked shabby and dilapidated.

At the only inn in the heart of the small town, a boiling cauldron of voices could be heard. The aromas of different wines and barbequed meat mixed with the musky smells of sweat and body odour as it permeated the air.

As the night was chilly, the hotel had long shut its windows and doors. Even the cracks were closed up, thickening the smell inside further.

But the drunk patrons with their flushed puffy faces and the exhausted travellers didn't mind it at all. In such weather, so long as there was a place to keep them warm, allowing them to enjoy some strong wine along with some barbequed meat, they would feel like they were in heaven.

“Master, your meal!” A heavysset kitchen lady efficiently brought forth a few dishes and served a customer. There was only one young man at the table and the kitchen lady only stepped away after stealing a glance at him, blushing with satisfaction.

“A Breaking Dawn Lord! Such a handsome man, he must be a noble lord!”

Leylin couldn't be bothered by the kitchen lady's thoughts. His

eyes were fixated on the sumptuous meal set in front of him, yet his mind was wandering elsewhere.

After he'd given the orders, and made the necessary arrangements for the entire Ouroboros Clan, he had begun his own journey.

As he wasn't pressed for time and hadn't had the opportunity to venture far previously, he planned to take his time to explore the vast central continent, which was filled with a fascinating mix of various odd ethnicities and mixed bloodlines who coexisted with other humans. The geographical landscape was also much more confusing. Coupled with the pollution of the radiation of some high-ranking Magi, it was no wonder that almost every location seemed bizarre and puzzling.

Abandoning the convenience of travelling by his airship, Leylin had to admit that with his current walking pace, to cover the entire central continent, he would have to use at least a century as his unit of measurement!

There were many bizarre scenes along the way. However, as Leylin had already been promoted to the Morning Star realm, his scope of vision was extraordinary. Thus, under the probing of his soul force, the number of scenes that he could not understand were greatly reduced.

His current urge to venture to this small town was to seek out a rumoured marvel.

Leylin's supposed leisurely ventures were not for recreation. He wanted to research these odd phenomena to strengthen his A.I. Chip's analysing capabilities by accumulating more information in its database.

Leylin pondered about his current situation:

[Leylin Farlier, rank 4 Warlock Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (complete form), Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 65, Spiritual Force: 503.7, Magic Power: 503 (magic power in synchronisation with spiritual force) Soul Force: ???]

After advancing to Morning Star, limitations of calculating soul force relatively based on spiritual force data started to surface. As the A.I. Chip lacked the necessary data on soul force, it could not successfully compute the soul force statistics, which somewhat frustrated Leylin.

“Before a Magus reaches rank 4, they depend on their of meditation technique to accumulate spiritual force. However, after rank 4, other aspects of the soul get involved. My Kemoyin's Pupil can't be regarded as an advantage anymore...”

Leylin sighed. His meditation technique was way too low-level, and the information that he had gathered was actually from the Wing of the Sun.

As compared to spiritual force, the training of one's soul force

was complicated and profound. Even the Wing of the Sun was not able to completely elaborate on the details, let alone allow the A.I. Chip to reinforced to the highest standards.

As such, Leylin thought of his previous research into spiritual bodies. Through that, he could accumulate statistics and information on the power of souls in an attempt to complete his own database.

After some thought, Leylin couldn't help but scrutinise the two columns at the sides:

[Kemoyin's Pupil meditation technique level 5 derivation progress: 6.92%. Soul Force database completion: 26.8%!]

“Ugh... Such a heavy burden with a long way to go...” Leylin smiled wryly to himself.

Aside from the derivation of the meditation technique, the Kemoyin's Pupil had only four levels to begin with. This was the boundary that many Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks failed to break through. Based only on the A.I. Chip's simulations, Leylin ambitiously wanted to challenge the uphill task of compiling his own fifth level with zero resources.

And the collection of the database on souls was even more difficult.

Once the point mass was condensed, one could purify and advance spiritual force into soul force. Looking back, Leylin's past research as an acolyte and a rank 1 Magus was such a joke.

The scientific law of life and death of one's soul was not easily identified. At many times, there would be a theory that ruled the system on one day, yet on the next day, it would become obsolete and be overthrown.

"The rules and regulations of developing one's soul are really deceptive!" Leylin was evidently upset. In fact, the souls that he met were not exactly souls, just some remnants and unwilling fragments of memories that were the result of energy transformation.

Hence, even if that information proved to be of some use, it could only be a reference.

Only after the promotion to Morning Star and acquiring soul force would he be better equipped to start a further exploration of the soul. And that was what Leylin was striving extremely hard and advancing for.

All in all, the physiques of the humans in the central continent were much stronger than the ones in the south coast and Twilight Zone. Also, with the abundance of energy particles, the probability of dead spirits transforming into souls was greater. Coupled with the mix of radiations of many high-ranked Magi everywhere, this place gave off the feel of a very primitive and complicated place for spirits.

Whenever such an environment surfaced, Leylin would hit the town to collect data.

That was the reason for Leylin's presence here as well. "Every year during hazy winter nights, a 'Spirit Wave' phenomenon occurs at midnight..." he mumbled to himself.

At the same time, he acutely felt many pairs of eyes peeking at him, making him laugh to himself.

Seated alone with a huge spread of delicacies and yet eating none of it, he was attracting the wrong kind of attention.

After some thought, Leylin picked up his cutlery.

The central continent's standard of living had always been higher than that of the other regions. Even a hotel in a small town served food that was considerably more delicious.

Not only did they serve a glass of honeyed wine, they also served white bread and steak. The steak was tenderised with baking soda and a mallet, making it extra tender. Coupled with some honeyed wine, it tasted rich and mellow.

Observing that Leylin had begun to eat his food, the drunk patrons either shot him a glance or cursed him under their breath and thereafter turned their attention away from him.

A faint light glowed from the depths of his pupils.

Even at this small hotel, there were some Magi present! It seemed like they had been attracted by the same Spirit Wave phenomenon.

With a sweep of his soul force, he was able to immediately identify a few black shadows in the corner. A pair of grandfather and grandson seated next to the counter also caught his attention.

“Hmm! A few rank 2 Magi, and another rank 3 Vapour Phase, not bad!”

As a Morning Star Magus, Leylin was now qualified to scan these Magi. And because he was able to restrain the energy undulations on his body to its point mass, Leylin was regarded by those present at the hotel as an ordinary Knight in training that had happened to set foot in this town. No other oddities were detected.

The pair of grandfather and grandson caught Leylin’s attention the most. After all, for a rank 3 Vapour Phase Magus to bring along his grandson for such an outing, there must be something important.

And if it was indeed related to the Spirit Wave, Leylin was even more interested in finding out about it.

The grandson tagging along with the elderly Magus looked to be about thirteen or fourteen years old. With a pair of wine-red eyes and golden blonde hair, he was very adorable. Judging by the

freckles on his face and energy in his darting eyes, it was clear he seldom ventured outdoors.

‘All these Magi can’t be here just to view the phenomenon right?’ Leylin stroked his chin. Although the Spirit Wave was a magnificent sight, he was sure there were no other benefits. With the exception of idle individuals like Leylin, who came specially to collect data and check the Spirit Wave out, the number of Magi who came forth had greatly reduced in recent times, and highly-ranked ones like this old man were a rare sight.

“Hehe.... Spirit Wave is about to begin, I am going to strike it rich this time!”

“Mmm! That’s right, I have been waiting for this!”

Wearing shabby clothing, the drunk patrons were yelling at the top of their voices. Some of them were adventurers, some were mercenaries. Others were gold panners and such. They had all gathered to try their luck.

Although the Spirit Wave had no huge instrumental use for the Magi, it was still considered a gold mine for the commoners.

And along with the huge amount of rubbish and remnants left after every Spirit Wave, there was bound to be some good stuff. If one could find it, they might very well have a windfall.

This was one of the reasons why the small town was still in

existence.

Otherwise, although the Spirit Wave posed no threat, the commoners would have found it difficult to be neighbours with a mass of spirits. Other than Magi, no other would have such courage.

The oppressive, loud chiming of a copper clock rang. Many of the tourists were jolted awake. Even those blurry-eyed drunkards were nudged awake by their companions.

“The midnight bell has tolled!” “The midnight bell has tolled!”

Many adventurers called out in excitement as they started to wipe and polish their weapons.

These weapons had no effect on the spirits and were also not meant for dealing with them. In the face of such enormous treasure, the ones they had to be wary of would be one another instead!

“Let’s go!” The old Magus picked up a napkin to wipe his hand. His movements were elegant and relaxed, evidently having undergone training. On the other hand, the young grandson was still rather stiff.

Leylin followed the crowd and stepped foot outside the hotel.

At this moment, a full moon hung in the middle of the sky. A thin

layer of fog surrounded it and blurred the moonlight, forming a silvery-white halo.

The chilly wind whistled. The northern air in the night was known to be bone-chilling. Gushes of white vapour could be seen emerging from the adventurers' noses and mouths as they breathed.

Many doors in the small town suddenly slammed open and a crowd started pouring in.

A majority of the crowd were well-built men. Some of them looked ferocious while others were old with multiple scars on them. They were carrying baskets or knapsacks, weapons in hand. In short, they were all well-equipped, one way or another.

Chapter 515 - The Tomb

The residents of the small town were evidently prepared to join the army of scrap collectors. This might also have been the reason why they decided to live here, or their aim in being here.

At the same time, they were very unfriendly towards the foreigners who stayed in the inn, casting grave and stern looks at them from time to time, clearly treating them as prey.

As compared to the residents, who were great in number, the adventurers and mercenaries were outnumbered and divided. They gathered together, and couldn't help but grip tightly onto the cleavers and swords they held.

Although they knew that the others did not harbour good intentions, these people who they could consider 'one of their own' made them feel more at ease in comparison to the sea of residents outside.

It was fortunate that although the two groups of people both shot glares at one another, they didn't land themselves in a more heated conflict before the Spirit Wave could begin.

At this moment, a bizarre energy wave spread across the town, sending chills down everyone's spine.

As for Leylin and the other Magi, the feeling was more distinct.

“It’s beginning...” Leylin gazed at the haloed moon in the sky.

According to the A.I. Chip’s readings, the intensity of a type of dark and cold energy waves was rapidly rising. So much that the region around the small town seemed to be enveloped in what seemed like a domain barrier.

‘The Morning Star realm? No! Its intrinsic qualities slightly fall short, it can only be a force field belonging to rank 3 Magi at most!’ The appearance of such a barrier made Leylin’s pupils contract, but he relaxed soon after.

“It’s... It’s appearing...” At this moment, a voice sounded, trembling either due to dread or excitement.

Leylin followed the crowd. Numerous rays of light that resembled shooting stars converged into a long, glittering river, flowing slowly from the perimeter of the small town.

Brilliant rays with resplendent streaks splashed across the horizon. Leylin’s eyesight allowed him to see the items in the rays of light clearly.

A single yellow leather shoe flew past, with tiny white wings on each side. The shoelaces were left on the side in a mess, yet the tip of the shoe was polished and shiny.

Behind the leather shoe was a black walking stick, likely processed directly from some sort of vine. Similarly, it was flying

with the wings below its handle.

“What... Is this thing...” Leylin’s looked baffled.

Soon after, he also saw a rag doll, a shabby table and chair, and other items fly past, such as the kind of flower vases that were usually placed on counters.

“Is this a gathering of dilapidated commodities?” He was speechless, but still commanded the A.I. Chip to record this scene and monitor the energy waves.

After the junk flowed away along the river, Leylin could no longer bring himself to laugh.

Right behind the flow of light, a faintly discernible white line gradually drew nearer.

When it came closer, he could see numerous unfeeling faces. They had long, jet black hair, and were clothed entirely in white, slowly walking over along the ray of light... Perhaps walking would be an inaccurate description, because a cloud of mist hung under their feet. Their entire beings seemed to drift forward continuously while suspended in mid-air.

Although the adventurers and mercenaries next to Leylin had long heard about such a phenomenon, their legs still trembled with fear. They couldn’t even keep their jaws shut, and the sounds of teeth chattering could be heard as they shuddered.

In comparison to those people, the residents of this town ought to have gone through this before, and had experience. Although their faces were also deathly pale, they could still compose themselves, and were not humiliated.

The densely-packed silhouettes converged to form an enormous tide, which surged up violently next to the small town.

Leylin stood at the side, solemn, as his A.I. Chip frantically recorded the data. “There are so many spirits. Perhaps something major once happened in the vicinity, and it might be related to high energy radiation...”

In actual fact, many of the strange sightings observed across the entire central continent were caused by battles between high-ranking Magi or contamination by radiation. Such phenomena usually did not die out even after thousands upon thousands of years, and instead expanded outward unceasingly, vying over territory with the humans who lived there.

Hence, the prevention and cure of such contamination was a hot research topic for many of the large forces.

Numerous white phantoms squirmed towards a particular direction unhurriedly. Among them were males and females, children and the elderly, yet they were all expressionless. Their hair was let down, and covered their pupils.

Such an odd phenomenon made even Leylin’s scalp tingle.

Souls have always been seen as something highly bizarre and idealistic. In his quest for more knowledge, he had no choice but to carry on.

“Huh?” At this moment, the grandfather and grandson he had been observing with his soul force suddenly made a move.

Upon seeing the wave of numerous spirits, the elderly Magus seemed excited, and fished out a yellowing notebook. He appeared to be making comparisons, and even left the town secretly.

On the other hand, the other rank 2 Magi exchanged looks, then went to their separate corners and took out various materials from their robes to display on themselves.

“They are likely trying to use the power of the Spirit Wave to alchemize the magic items that are coming through!”

Leylin’s alchemic skills were high enough for him to be a grandmaster. With merely a slight glance, he immediately found a clue. Feeling that it was beneath him, he snorted coldly and didn’t bother about it.

He thought of leaving a phantom at where he was, while he himself would slip into the cracks of darkness so that he could follow the grandfather and grandson out.

In the notebook that the grandfather had taken out earlier,

Leylin had seen something incredible.

“If that’s really the case, it will be interesting!” A brilliant light flashed in Leylin’s eyes.

“Grandfather... Are we... Really going to be around these spirits?” The grandson was only a cowardly acolyte. Seeing the translucent spirits, he tugged the elderly Magus’ sleeve in fear, his face pale.

“These spirits are of the lowest level, and aren’t likely to attack, what’s there to be afraid of?” The old Magus reproached, seemingly feeling a little helpless.

Although his grandson had pretty decent innate skills, he didn’t have much courage to speak of.

“But... We’re about to integrate into the sea of spirits directly! Once they discover that something’s not right, they’ll definitely rip us into pieces!” The old man’s reassurance did not calm the young boy down, but instead made him more fearful.

“If we don’t integrate into the spirit channel, how will we get to the tomb and obtain ‘that’?” An unyielding look was written across the old man’s face. He grabbed his grandson’s arm, then took out a few scrolls and ripped them apart.

Buzz! Upon ripping open the black scrolls, the pair was enveloped in a dull white glow.

After the radiance dispersed, both of their figures started to become ghost-like, and they even emitted energy waves similar to those of spirits.

The hostile glares that the spirits had been shooting at the pair also vanished immediately.

“Done!” The elderly Magus, who was becoming translucent, patted his chest. “This is a spell that has been passed down our family for generations, which can make these spirits temporarily view us as their kind...”

Seeing this, the boy was finally at ease, and squeezed into the stream of spirits together with the old man.

“What an intriguing spell!” A ray of light flashed in the air, and Leylin’s silhouette appeared, “It’s unlike the traditional spells from the central continent, and instead has a style reminiscent of the astral plane!”

Although the spirits were rich in number, most of them were of very low rank. They were absolutely incapable of detecting any flaw if a Morning Star Magus chose to conceal himself deliberately.

It was only until Leylin integrated into the Spirit Wave that he finally felt different.

“Space! It’s the power of space! No wonder that guy called this

place a spiritual channel!” Leylin muttered under his breath. And he realised the path that the spirits were taking was oddly isolated from the rest of the central continent, forming a special channel.

Here, even if something was visible to the naked eye, it might actually be as far as hundreds of thousands of kilometers away.

If one could grasp the rules of this channel, they would be able to use it to do things that many Magi would think unimaginable.

The old man ahead seemed very familiar with this place, and dragged the young boy along, advancing quickly. A blue light twinkled in Leylin’s eyes as he followed them closely.

“He’s using the spirit channel to hide something! I’m sure he must have been a Morning Star before his death!”

The further they went down the path, the more serious Leylin became. There were many dangers here that even he would be unable to ignore. If not for the fact that there was someone leading the way in front, he could not be sure if he would make his way through successfully.

There were fewer spirits lingering around at the back of the wave. A silver ray of light had appeared on the ground, and the old man was walking on it together with his grandson.

The minutes ticked by, and when they finally arrived at a particular site, ecstasy spread across the old man’s face. “Found

it!”

Leylin’s footsteps came to a halt. The elderly Magus in front of him was standing under a huge butternut tree. The enormous forks in the branches formed an eerie symbol with three heads.

Upon seeing this tree, which seemed like some sort of landmark, the old man choked up in agitation, even shedding a few tears, “We’ve finally found it! The ancestral tomb!”

“Right here?” The young boy looked at the forked and ostensibly demonic branches, as the silver moon shone with an oddly nefarious glow, making him shrivel in cowardice.

“Yes, right here!” The old man was so excited that he nearly broke into a dance. “Our family’s cemetery is almost always hidden in the spatial rifts. Only when the Spirit Wave hits once every hundred years can we pass through the spirit channel to get here...”

A blazing radiance lit up in his eyes. “In the tomb lies the meditation techniques and magical equipment belonging to our ancestor. Just these items are sufficient to revive our family...”

“If that’s the case... Why didn’t our ancestors just leave this behind?” The young boy asked doubtfully.

“I’m not too sure myself. Anyway, this tomb is our family treasure, that’s for sure!” The old man seemed a little baffled

himself, but it would soon be replaced by an even greater madness.

Chapter 516 - Gargoyle

“All my efforts in coming here are for your sake.” The old man watched his grandson lovingly.

“You have the best talent in our family. As long as you have a high-grade meditation technique and magic artifact, advancing to rank 2 and rank 3 will definitely not be an issue. You even have hope of reaching Morning Star!”

The old man was so emotional that he trembled, on the verge of spitting froth.

This immediately caused Leylin, who was hidden, to roll his eyes. He was the most qualified to talk about the difficulty of reaching Morning Star, and this old man was just spouting nonsense.

If one could reach Morning Star with just better talent and a high-grade meditation technique, the continent would not have so many Crystal Phase Magi who had lived out their lives without being able to advance.

However, Leylin did not think them completely wrong. The many planes were so vast, and if their ancestor really had some method of reaching the Morning Star realm unimpeded, it could very well be possible.

“But...” The young grandson seemed to hesitate, seemingly not believing in this judgement. If not for the tomb of his ancestor, and his blood-related grandfather bringing him here, he might even

have had plans of leaving.

“Awakening the ancestor’s spirit and honour with my blood and heading towards the door of success, with hell as the final destination...”

The old man took a silver-white dagger and sliced his wrist, dripping the blood on the roots. He continuously chanted something, as if conducting a solemn ceremony.

With the blood spreading everywhere, coupled with the eerie surroundings, the young boy shrunk back.

“Grandpa, look!” All of a sudden, his pupils shrunk and he tugged at the old man’s sleeves while beginning to yell.

Following his gaze, the blood on the tree roots had been absorbed by the soil and roots quickly. It was as if water had been sprinkled on a sponge.

“This is a defensive mechanism that our family set up. Only the blood of the descendants, coupled with the correct chants, can open it...”

The old man spoke slowly. However, Leylin’s eyes lit up with suspicion, “A bloodline lock. A bloodline lock again! Could they be a Warlock family? They don’t have any Warlock undulations on them though...”

Huala! After absorbing the old man's blood, the giant walnut tree's messy arrangement of branches began to tremble, and the trunk turned a bloody red.

Ka-cha! All of a sudden, the middle of the trunk cracked apart to form a hole, and a passageway that led downwards could be seen.

"Follow me!" The old man walked ahead, and the young grandson followed closely behind, hands tugging tightly on the old man's sleeves. He appeared terrified.

Leylin bowed his head in thought for a moment, but eventually followed behind them.

The passage was short, and in no time they reached a tomb.

The old man lit an oil lamp in the middle, and under the dim light the tomb presented itself to Leylin.

This underground room was very small. There were two gargoyles at two ends, seemingly standing guard over the place.

Between the two gargoyle guards, a stone coffin appeared before them, with sealing runes on the surface.

The young man's teeth began to chatter as he pulled at his grandpa's sleeves tightly, "This-There's nothing here at all. Let's leave as soon as possible. I have a bad feeling about this..."

“What are you afraid of?” The old man flung his sleeve in annoyance, and a stream of air began to flow. The light breeze blew over the lights and darkened the tomb.

“Look closely!” The old man’s voice was hoarse and full of emotion that he could not conceal, “I lit the lamp just so you could see this...”

The young man could not help but widen his eyes, his pupils enlarging as well. Through the dark yellow flames, he could see a great number of coloured murals on the walls of the tomb. Through the murals, he could see the process of a Magus acolyte struggling ahead, from rank 1 to rank 3.

After that, there was a legendary battle. The Magus in the mural, who was also the owner of the tomb, seemed to have obtained something in the battle and reached Morning Star.

The young man’s eyes widened. However, other than a scaly monster with multiple eyes and arms battling his ancestor, he recognised nothing else.

“This is the most brilliant piece of our ancestor’s history. It only appears when this oil lamp is lit...”

The old man’s voice showed his pride, “If it’s an outsider who doesn’t know this mechanism, they will be attacked!”

Leylin had hidden in a crevice in the shadows. He was surprised by the mural on the wall. The monster that had eventually been killed was one he had seen before, on another mural. “We meet again, Beelzebub. Or should I say the Sovereign King of Gluttony?”

Leylin’s voice was light but resolute.

In ancient times, a clone of the Sovereign King of Gluttony descended upon the Magus world, causing large numbers of casualties. It was eventually killed, body split into countless pieces.

One of the pieces fell into the hands of the Quicksand organisation, becoming the cause of the Parble Family’s tragedy after Robin obtained it.

It seemed like the owner of the tomb had once been a participant in that great war, and had been extremely fortunate to obtain a gluttony imprint.

‘Then it’s obvious how this fellow advanced to Morning Star after victory,’ Leylin touched his chin, “With the power of gluttony, spurring on one’s spiritual force to break through and reach the Morning Star realm is quite possible!”

He already had an imprint like this in his hands, and had even been prepared to use it to advance to the Morning Star realm. However, he had already made ample preparations and ended up not needing external support. Leylin had no wish to be connected to Beelzebub anyway.

This was someone who was probably at or above rank 7! Just a finger would be enough to crush the current Leylin. It was obvious why he would not want to have any connection with him. Even if something related to Beelzebub fell at his feet, Leylin would want nothing to do with it.

“Based on the records of the ancestor, his meditation technique, as well as the treasure that can help one break through, are all within the coffin, accompanying his long sleep...”

The elderly Magus’ eyes shot out a piercing glare as he ambled forward slowly, arriving in front of the coffin.

A mechanism was activated, creaking sounds coming out as a red light shot out of the two gargoyle’s eyes. They shrugged off their stone skin and pounced towards the old Magus.

Weng! A golden membrane suddenly rose on the Magus’ body, separating the sharp claws of the gargoyles from his person.

A look of disbelief appeared on the old Magus’ face, “I am his descendant and came with directions. Why am I being attacked?”

Creak! The gargoyles would not answer him. The two immediately let out piercing sound waves, and as the berserk waves swept through the acolyte immediately fainted.

“Blu!” The old man’s eyes turned red, hands morphing into beast talons.

Ka-cha! He grabbed hold of one gargoyle and viciously ripped it into two. Great amounts of soil and rocks flew everywhere, and the other stood very still, the light on its body reserved. It began to emanate a violent energy.

“Want to self-destruct?” Light burst out of the old Magus’ eyes as he charged to the front. A thick layer of light, alike to the kind emitted by a Spear Spell, covered his sharp claws.

Pu! A single claw swept forward, and went through the gargoyle’s body like a knife through hot butter. With a twist of his hand, a giant mechanical heart was gouged out.

After losing its power core, the aura on the gargoyle crackled and disappeared, leaving it dead.

“Blu, Blu! Wake up!” The old man undid the transformation of his hands, and a green radiance that was full of vitality wrapped around the young boy.

Minutes later, the young boy came to, looking dazed.

“This is probably not the ancestor’s tomb, but a place sealing some terrifying thing. If not, why would this sort of guard be around?” The first thing the young man did after waking up was warn his grandfather.

“I’m not willing to leave just like this!” The old Magus’ eyes

turned red, and he looked stubborn, “Perhaps, those two protectors were a test by the ancestor, or a joke on the younger generation...”

Even so, even he himself could not believe his words.

However, his perseverance and the cry in his heart were urging him to open the coffin and obtain the things within.

“I’ll take just one look, I promise! Then we’ll seal this place and leave immediately!” The old man’s eyes were distant as he approached and pushed the cover of the stone coffin away, revealing the items within.

“Hm?!” Leylin, who had been watching at the side, suddenly had a change of expression.

What was inside the giant coffin was indeed the remains of a Magus. His body was rather thin, but his hair and eyebrows were still present. He looked lifelike, and the imposing aura of a Morning Star emanated from his body.

Though his eyes were tightly closed, his features were extremely sharp, with a steadfast resolution and strength. His hands were folded before his chest as if holding something.

With Leylin’s eyes, he was able to see a stone rune without any trouble. Though it was different from what he had, this was definitely a true gluttony imprint!

“I told you there’s a treasure!” The old Magus was in a bad situation. He looked dazed, as if he was being controlled by something. He went forward, hands reaching for the rune.

“Grandpa!” Just as his fingers were about to touch the rune, the young boy’s cries pulled him back.

“What’s going on? Why am I here?” The old man was bewildered, but immediately after, a stranger situation occurred.

With wailing that sounded like hell reappearing, multiple black shadow fingers appeared within the tomb, threads of black gas being dispelled from the old man’s bosom.

Chapter 517 - Killing The Clone's Projection

“Why is the temperature rising at this rate?” The old man swiftly took out the black notebook from his chest. Not only was the notebook heating up, traces of black currents swirled around it.

Buzz! With a sudden spike in the book's temperature, the old man scrunched his face up in pain as he subconsciously tossed it from his hand.

A big patch of the old man's hand was scalded from the momentary contact. White blisters started forming on its surface.

Even with a Magus' physique and the protection of his innate spell, he was still injured this way!

Woo woo...

“The almighty Beelzebub, you are the king of hell, the darling of the original sins, with the control over gluttony. The desires for all cuisine lies in your hand....”

The phantom became more intense as the chants and songs of praises filled the entire tomb area.

Leylin had seen such situations in the past, hence he immediately became vigilant. As for the old man and his grandson, they huddled together in a corner with looks of regret on their faces.

A black ray of light swept out from the notebook, and like a remnant of an illusion seeped into the stone rune on the coffin.

After the flow of light had dissipated, as if it had completed its mission, the notebook burned to ashes in front of their eyes.

Colourful light flowed out of the stone rune, and traces of this light started connecting with the Morning Star corpse.

Like lightning, the ray scanned through the tomb as the Morning Star corpse opened his eyes and once again descended upon this world!

“I... I... Am I Ezekiel? Or Gordius?”

“No! I am Beelzebub! Sovereign King of gluttony, Beelzebub!”

The Magus’ eyes looked lost in the beginning, but they soon glowed brightly. His Morning Star domain had apparently descended, and both grandfather and grandson fell to the ground.

“Morning Star! It’s our Morning Star ancestor!” By now, the corpse was sitting partially upright. The old man was ecstatic and was about to speak when a flash of ruthless light sparked from the corpse’s face.

A ray of crimson red flashed across the old Magus and he disappeared immediately without a trace.

“Mmm! A pretty good supplement! And it appears to be a direct descendant of the corpse too!” The red glow in the Morning Star Magus’ eyes intensified. He stroked his belly and darted his eyes towards the young teenager.

“Ah...” The scene a moment ago left the young teen on the verge of collapsing. He opened his mouth and attempted to speak, but could only murmur some incoherent words as his body froze up and stiffened.

The gaze from the Morning Star Magus did not linger for long on the young teen, as it swept its line of sight behind him instead.

“Eh....” Following an indistinct sigh, Leylin’s silhouette emerged from the crevice.

“Morning Star Magus?! You’re the kid from before!” The words spoken by the corpse in the coffin were filled with much astonishment, and a lot of deep seated hatred.

“That’s right! It’s me! I’m a projected clone of Beelzebub!” Leylin admitted his identity magnanimously.

With the opposite party’s gluttony imprint on him, Leylin couldn’t deny the facts. And by now, he should have been able to discern all that had happened anyway.

During ancient times, Beelzebub’s clone died and the remains

had transformed itself to become a huge rune of gluttony, and thereafter he attempted to invade the different coordinates of the world of Magi.

Magi who attained the gluttony rune would have been tainted by the sin of gluttony, and hence have their appetites awakened. They would also get the ability to advance beyond their realms, and additionally with the power of gluttony in their body, they became potential host bodies for Beelzebub himself!

The Magus buried here was lucky to have obtained a remnant. And after his own Morning Star breakthrough, he seemed to have noticed something amiss and hence sealed himself in and isolated himself from the probe of Beelzebub.

Unfortunately, the notebook that he regularly carried around had been tainted over a long period of time, and it was even entrusted with by of spirit fragments.

After a very long time, his grandchild, bewitched by the notebook, had come forth to open the coffin and release the clone.

“Unexpectedly, you have advanced to Morning Star!”

The Magus possessed by Beelzebub looked extremely imposing. Every single move was filled with an imposing aura, and behind him the image of a huge demon appeared that vaguely resembled the king of hell.

“How do you intend to compensate for my previous losses?” It was odd that this clone did not pursue the matter further, and instead hinted at settling it.

Leylin looked even more baffled as he stepped up to the clone. He looked it right in the eye, “Do you take me for a fool?”

Once the words were spoken, the clone immediately changed colour. Leylin continued, “As you are now, you aren’t even a clone, but just a fragment of a spirit with some power of projection! Besides, this Morning Star Magus corpse’s point mass has followed its spirit and returned to the astral plane. While this high-quality body has been contaminated by the power of gluttony, with your current reliance on this Morning Star body, how much strength can you exhibit?”

Buzz! As the darkness loomed in, the earth looked like it had been isolated them from the outside world. Silver radiance filled the whole sky, and the stars scattered all around.

A real Morning Star domain had descended! Once the clone’s domain came into contact with Leylin’s it immediately shattered.

Witnessing the outcome, the expression on the clone was hideous while Leylin heaved a sigh of relief.

His previous prediction had been accurate indeed.

Of course, he could have stopped the old man, but he wouldn’t

have been able to deal with the Magus inside. Allowing both dangers to happen simultaneously and dealing with both issues at once was Leylin's preferred style.

After all, he did incur some hatred from the Sovereign King some time ago, and he naturally couldn't let the matter rest and allow the opposite party to develop their plans.

Even though this was just a projection of a clone, it wasn't wise to ignore him. He could have gone out to replenish himself well, and someday might even become an uncontrollable threat!

Leylin definitely wouldn't want that to happen, yet letting it go was also not an option. The best course of action then would be to destroy him completely when he was at his weakest.

"You....." Beelzebub's clone was a mess, with strands of hair standing on end, exhibiting his extreme anger.

"Goodbye!" Disregarding his opponent's rage, Leylin waved his hand. Terrifying energy condensed into his palm, forming a red flame that then morphed into a huge blazing serpent that coiled around him.

Under the terrifyingly high temperature, the original stone coffin immediately turned to ashes. Leylin eyed the blaze indifferently.

A black radiance appeared, gradually glowing as it sucked in all the fiery blaze. After the fire died out, Beelzebub could be seen

opening his mouth wide and swallowing the flames.

What was even more bizarre was that after swallowing them, his aura seemed to have grown stronger.

“Devouring capability! Your understanding of the power of gluttony has reached the level of laws!” Leylin clapped without flinching. Based on the power of the opposite party’s body, attaining this level was no big deal.

“It’s a pity, though. Your foundation is too weak. How much more energy can you absorb?” Leylin’s words angered Beelzebub so much that his face contorted in rage.

Any absorption of power would have a limit to it. And since the opposite party had no mass point belonging to the Morning Star, there was an obvious upper bound to it. Leylin focused on this point and attacked him mercilessly.

It was advantageous that the opposite party was currently weak. It wasn’t likely that Leylin would have such opportunities in the future.

Boom! A torrential blaze, like a huge wave, swallowed Beelzebub. He became unsure, not daring to swallow any more. Uncountable black tentacles appeared on his body, wrapping him up.

Upon contact with the scarlet red flame, the black tentacles immediately started dissolving. Counteracting each other, the

attacks from both sides gradually weakened.

“Ivory Devourer!”

Ferocious black teeth, that seemed to have melted in the void, surrounded Leylin. Yet, it was blocked by a red shield that had Giant Kemoyin Serpents carved on it.

“Indeed, how many more attacks can you sustain?”

The huge black teeth grazed across the surface of the shield, leaving deep grooves and creating big sparks. At this moment, Leylin’s looked like he had a plan in mind.

“You...” Bundled within the black tentacles, Beelzebub could only blurt out a single word and was soon enveloped by the fiery red blaze.....

“This..... What is happening?”

The teen lying on the ground looked up and saw what looked like the aftermath of a big battle. At long last, the Magus with a head of black hair appeared and stood among the stars in the sky. He looked like a God descending onto the earth, moving the fiery red blaze to swallow up the strange creature in the coffin.

A long time later, the shimmering stars started to dim, and the black hair Magus came before the teen. His face looked tired but was filled with delight.

“Your name is Blu?” Securing the other gluttony imprint well, Leylin smiled.

Leylin obviously would not want to keep the consciousness of the opposite party. To deal with a rank 7 and above, one could be drowned in their layers of crafty schemes. Unwittingly, the radiation contamination would have become a handful, similar to the example of the old Magus and his ancestor.

However, these gluttony imprints were very much worth researching. And the laws themselves were of much importance!

The power of laws! It was like a door separating rank 6 and rank 7. Only after attaining the necessary power of laws could one be promoted to the Breaking Dawn realm and above. As such, Leylin showed no traces of politeness and kept the gluttony imprint to study thoroughly later.

Although at the present moment, his rank was considerably low, he would definitely come into contact with it in the near future.

“Yes, Master. I am Blu!”

The young Blu bowed respectfully to the Morning Star Magus. It was the kind of respect that the whole central continent would give to one!

Chapter 518 - Creevey City

Violent winds howled as a huge airship broke through the airflow and cruised through at supersonic speed.

In a comfortable cabin, Leylin gazed at the copious amounts of books that he had, satisfied.

On this trip to the town, not only had he managed to record the Spirit Wave data, he had also ended Beelzebub's conspiracy, and got rid of that hazard. He even got hold of a gluttony imprint! It could be said that he had reaped huge rewards.

He even obtained the research notes and experimental data from the acolyte, Blu. Those used to belong to Blu's Morning Star ancestor.

In return, a few spiritual force potions were sufficient to make the other party shed tears of gratitude.

The research and insights of that Morning Star Magus inspired Leylin greatly.

As he hurried off, Leylin did not forget to command the A.I. Chip to record all of this information and enrich his database.

After settling the matters regarding the Spirit Wave and Beelzebub, Leylin boarded the private airship gifted by the Fallor Family—the Colossal Serpent. It was about time for the

appointment he had arranged previously, thus he decided to abandon his more leisurely mode of transport.

As it was an airship custom-made for a Morning Star Magus, the Colossal Serpent had a comprehensive list of functions. The slightest tremor would not be felt even if it were to be caught in a thunderstorm. At the same time, all the flight paths and supply points across the central continent were open to the Colossal Serpent, and provided free maintenance services. This caused Leylin to be more impressed by the Fallor Family.

Of course, this might also have been the actual intention of the Fallor Family and the Monarch of the Skies.

Even though it was an industry under the control of a Breaking Dawn Magus, it still dominated the air freight business across the entirety of the central continent, and had to spend their money somewhere else.

As compared to trading in various aspects, this amount spent on currying favour with a Morning Star Magus was nothing.

The Colossal Serpent travelled at high speeds. At full speed, it only took Leylin less than half a month to arrive at his destination — Creevey Highlands!

This area was jointly protected by numerous Bloodline organisations, and was equivalent to a meeting point that was specially open to all Warlocks. It housed many hybrid races, Warlocks and those whose bloodlines had been contaminated.

Rumour had it that as long as one had the bloodline of a Warlock, or had any associations with bloodlines, they would be taken good care of here.

Thus, in the central continent where the Magi oppressed numerous races and the humans thrived, Creevey Highlands was like a paradise for those of the other races and mixed bloods who were cast out by both sides.

A private exchange would be held between Morning Star Warlocks in Creevey City, the biggest city in the heart of Creevey Highlands.

Paul and Philip had also tried their best to invite Leylin here to interact more with the other high-ranking Warlocks. This, of course, was naturally what he wanted, and he'd immediately agreed.

As he didn't want to attract too much attention, Leylin did not head towards the airship berth next to Creevey City, and instead, landed in the countryside. He put the Colossal Serpent aside and proceeded to Creevey City by foot.

The road was bustling with activity—carriages, gold-smelted vehicles, enchanted flying carpets and other means of transport. Numerous Magi from all walks of life formed a vast stream of people who came and left through the main gate.

There was a characteristic that most of these Magi shared, and

that was the immense saturation of their bloodline aura. Regardless of whether they were Warlocks or people from other races, or even those whose bloodlines were contaminated, none of them were discriminated against like they would have been in the outside world.

Upon passing through the city gates, Leylin intentionally scanned the guard at the side.

He was of a humanoid race, and stood at two metres tall. He had a long dog-like nose and ears, but otherwise, the rest of his body apart from his head was similar to a normal human being's, just with more fur.

‘A Canine Militant?!’ Leylin immediately thought of the Kobold’s close relative. While the Kobold was rumoured to share the same lineage as the ancient giant dragon, the Canine Militant was certainly a species of bestial humans. However, the people of the central continent widely classified them as close relatives, or even considered them as belonging to the same race as Kobolds.

Having purified the bloodline of the ancient red dragon before, Leylin understood clearly that the Kobold really did share the same lineage as the dragon race! Yet he didn’t feel any dragon bloodline aura exuding from these Canine Militants at all, not even the slightest bit.

‘If I write a paper with this as the thesis, perhaps my name will be made known across the entire continent, although it won’t bring me any benefits...’

Leylin's mind wandered off, but he immediately trashed this idea that would only bring him endless trouble.

“However, the average strength of these Canine Militants is actually similar to that of the Kobolds. On top of that, they share similar appearances, no wonder the people of the central continent confuse the two!”

Sensing that these Canine Militants had the average strength of a rank 1 Magus, Leylin couldn't help but regard highly the strength of the Warlocks in control of this city.

Individually, they had outstanding levels of strength, and furthermore, they possessed remarkable tracking and scouting abilities. Just these Canine Militant guards alone were enough to intimidate unlawful people who were waiting for a chance to cause chaos.

“Welcome to Creevey City! This is a Warlock city, please abide by the bloodline rules and respect the other races. Please choose the district you wish to proceed towards from the following: Lava Terrains, Great Woods, Heart of the Ocean, Tomb of Darkness, Central Core...”

Upon entering the city, a prompt sounded in Leylin's ear. Five huge teleportation formations surfaced in front of him, taking in large amounts of people as rays of light flashed periodically.

The entirety of Creevey City had been divided into five major

districts, according to the four creational elements: earth, fire, wind and water. They were split according to the concentration of the elemental particles.

Among them, the Lava Terrains was a blazing district made up of a large amount of magma and soil. The concentration of its earth and fire elemental particles was almost at its maximum.

The Great Woods was actually a humongous ancient tree. All sorts of Magus buildings were constructed on its leaves, where many Magi lived. The wind and plant elemental particles were the highest here.

The Heart of the Ocean was a gigantic building complex that floated on water, surrounded by vast seas and sandy beaches, exuding strong tropical vibes.

As for the Tomb of Darkness, it was where the darkness elemental particles were present in the highest concentration, and was also the place where one's aura was the most suppressed. As there were many Warlocks who chose darkness, this location still occupied a firm spot in the city.

If one looked from a bird's eye view, he would be able to see that the entire city had a golden central district at its core, the rest of the town being equally divided into four parts.

The azure blue sea, the fiery red magma, the lush green of the giant tree, and the darkness with all things wilting; these four districts each presented rich colours, yet were distinctly separate.

Dazzling and uniformly distributed, none of the colours bled into the other.

The central district at the heart of it all was naturally the place where the interaction between these four districts took place, and also where the public facilities were located.

Here, the enormous yet complicated geographical landscapes were forcibly mashed together by the power of the Magi, forming a marvel that was a rare sight in nature.

‘In order to balance such a huge wave of elemental particles, and maintain the stability of the environment...’ A blue glow flickered continuously in Leylin’s eyes.

‘At the very least, it requires setting up a gigantic spell formation under the entire city. The sheer number of magic crystals spent on just operating and maintaining it alone would amount to an astronomical figure...’

Leylin gained a deeper understanding of the strength of these high-ranking Warlocks.

Glancing at the people around him choosing which district to be teleported to, Leylin tilted his head in thought. He decided not to head towards the central core and the Tomb of Darkness, but instead walked into a turquoise teleportation spell formation, being transported to the Great Woods along with other Magi.

Rays of light flashed, indicative of the teleportation process. Leylin no longer felt uncomfortable when experiencing spatial changes during such a short journey. After all, his current body was now able to withstand teleportation across different planes through the Astral Gate; this was like peanuts to him.

While the other Magi were still feeling giddy from the residual effects of teleportation, Leylin had already walked out with both hands behind his back, and started sizing up the Great Woods.

The place they had been transported to was evidently a crossroad. When Leylin arrived outside the teleportation spell formation, the first sights he saw were the humongous leaves and numerous Magi structures.

He walked to the edge of the path before realising that the wide road he was walking on was actually just a twig of the giant tree. Sunlight shone through the gaps between the leaves, casting mottled shadows on the earth.

As the crown of the tree was too large, the rays of light were very dim. One could see the glow of numerous Eternal Light spells and eternal flames in front of the Magus structures.

“Whew...” The Great Woods could just be the highest place in the whole of Creevey City. Perched on the giant tree, one had a panoramic view of the other districts. Leylin took in the sights of the fiery magma, the sky blue seawater, and even the huge gloomy tomb.

It was only the central core district that was shrouded in a layer of haze, and it couldn't be seen clearly.

‘Indeed, that area is an important strategical location, controls must be put in place!’ Leylin thought as he wandered along a branch.

Most of the Magus structures in the Great Woods were built on tree leaves, and were evenly distributed all the way to the top. If any Magus wanted to cover the entire district completely, he would have to scale the tree endlessly.

On the way, a few yellow and green and birds flew past Leylin from time to time, occasionally resting on high twigs and tweeting, which was pleasant to the ears.

Under the effect of the gigantic purification towers, even normal creatures could withstand the radiation contamination unintentionally emitted by Magi, as long as it was not too much.

Hence, average humans and other animals were able to exist in many Magus cities across the central continent.

“Such an environment seems to be what the Elves would like best!” Leylin couldn't help but check out the passers-by on both sides.

In Creevey City, most of the population was made of Warlocks and other races. However, in the Great Woods district, the most

commonly seen race was the Elves, who had pointy ears and tall and slender figures.

One had to admit that the appearance of the Elves possessed many special characteristics unique to Warlocks. If not for the difference in their aura, and the ears which gave them away, many Magi would likely mistake Elves for Warlocks.

Chapter 519 - Picking Up Scraps

“Lily’s Cosy Cottage?” Leylin looked at a shop’s signboard made of oak leaves and written in both the continent’s characters and elven language.

Compared to all the other shops, this shop was evidently more attentive to details. Even the corners had greenery with plants and flowers sprouting, emitting pleasant flora scents.

“Welcome!”

As he stepped foot into the shop, a boyish-looking elf greeted Leylin genuinely with respect and a smile, “Respectful customer, how can I be of service to you today?”

“Oh, I am just looking through, I see you sell many miscellaneous things here?”

Leylin’s eye swept over to the sales counter. There was a huge clutter of spell materials like ore, furs from living creatures, scrolls and other handcrafted articles. There was great variety, but almost all of them were without tags and placed haphazardly. And despite that, it looked like an organised mess.

“Yes, from the islands of the south coast to Sky City, everything in existence can be found here!” The elven shop owner beamed and replied proudly.

“Really?” Leylin plastered a smile on his face. These days, the number of objects that could garner his attention had been dwindling. However, from his observations a moment ago, he did notice some valuable materials on display. For a tiny shop like this, it was rather rare.

“Eh?!”

Leylin was about to exit the shop when an item in a corner caught his attention.

“Is this item for sale too?” Leylin casually picked up a spell scroll.

It was a very old scroll covered with dust and marks of damage. Wrapped up between both the horizontal axles was not common spell paper but some kind of beastly skin, with a hint of glossiness in the texture.

Leylin unfurled the scroll and saw the records of a rank 2 spell model. It looked like it was well used as the content had become very faint.

Magi could use their spiritual force to break and extract the knowledge and spell models within scrolls, and many methods of learning included the use of them. When a scroll was repeatedly used for study, it would eventually deteriorate to this state.

Magi required the spell model’s structure to be stable, and would thus demand extreme precision and quality. Hence, a scroll in such

a condition would have totally lost its value.

Afterall, an unstable spell model could prove to be fatal!

As such, this old scroll had just been left there, unsold for a long time. Thus, seeing Leylin pick this up, a light of puzzlement flashed in the elven store owner's eyes.

“This is the spell model of a rank 2 spell— Hand of Illumination. The original price was five thousand magic crystals, but since it is your first visit here, my offer is three thousand magic crystals! Just three thousand magic crystals and it will be yours!”

“Is that so?” Leylin gave a smile that was not a smile and looked at the elf till he felt somewhat ashamed and hung his head down.

The price quoted had exceeded way past the original value of the scroll, causing the usually noble and elegant elf a little embarrassment. However for the sake of his livelihood, he had to do it.

“You are a wind elf, right?”

Leylin could feel the wind elemental particles hovering around the opposite party. It was unusually light and graceful, so Leylin couldn't help but ask.

“Yes! Yes, my Lord!” The middle-aged store owner lifted his head. There were many Magi who could recognise him as an elf,

but not many were able to specifically identify him as a wind elf.

“The wind elven tribe is rumoured to be close to going extinct in the continent. I didn’t expect to meet one here!!”

Leylin smiled and rolled up the scroll. He picked up a black ore from the sales counter, “Including this item, a total of three thousand magic crystals!”

The elven store owner scrutinised closely and upon confirmation that it was just an ordinary ore that wasn’t particularly valuable, he nodded his head in agreement.

Noticing the shame in the elf’s eyes, Leylin did not criticise further. After settling the transaction, he left the shop.

“Sigh... even a graceful and elegant elf cannot escape from nature’s laws...” Leylin turned around to take another look at the exquisite door of the shop.

According to ancient legends, the elves had migrated here from the other world and had many different branches elsewhere.

Among the elves, the moon elves, gold elves and wind elves possessed the highest grade of bloodline, similar to the nobles of the human race, possessing high prestige and good reputation. They were also regularly depicted as protagonists in the works of many poets.

As for the dark elves and such, they were regarded as the odd-one-outs among the race, hence not comparable to the rest.

And so, for a noble and elegant wind elf to fall to this stage, Leylin couldn't help but sigh under his breath.

“But, since you are the one who started this, you can't blame me.....”

Leylin laughed as his palm stroked the cover of the scroll. The strange texture of it made him gleam with joy as his eyes lit up.

[Beep! After the database comparison, item confirmed as the epidermis of an ancient creature— Horned Rhinoceros!]

the A.I. Chip reported and Leylin's mood lightened.

Although the spell template on the surface of the scroll was not very useful, the material used was remarkable. An ancient living creature, the Horned Rhinoceros was similar to the Giant Kemoyin Serpent. Both of them could reach Morning Star in their adulthood. The epidermis contained a high level of spell resistance and was a necessary material for many Morning Star Magi equipment.

For Leylin, being able to obtain this for a mere three thousand magic crystal was indeed a fabulous deal.

Not only that, but the ore he'd picked out was also made of a high-grade material— secret silver! Although it was embedded under layers of ore, Leylin's A.I. Chip was still able to detect it.

‘This small shop made a huge loss from our transaction, their two most valuable items had been bought by me...’ Leylin sniggered silently.

After his promotion to Morning Star, and after attaining the supplementary assistance of soul force, his A.I. Chip's probing capabilities had increased by leaps and bounds, and could be considered unprecedented in history.

Very few items could hide their true form from its scans at this juncture.

As such, his current advantage was too huge. Even if he did nothing substantial every day and just browsed the multiple shops casually, he might be able to pick up items that were needed for his Morning Star research and breakthroughs.

‘It's just...’ Leylin stroked his chin, ‘Doing so would be too pompous and would attract the wrong kind of attention. If the secret of the A.I. Chip is leaked, there might be more trouble...’

“Besides.....” Leylin's pupils sparkled.

He helplessly shook his head and arrived in front of a teleporting

spell formation at a crossing, where two Magi were waiting.

These two Magi had obvious characteristics of a different race. One had a head that resembled that of an octopus while the other's body was covered with wolf fur.

Leylin walked up and gracefully made his salutations. "Lord Paul, Lord Phillip! It's been a long time..."

"We hope we are not imposing on you, Lord Leylin!" Paul laughed and pointed at the ore Leylin held in his hand, both exhibiting a tacit mutual understanding.

"Morning Star Magi are indeed not easy to deceive, your soul force's probing ability is commendable, detecting the secret in this ore so quickly! "

Leylin rolled his eyes silently but did not mind it much.

After all, the probes by his own A.I. Chip were usually done covertly and until now had not been discovered. Other Magi would have thought that he had depended on his acute soul force to uncover the treasures, and so it wasn't considered a big deal.

"Yes, we apologise for interrupting your leisure. Our social gathering is about to begin, come..." Philip courteously replied.

Leylin didn't reject him, "Sure, please show the way!"

He was absolutely sure that the entirety of Creevey City had a specialised spell that was used for detecting Morning Stars. However, he did not use any spell to alter his own appearance and energy waves, as he was confident in his abilities and was certain he would not be easily discovered.

After some careful consideration, he concluded that it was understandable.

Creevey City was the main headquarters of the entire Warlock Union, it held a lot of symbolic importance. They'd provoked their fair share of Morning Star Magi already. If they didn't have an increased alertness and powerful warning system, the prosperity of the city was going to short-lived.

Leylin unenthusiastically thought about this as he followed Paul and Philip to the front of the teleporting spell formation.

These two made no attempt to conceal the energy waves on their bodies, and caught many looks of reverence. The Warlocks voluntarily stepped aside and left a wide berth for the huge teleporting spell formation, so much so that only the three of them were left using it at that moment.

No matter where they were, Morning Stars carried a terrifying amount of prestige.

Rays of silver light flashed, and when the scenery was visible again Leylin found himself at an unfamiliar place.

Every building was short, and the concrete slabs on the road had many depressions on them, appearing very shabby. Even the density of energy particles in the air appeared to be very weak, similar to the rest of the central continent.

“Surprised? For the core area of the Creevey City with its four elements to be so simple and crude is unexpected?” Paul remarked as he led Leylin onto another path.

Ka-cha! When Leylin stepped foot on one of the slabs, it seemed to come alive, floating up and carrying Leylin forward at the speed of lightning.

“A little, yes!” Leylin nodded his head in agreement.

“To the core of the castle!” Paul spoke to the concrete slabs and all three accelerated.

Once that was done, he looked back at Leylin, smiling as he explained, “Due to the limitations of our bloodline, we Warlocks in the central continent have experienced a long period of darkness. As such, many of the Masters suggested during the construction of the city that the core shouldn’t be too extravagant, and needs to be equipped with a good sentry system.”

“I see!” Leylin nodded.

Chapter 520 - Warlock Gathering

Bloodline Warlocks could make use of their bloodlines to advance rapidly, experiencing no real bottleneck at ranks 1,2, or even rank 3. All they had to do was wait for their bloodline to mature. They left regular Magi far in the dust, their rate of advancement extremely terrifying. However, there was an obvious disadvantage.

Bloodline shackles! This curse hounded bloodline Warlocks eternally, causing them to be forever unable to surpass the power of the source of their bloodline!

It was impossible to notice this disparity at the lower ranks, and wasn't especially obvious even at the Morning Star realm. However, once one entered the circles of the Radiant Moon realm, there were few Warlocks who had the bloodline to advance that far. Hence, Magi were superior to them at that point.

Once the terrifying Breaking Dawn Magi came into the picture, the gap between the two was made even more apparent.

Due to the emotional instability from their bloodlines, they were rash and quick-tempered, often offending many Magi. On top of that, many of their bloodline experiments were considered taboo, which resulted in the discontent of many.

As a result, when the Warlocks fell, the Magi joined forces and held them down.

Under these conditions, the original Warlocks in the south coast

and Twilight Zone died out.

The situation was slightly better in the central continent. Just as the Warlocks were pressured to the point that they were practically at death's door, the reopening of the astral gates helped the Warlocks bring in new blood.

In the ancient era, the splendour of Warlocks had come from the support of bloodlines from other planes.

Though they had not completely regained the glory from the past, there were a few Warlocks who had successfully reached rank 5 and therefore preserved the inheritance of Warlocks.

Creevey City had been built under those circumstances.

Even the core region was made of buildings passed on from ancient times, and had not been altered. It held traces of the progress in its history.

“The glorious efforts of every bloodline ancestor should be studied and revered...” Leylin couldn't help but praise from the bottom of his heart.

If not for the perseverance of the high-ranked Warlocks in the past, all of these traditions would have been destroyed. His environment would be millions of times more difficult to endure than it was now. Hence, Leylin was full of sincere gratitude towards them.

Click! While they were in the middle of their conversation, the three concrete slabs landed in a depression within the square of a simple castle, setting themselves inside steadily. They seemed to fit perfectly, with no gaps at all.

“This is the core of power in Creevey City— The Blood Stronghold!” Paul presented to Leylin. The three Morning Star Magi left the square, approaching the gate to the castle.

Leylin naturally began to size up this ancient castle. Its black walls were mottled, bringing about with it the aura of ancient times. Though it looked shabby and was not even comparable to his previous Onyx Castle, the powerful energy undulations and the ancient aura was something that his castle lacked.

“Haha... welcome, welcome! Lord Leylin, we’ve been waiting for you for a long time!”

Outside the gate to the castle, a middle-aged Caucasian man with silver hair had been waiting for a long while. After seeing Leylin, his eyes gleamed as he immediately went forward to shake both of Leylin’s hands.

His palm was extremely thick and warm, full of power. It was akin to the stream of water under a layer of ice, the strength buried within the depths by the layer of ice.

His starry eyes seemed as clear as spring water, and there seemed to be a sense of affinity between them that affected even Leylin.

‘Is he really taking me in sincerely? Especially since we’re meeting for the first time?’ Leylin revealed a smile, looking extremely touched, while he was astonished. Though he was also a Morning Star Warlock, the other party was probably overdoing it by being so enthusiastic.

At this thought, he silently commanded the A.I. Chip, ‘Scan!’

With the bonus from his attaining soul force, the A.I. Chip’s capabilities at energy scanning had become even more outstanding. It could even catch hold of some information from Morning Star-ranked Warlocks.

Under the scanning of the A.I. Chip, the human form before him turned into a 3D image and was projected in front. Data constantly updated itself at the side.

As expected, even if the other party was a Morning Star Warlock, they were still unable to discover the undulations from the A.I. Chip. Leylin, who saw this, could now completely relax.

[Target is a Morning Star Warlock! Determined affinity to be with illusory elements.]

The A.I. Chip’s first conclusion allowed Leylin to make some guesses.

[Beep! Energy undulations have been discovered, determined to be passive illusions. Target can automatically form an illusory force field around his body, causing all beings in the vicinity to develop favourable opinions of him.]

‘As expected. An illusory ability due to his bloodline? It’s even able to affect Morning Star Magi. how terrifying...’ Leylin silently put up his guard even as he put on the sunniest smile he could. He acted as if he now had an even better impression of the burly man.

Upon seeing this, Paul and Philip exchanged a glance, laughing as if they had reached a tacit mutual understanding.

This burly man had inherited the bloodline of the ancient Illusory Crystal Scorpion, a creature whose formidable illusory abilities entered the realm of the terrifying. Even Radiant Moon Magi had previously been affected by his illusions.

Besides, he hadn’t even unleashed all his abilities, merely his automatic force field. Even if Leylin did discover this, he still had an excuse.

It was impossible to use just these illusions to manipulate a Morning Star Magus, but if he could influence someone secretly and give hints to the other’s mind once in a while, the other party would unknowingly work in his favour. That was very much possible.

At this thought, the grins that Paul and Philip had on their faces became even brighter.

For young Warlocks, this was a test to enter the core area. At the same time, it was a test of loyalty. It couldn't be helped, since after the attack by the Magi, these Warlocks were now paranoid.

“I'm Leylin. Leylin Farlier. It's an honour to be able to meet you!”

Leylin snickered in his heart, though his expression looked strangely sincere as he bowed with a noble's etiquette.

“Haha, we're all bloodline brothers. Just call me Jalon.”

Jalon and Leylin began to discuss things affectionately, and he secretly sent Paul a gaze that told him he could relax. After the assurance, Paul and Philip could put their hearts at rest.

“You were the only ones left for the gathering. Come in!” Jalon stood by the gate and invited them. The three immediately entered.

Po! As if having passed through a formless layer of water, Leylin immediately felt the excitement boil in his blood once he entered the ancient castle. It was as if he had reached a very comfortable area, his body unconsciously relaxing.

“This...” He revealed a look of astonishment. This was practically a heaven for bloodline Warlocks!

“You must be surprised,” Jalon said with pride. “The bloodlines of all Warlocks will resonate with the Blood Castle, to the point that their bloodline will even mature faster when here!”

There was no need for any more words. Leylin immediately understood how important this place was for lower-ranked Warlocks. It was a godly place that could halve the time one needed to advance!

The Blood Castle was huge, but there was no such thing as a servant here. It seemed rather empty, with at most a few puppets and shadow servants. The barrenness surprised Leylin.

Jalon brought Leylin and the other two deep inside the castle and opened a giant golden door. He then loudly informed the many Warlocks inside, “Come! Let us welcome our newest comrade—Leylin Farlier of the Ouroboros Clan!”

“Welcome! Welcome!”

“Come on. Cheers!”

Behind the giant golden door was a large ballroom. There were giant crystal chandeliers all along the ceiling, gemstones glittering with kaleidoscopic light.

The many Warlocks in the ballroom were separated into their own little cliques as they spoke in low voices. Occasionally, one of them would go and lead a few dances.

A few musicians that had been summoned as slaves through necromancy were seated in a corner, performing elegant and graceful music.

When Jalon interrupted them, the ballroom first lapsed into silence. It was short-lived, however. The Warlocks' gazes flitted over to him, and they began to cheer for the entrance of another comrade.

Leylin immediately felt a twinge of fear, but ultimately relaxed. 'The number of Morning Stars here nearly exceeds the total number I've ever met before. Looks like this is a circle that one can only enter once they have a certain amount of power...'

Leylin returned greetings every once in a while, and he couldn't help but sigh ruefully when looking at the number of Morning Star Warlocks here.

Warlocks who could advance to the Morning Star realm clearly had bloodlines that surpassed the bloodlines of ancient creatures of the Morning Star realm. This fact was pretty obvious.

Leylin carefully distinguished between the mess of tyrannical auras in the hall.

‘The Savage Rhinoceros, Water Monkey, Ancient Velociraptor... There are too many. There are still many completely foreign bloodlines as well! These must be bloodlines of Morning Star creatures from other planes.’ Leylin looked around politely, but he was completely startled inside.

Like every other Warlock, most of those present here looked incredibly stunning. Even the unique characteristics of their Morning Star bloodlines had no effects on their external appearances, and instead added a feeling of natural strength.

“Come, Leylin, let’s go sit! We need to discuss Jupiter’s Lightning.” Paul brought Leylin along to greet each circle individually, and then pulled him into a corner.

Jalon had long since taken his leave. Here, multiple long sofas had been shifted to form a circle. The Morning Star Warlocks seated here had frightening energy waves coming off their bodies.

These Warlocks had very distinct features.

Among them, some had octopus heads, clearly Warlocks of the Spirit Circle. Besides them were a thin old man and young girl, who had the traits of ancient Wind Wolves.

Chapter 521 - Transaction Plane

It was obvious that all the Morning Star Warlocks in this group were from Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair.

If this was in the past, Gilbert and the other two were likely to be part of this company. However, currently, Leylin was walking up there alone.

“Lord Leylin, let me introduce you!” Paul and Philip pulled Leylin down to sit, before Paul started the conversation.

“These are the two eldest Warlocks in Spirit Circle, Lords Blair and Brunn!”

“It is my pleasure to meet you two!” Leylin said while bowing respectfully. The appearances of spirit Warlocks were so eccentric that even Leylin could not figure out whether those two were brothers. Their octopus heads made it much harder to differentiate between the two.

Philip also introduced a few others to Leylin. “This is the eldest Warlock of our Wind Wolf Lair, Lord Cybel. Beside him is his granddaughter, Palesa!”

“Greetings, Your Graces!” It was obvious to Leylin that the conversation here would mostly centre around Cybel. After all, even his granddaughter was of Morning Star status, showing that he was not a simple fellow. The aura of his bloodline was so concentrated that it caused even Leylin to feel fear.

Only such a bloodline could produce offspring who were also Morning Stars.

“You’re Leylin? Gilbert’s student?” Cybel slowly opened his eyes, seemingly from a long period of rest. This contrasted with Palesa who was looking at him from the side, her gaze full of curiosity.

Leylin seemed to be too young even for a bloodline Warlock.

“Yes!” Leylin admitted.

With a Morning Star mentor as their leader, there was no doubt that Leylin would benefit greatly from joining their team.

“Since you are Gilbert’s disciple, you’re no stranger to us,” Cybel nodded his head, “Philip, pass him the astral coordinates!”

“Yes, Sir!” Philip solemnly passed Leylin a ball of light that resembled a star.

“What is this?” Leylin exclaimed. His pupils shrunk, and the A.I. Chip immediately started analysing it.

[Beep! Discovered astral coordinates. Recording information in astral experiments database.]

The A.I. Chip responded immediately.

“This is an astral coordinate, one that is attached to a miniature plane. Do you know what a plane is?” Cybel’s explained slowly.

Leylin recalled a description in an ancient book he’d read as he replied, “It is a place that is not high enough in rank to be called a world. It is a tiny space where the rules are fragmented and incomplete, but the worth of any plane greatly exceeds that of a pocket dimension.”

The difference between a plane and a pocket dimension that could only be located within a world was that a plane could directly take root in a turbulent dimension, and also had the potential to grow into a world, just that it was extremely rare.

Some planes had absolutely no signs of any living soul, but some others nurtured the existence of many powerful beings, and were not much different from worlds, just like the plane the devils resided in.

“That’s right! This is one such plane. It’s the plane where transactions take place between Morning Star Warlocks!” Cybel exclaimed.

“A transaction plane?” Leylin’s pupils shrunk.

“Yes. Don’t you find it extremely troublesome that every time we

gather, we have to travel such long distances, especially when a specific material is required for the transaction? A few Radiant Moon Magi thus gathered to create a miniature plane right next to the Magus World, as the headquarters and base of transactions for Morning Star Warlocks.”

Cybel slowly revealed what was going on behind the scenes. Were it not for his being a Morning Star, and also a bloodline Warlock, Leylin would never have the opportunity to obtain this information.

“However... even if it is convenient to have a transaction using an astral gate, the energy it uses up...”

Astral gates opened up passages to a different plane. The energy they consumed to make this possible was extremely overwhelming, especially if an object or even a living organism had to pass through. The amount of energy required might even exceed the value of the object itself, which was shocking enough to make any Magus puke blood.

“Hehe... that’s only when we connect to distant planes...” Cybel shook his head, “The amount of energy required to connect to a plane naturally increases with distance. Forget transactions of goods, even the cost of exchanging spiritual force messages will not be worth it. However, a transaction plane is a different deal. It’s located right at the edge of our world, so the energy required to open a gate to the place is so little it’s practically negligible. Were it not so, we wouldn’t have used such a thing either...”

This explanation was very logical, and Leylin nodded his head in

agreement. But on the inside, he was shocked by the Warlocks' magnanimous gesture.

To forcefully seize a plane and hook it up at the edge of the Magus World as the core of transactions impressed Leylin quite a bit. The strength and spirit of these Radiant Moon Warlocks was amazing.

“Once you set up your very own astral gate, you can use these coordinates after branding them on. What you'll find inside will definitely be a good surprise...” Cybel was speaking extremely slowly, as if he'd fall asleep at any moment. Yet, Leylin nodded seriously, “Thank you, Your Grace!”

Judging from how one needed to be at the Morning Star realm to even participate, the things he could find there would definitely not disappoint him. Furthermore, it would definitely suit bloodline Warlocks especially. On top of that, the mode of transaction was very convenient, and one could even complete the transaction from within their own Magus Tower, which would be incomparably swift.

Were Gilbert still here, Leylin would have acquired these coordinates the moment he advanced. But he wasn't. Cybel granting him these coordinates was no small matter, and hence Leylin sincerely expressed his thanks.

Cybel closed his eyes with a grunt of affirmation before moving on, “Paul, it's time to talk about Jupiter's Lightning.”

Just the mere mention of the name turned all the Warlocks present pale. The deterring power of a Radiant Moon Magus was truly terrifying.

“I do not understand, what is it exactly that Jupiter’s Lightning has against my Ouroboros Clan? I apologise for my lack of knowledge, I spent all my time before this focusing on my promotion, and rarely participated in such affairs...” Leylin’s question revealed his own shortcomings.

“We understand. Breaking through to the Morning Star realm does take up all of one’s time and energy. It is fully understandable that you didn’t take notice of anything else. Let me explain the situation.” Leylin’s specious response and overly young age immediately made Paul think that he had gotten an answer out of Leylin. He told the story from the very beginning.

“You can see for yourself that this so called union is only a very loose alliance. There’s actually a lot of smaller circles within it.” Paul took a sip of the green beverage on the table and pursed his lips.

“Yet the three of us—Spirit Circle, Wind Wolf Lair and your Ouroboros Clan—have always been collaborating with each other. Exactly three years ago, we took control of a region that we had been coveting for, banishing the small Magus organisation already present there!”

“We originally only thought that they were a small organisation, and we didn’t expect that they actually had the backing of Jupiter’s Lightning. This was how we invoked their wrath...”

Even though Paul's explanation seemed simple and direct, Leylin felt there was more to it. There was likely to be something in that region that neither side would want to give up on, perhaps some top secret or some other substantial benefit.

Magi were shrewd people. If not for such a thing, they would have solved any dispute long ago. It was impossible for something so minor to become such a big deal.

"After that, we surrounded that region and began our attack on Jupiter's Lightning. However, they, too, struck back, ambushing the three elders of your clan..." Paul's expression was gloomy. One could easily tell that their clan hadn't had an easy time either during the series of attacks.

"Jupiter's Lightning has a Radiant Moon Magus. How exactly did we manage to endure their attacks?" Leylin finally asked the question that had been stewing in his mind for ages.

"We'd managed it due to the alliance between the three Kemoyin Dukes and Lord Cybel. The three Kemoyin Dukes were already accomplished enough to match up to a Radiant Moon Magus. With the addition of Lord Cybel, we even held the advantage..."

Paul sighed before he continued, "However, now..."

Leylin's expression sank. He realised that with the loss of three Morning Star Warlocks, they were currently in a precarious situation.

“What would you want me to do about the impending war then, my Lords?” Leylin was cautious, already prepared to immediately reject them if they asked him to do anything dangerous.

The moment Cybel, who was sitting in the centre, opened his eyes, it was as though a ray of lightning had streaked through the place. The glow was so bright it hurt Leylin’s eyes. “Even though Jupiter’s Lightning has harmed three of our comrades, we will never admit defeat! We won’t let them off!”

“I’ve already sacrificed quite a bit to invite a Radiant Moon Warlock to help us suppress the Radiant Moon Magus on their end!” He exclaimed, giving them some extremely important information.

“A Radiant Moon Warlock?!” Leylin cried out involuntarily.

Rank 5 bloodline Warlocks were the highest ranking Warlocks in the entire central continent, and it was a reliant source of strength that bloodline Warlocks relied on to oppose the Breaking Dawn Monarchs. They were very rarely seen, and not one had even shown up at this gathering. Leylin was incomparably shocked at Cybel being able to acquire the assistance of one such being.

Due to the reinforcement by the Warlock’s bloodline, he would definitely far exceed a Magus of the same rank. Jupiter’s Lightning’s Radiant Moon Magus would be no match.

With the amplification by the bloodline, the best Radiant Moon

Warlock would make even a Breaking Dawn Magus wary of them. This ensured that the heritage and status of Warlocks was passed down in the central continent.

Such characters were the foundation of every Warlock organisation's strength. It was not easy to ask one for their assistance. And yet, Cybel had managed to do exactly that. This made Leylin wonder what sort of conditions he'd offered to make that deal.

Leylin rubbed his chin as he looked at his surroundings. Even though this was not the first time they'd heard this news, all the Morning Star Warlocks had excitement written on their faces.

Cybel turned fierce. "Our mission is to join forces and eradicate all the remaining Morning Star Magi in Jupiter's Lightning at once, and then seize Crystal Mountain completely!"

"Agreed!" "Agreed!" "I have no objections!" The Warlocks present at the scene all nodded simultaneously in agreement. Afterwards, all the attention was placed on Leylin. It was time to hear his stand on the matter.

"If it isn't too dangerous, I'll agree. However, first, I'd like to take a look at the memorandum and crystal records!" Leylin's face was filled with gloom, but he still eventually agreed to it.

Chapter 522 - Changes In Contract

After the banquet ended, Leylin decided to stay at the Blood Castle for a while. During this period, he constantly received intelligence about the situation at Crystal Mountain.

The Crystal Mountains was the main area where the conflict with Jupiter's Lightning happened, a mountain range that was located near the aisle of Arcelor. The Crystal Mountains were named so because of its production of a type of high energy crystal ore.

This ore could, to an extent, replace magic crystals as a power source for puppets, or to build formations and artifacts. This led to a decent demand for the ore, which kept the prices high.

It could be found everywhere on Crystal Mountain, even on the surface. This made extracting the ore easy, causing the place to be regarded as a natural source of wealth.

Of course, even so, it could only entice weaker Magi. It wasn't nearly enough to draw the eyes of Morning Stars.

Ore mines of such quality were already present in Jupiter's Lightning, Spirit Circle, and even within the Ouroboros Clan. It wasn't worth a fight between Morning Stars.

The real worth arose from a rumour about the place. Legends recounted that this was originally the headquarters of an ancient large-scaled Magus organisation— Scarlet Crescent. During the war, the ancient Magi had peered into the future and decided to

conceal the entire region with spell formations. They left their heritage there, and it would only appear when it was time.

Many Magi had brushed this off in the beginning in mockery, calling it nonsense. But on-site inspections by Cybel and the others revealed that those remains indeed existed, and even hid enormous wealth!

Jupiter's Lightning had learned of this information at the same time. As such, there was a disagreement about the ownership of Crystal Mountain. Battle soon ensued.

Both sides had shown restraint in the beginning. The battle was restricted to a small spatial rift, and only involved those at or above the Morning Star rank.

But when the Radiant Moon Magus found himself at a disadvantage against the combined forces of the three Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks and Cybel, he felt extremely embarrassed. Thus, this matter abruptly intensified.

What followed was the three Dukes being lost in the astral plane, and the allied armies besieging the Ouroboros Clan in the midst of trickery.

Were it not for the unexpected factor called Leylin, the Ouroboros Clan could possibly have been annihilated in this tempest, ending the legacy of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks in the continent.

‘You merely had a small disadvantage, and your revenge was already so vicious...” Leylin had already formed an image of the Radiant Moon Magus of Jupiter’s Lightning. He was a cruel, petty man. Normally, such characters were not to be feared, but once one fellow possessed such enormous abilities, Leylin would dread meeting him.

“According to rumours and the data collected by mentor and his team, the surfacing time of the remains of the Scarlet Crescent would be when the sun, stars and moon converge and when the arc of Oake appears...”

Leylin put down the ‘top secret’ documents, and the A.I. Chip began calculations.

[Time format identified to be from the ancient era. Converting into the calendar used by the central continent, date is approaching soon...]

Leylin stroked his chin, “No wonder the struggle got so violent that they even wanted to get me involved...”

As for the intentions of Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair, he was very clear on what they wanted. They might have made some pact with the three Morning Star Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan previously, setting regulations about the distribution of the spoils.

The other party in the pact had disappeared, but the contract still

stood. And yet, they were unwilling to just transfer these benefits to him.

As such, getting him involved and having him represent the Ouroboros Clan, they wanted to rework the pact imminently. If they didn't they'd have to share all the benefits they painfully acquired with Leylin, and it was not a welcome thought.

However, even Leylin agreed with this matter. Simply put, the benefits were meant to be for the three Morning Star Warlocks. And now, although the benefits had been reduced by a little, they were meant solely for him.

He was, after all, the sole representative of the Ouroboros Clan, possessing the right to negotiate on their behalf. Thus, it was understandable that they'd give up a few things to garner his support.

In this scenario, the gains of the Ouroboros Clan, on the whole, would reduce, but he would have good profits himself. With that being the case, why wouldn't he agree?

"Lord Leylin, are you there?" Paul's voice suddenly sounded from outside.

"I'm here!" Leylin replied as he opened the door.

"If you have made your decision, we can proceed with the contract alteration ceremony!" Paul smiled as he conveyed the

message.

“Certainly!” Leylin nodded his head and followed Paul to the hall.

Those present numbered five. Along with two spirit Warlocks were Cybel, Palesa, and Philip. In the centre of the tiny hall was a long table dressed with a red tablecloth. On it was the contract, along with a goose-feather pen and ink.

Leylin trembled the moment he stepped foot into the hall. He felt as if he’d entered a boundless domain, one filled with an air of righteousness.

“This is the domain of righteousness! This place was the witness when we signed the contract with the three duke the last time too....” Cybel explained.

Contracts made among Morning Star Magi could not be broken. With the included effectiveness of this binding, the pact was absolute. No wonder Cybel, that old monster, still had no choice but to follow the rules and make allowances for Leylin, getting him to alter the contract.

Leylin walked towards the table, scrutinising the slight differences between the old contract and the new.

The new one halved the Ouroboros Clan’s benefits, causing Leylin to knit his brow. But under the column that noted the

beneficiary, the name had been changed. The names of the three Dukes had been replaced with Leylin Farlier.

The three Dukes had placed the condition upon Cybel that, were they to die, the benefits would be transferred to the Ouroboros Clan. Now, it was all being handed over to Leylin.

“How is it? If there is any problem, feel free to tell us. We will address it and make the changes right away!”

The urgency in Cybel’s tone was evident; the time for the revelation of the remains was drawing near, after all. If they hadn’t even solved internal issues, how were they to vie over other things?

Leylin closed his eyes for a second as he pondered before asking, “The contract states that additional spoils will be distributed on the basis of military strength and contribution. Exactly what are the criteria?”

“Of course, it will be based on the achievements of the Morning Stars!” Cybel answered without hesitation. In his opinion, the troops below the Morning Star realm weren’t even worth consideration.

“Very well. I wish to add another clause, regarding emergency evacuations. In the event that one encounters an irresistible strength, namely an opponent at the Radiant Moon realm, we are permitted to use any methods we wish to exit the battlefield. This will not change the distribution of the spoils. Any objections?”

Leylin presented himself like one who specialised in law and litigation. Cybel and the others were stunned and they exchanged glances with one another.

“If that is what you wish, sure!” Cybel nodded his head, and Philip immediately stepped forward, making the alterations with the goose feather pen.

“I have no other issues!”

After ironing out some disputes, Leylin finally nodded his head in agreement. He took out a seal from his chest and stamped on the contract.

Weng! After the seal was stamped, an image appeared on the light yellow paper. It was that of a black snake biting its own tail swivelling around unceasingly.

This was the official seal of the Ouroboros Clan. It was originally held and controlled by the previous three Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks, and now it was in Leylin’s hand.

Fortunately, due to some unknown reasons, the three dukes had signed the contract under the Ouroboros Clan’s name, otherwise, Leylin would not have been able to make the amendments.

After the last seal had been stamped solemnly by the last Morning Star Warlock on the contract, the power of righteousness

in the hall rose to the limit.

The new contract gradually floated into the air, glowing a beautiful golden yellow as the old contract silently turned into a pile of ash.

“Alright, let us discuss the next arrangements...”

With the contract successfully altered, Cybel and the other Morning Star Warlocks seemed to have been refreshed with confidence and started to develop positive feelings for Leylin. Cybel impatiently urged everyone to begin planning battle strategy; he clearly couldn't wait.

Leylin plastered a smile on his face, but deep inside he rolled his eyes.

‘How could I not alter it? I'm alone, unlike the three mentors. If I'd persisted, I would end up with nothing in the end, even attracting the malice of your two organisations...’

Weighing his options, Leylin had ultimately chosen to alter the contract. It was the best option under his current circumstances.

He believed that even if the three Dukes were to return from ‘Purgatory’ they would not be displeased by his decision.

“Within Jupiter's Lightning, other than the Radiant Moon Magus, there are over ten Morning Stars...” In the middle of a

room that resembled a command center, Cybel slowly explained the details of Jupiter's Lightning, and Leylin was finally exposed to their strength.

“The other party's leader will be pinned down by the Radiant Moon Warlock on our side, don't worry. We just need to take care of the remaining ten plus Morning Star Magi.

“Many of Jupiter's Lightning's important territories and missions required Morning Star Magi to oversee them. As such, I suppose not more than nine Morning Star Magi will be at Crystal Mountain!”

Cybel seemed to be very familiar with information about Jupiter's Lightning. He either had a specialised channel of information, or managed to ambush a spy.

“Spirit Circle can take care of three!” Paul remarked with surety.

“Very well, Palesa and Philip will hold up two of them. That means we are down to four Morning Stars!”

Chapter 523 - Plan And Operation

Cybel glanced at Leylin.

“I can take on three. It won’t be a problem to take care of the remaining one, right? After all, you managed to kill Demon Hunter Cyril. I look forward to witnessing you opening the battle with your great skills, hopefully ending quickly and assisting others!”

“No problem!” Leylin stroked his nose.

Cybel seemed to be at the peak of the Morning Star realm and could even take on three Morning Star Magi at the same time. No wonder the other Warlocks respected him so.

After the deployment had been settled, Cybel heaved a heavy sigh, his tone tinged with regret.

“Actually, Leylin, if your mentors were present, we would be at a great advantage. Pity... But it’s all too late now! Besides, you and you alone can take care of this matter, we can only furnish you with logistical assistance!”

“It would be good enough to have all of this!” Leylin quickly declared.

It was fundamentally impossible for one organisation to interfere and provide military support to another. It was an extremely easy way to seize power.

In the event that Cybel had deliberately tricked Gilbert and the rest, causing them to perish in their search for ‘Purgatory’, it would be too late for the Ouroboros Clan to even shed tears.

Although the possibility of this happening was slim, prevention was better than a cure.

As such, Cybel and the rest had to remain low-key to avoid attracting suspicion.

“Alright! We’ll set off immediately, and head towards the Crystal Mountains. This time, we need to get our hands on the historical remains of Scarlet Crescent!” Cybel waved his hand in the air, emanating a heroic spirit.

The other Morning Stars’ eyes gleamed with a thirst for success.

At a Magus military base.

The entire place was covered with detection towers and barriers, sinister-looking steel puppets and bio-beasts alongside fangs and cannons.

From time to time, spiritual force undulations of Crystal Phase Magi could be felt as they swept through the area on patrol. In fact, there was even the terrifying aura of an occasional Morning Star

Magus, causing the most ferocious of mutated beasts to be petrified and whimper in fear.

“We do not know the concrete location of the historical remains, though we do know that there are a total of thirteen likely sites. Five of them are in our hands and the rest are with the opposite side. This place is one of their military bases. The ones keeping watch here are the hunter Borick and the Marine Giant Siebel...”

The silhouettes of Leylin and Philip appeared at the heavily guarded military base.

“The convergence of the sun, stars and moon and the appearance of the Oake’s arc is very soon!”

Leylin’s eyes sparkled. With the help of the A.I. Chip, his calculations of the star’s trajectory was much more advanced and accurate than the many astrologers on the continent.

The lower right corner of the A.I. Chip’s interface stated the time clearly: 1 hour 24 minutes!

Ridiculously, Cybel and the others believed that the historical remains would appear in these two days and they were seizing the military bases everywhere.

It requires a huge amount of calculating and researching to determine where the remains would appear. Even Jupiter’s Lightning along with Cybel and his men could only conclude that

these thirteen locations were likely.

As for Leylin, he was certain that this base was more than 80% likely to be the location!

This was due to the amazing processing power of the A.I. Chip. With him joining the union, Cybel had revealed all information associated with the place. Thus, unknown to him, Leylin was able to determine both a time and a place for the reappearance.

Leylin guarded the secret of the A.I. Chip fiercely and would obviously not reveal anything. He only fought for the opportunity to be bestowed this mission and then watched Cybel assign the subsequent missions.

“It’s almost time to start!” Philip looked at the pocketwatch in his hand.

Leylin turned to look at the Wind Wolf Warlock. According to his calculations, this location looked to be the entrance to the historical remains, and Philip along with himself would, unfortunately, be the first Magi to enter and explore.

‘With him here, Cybel and the others will be attracted to come over. I will have no need to worry about being a lone soldier...’

Leylin was very generous. Besides the point that it was mentioned in the contract that one should not attack their own ally, he would not be able to pocket such huge portion of historical

remains alone.

The starting time Philip spoke about was the time they'd agreed on to launch their combined offensive. Before the Radiant Moon Magus from the Jupiter's Lightning was pinned down, no one was willing to make the first move.

At this moment, a wave of frenzied energy passed through the area. It was close enough to hear the rumbles from where it passed.

Leylin could faintly see the image of a three-headed golden-yellow lion appearing, dragging a Magus whose body was covered in lightning images into a struggle.

“This is the power of the Radiant Moon?” Leylin looked at the golden lion and his face revealed a faint sense of loss.

This was a rank 5 Warlock, someone who walked the path of the bloodline as well! The guidance he could get from this was incomparable to anything else.

“This is the clone of Lord Wayde, the ‘Golden Lion’!” Philip's tone was filled with respect, and Leylin's eyes opened wide in amazement.

“What?” He pointed at the lion's golden heads in disbelief; they were spouting fire, ice, and lightning at the same time. “This is just a clone? How formidable is his true form?”

“We Warlocks are rightfully much stronger than the Magi!” Philip proudly declared, “Lord Wayde is one of the main pillars of support of the Warlock Union. His true form is feared even by Breaking Dawn Magi. One clone is enough to deal with a mere Radiant moon Magus.”

During their conversation, Leylin saw that the aura that emitted from the phantom of the three headed lion formed a lightning cage that dragged the Radiant Moon Magus into a spatial rift.

“Damn! Be careful, I’m sure they have more cards up their sleeves!” The moment the rift began to close, an unwilling violent yell was transmitted that echoed throughout Crystal Mountain.

The men at the base Leylin was at had been initially woken by the strong energy undulations. Now the uproar was even more direct, and two streaks of strong Morning Star undulations appeared.

“To draw away the enemy, we will have to expose ourselves, this is an inevitable price to pay!”

Philip heaved a deep sigh, “It’s our move now!”

“Indeed!” Leylin nodded his head in agreement. Soon after, he saw the image of an ancient Wind Wolf the size of a mountain manifesting behind the other Warlock.

This enormous green wolf’s body was covered with a layer of

spike-like fur, all standing on end with a steely lustre. Its eyes were glowing with a bloodthirsty aura, and a huge storm covered it, forming a bizarre form of armour.

“Rank 4 spell— Storm Annihilation!”

Philip’s voice was deep and gloomy. He did not have the courage to use the Morning Star Arcane Art in the central continent, however regular rank 4 spells were not off the table.

The phantom wolf howled in sync with Philip.

The distant and gloomy howl was extremely piercing and travelled far. Huge wind elemental particles violently came together forming a strong convection current and finally creating a strong violent storm.

Storm Annihilation! This was exactly what Leylin had employed at the West Seas Canyon to destroy the Azure Mountain King’s clone. It had appeared here once more, this time at a much larger scale.

“Stop it!” A flustered and exasperated voice emerged and two streaks of light shot over.

“Haha... It’s too late...” Philip laughed heartily, hastening the effect of the Storm Annihilation to mercilessly crush the military base.

The violent winds whistled. In the face of a storm that had the ability to destroy anyone below the Morning Star realm, the heavy guard of the military base was a joke.

Countless puppets and the mutated beasts turned to dust, followed by a huge number of Magi and buildings runes etched into them.

“Stop them, don’t let them rescue the others!”

Philip and Leylin firmly obstructed the way of the two Morning Star Magi, stopping them from helping the others.

Soon after, the black storm was over, the original military base razed to the ground. The ground itself had sunk down a few layers.

In front of a Morning Star, everyone else and any spells cast were as good as nothing!

“You... “ Two silhouettes emerged, glaring at Leylin and Philip.

One of them was a dwarf with a huge wooden bow on his back, the other a blue-skinned brute who was over three meters tall.

An enormous amount of pressure was released from both their bodies.

“Hunter Bolix and Marine Giant Siebel!” Philip gave a wide smile,

revealing the sharp teeth in his mouth, “I want the Hunter, you can have the Marine Giant!”

The dwarf with the wooden bow smiled sarcastically as dark green whirlwind sprang forth from his body. He was a Wind Element Morning Star Magus and had been dissatisfied with Philip for a long time.

“No problem!” Leylin moved a few steps to the side and obstructed the way of the blue giant.

“Let’s change the battlefield, shall we?” Philip eyed the opposing dwarf with provocation in his eyes. The huge phantom wolf exposed its sharp teeth.

“Humph!” The dwarf opposite him snorted coldly, grabbing the huge wooden bow from his back.

Space cracked apart in the between them, forming a huge rift. The spatial ripples were as if a curtain that was being drawn, and Philip and Bolix were gone in the next moment.

“We do not need to change location, let’s settle it here!” Leylin locked eyes with the giant in front of him and smirked.

As the damage from clashes between Morning Star Magi was great and extensive, they usually made their moves in spatial rifts to prevent harming the Magus world.

With Leylin's words, Marine Giant Siebel's face hardened.

For a Morning Star Magus to dare to fight in the open, they were either crazy or absolutely confident in their power control. Evidently, this Warlock was of the latter category.

Chapter 524 - Marine Tribe's Original Form

Leylin chose to battle here right away. He was confident in his energy control, and on top of that, he didn't want to move too far away. It would be too tragic if he failed to be the first one to detect the reappearance of the remains.

He was also prepared to try out an interesting idea.

For Marine Giant Siebel, Leylin's attitude was nothing but a provocation. He shot Leylin a piercing gaze, and soon released the massive power of his domain.

The power of one's domain would only be perfected at the Morning Star realm. The effects of amplification and suppression would intensify, and the range of effect would also be extended. Morning Star domains were a far cry from rank 3 forcefields.

Turbulent, vast and immeasurable!

White ocean waves and the crystal clear sea surface formed a horrifying scene.

The depths of the ocean were darkened by the frantic waves, giving one an ominous premonition.

The enormous tides engulfed Siebel, completely hiding his body. Yet, his voice was transmitted clearly, "This is my domain—Ocean!"

In a split second, the ocean engulfed the entire area, burying the alpine and the wreckage left by Philip's spells.

The boundless blue ocean roared at Leylin in rage.

'A real Morning Star domain, and the rules he controls are those of the water element...' A glimmer of blue light flickered across Leylin's eyes as the A.I. Chip recorded all data about the fluctuations and the power of the domain.

Siebel's aura rose quickly in this ocean, causing Leylin to be thrilled.

"So you're of the marine tribe. No wonder your domain is such, changing the battlefield to be underwater." Leylin's voice trembled a little. It managed to traverse the depths of the ocean, but there was no reply.

The marine tribe was a non-human species. However, they cohabited the Magus world with humans. They occupied the ocean while the humans occupied the land. It wasn't like there weren't any wars, but most of the time it was peaceful.

There were legends and records about a Great Magus Serholm who led all human magicians and fought off the enemies from the ocean.

There were also Magi amongst the marine tribe, but they were

extremely rare, as their chance of advancement was even lower than humans.

To be able to meet with a Morning Star Magus of the marine tribe thrilled Leylin. He was puzzled as to why Siebel was a part of Jupiter's Lightning, but soon came to a realisation.

Despite the fact that Jupiter's Lightning had the help of a Radiant Moon Magus who was one of the top forces of the central continent, it was difficult for even them to nurture a Morning Star Magus.

Other than resources and experience, luck was an important factor in becoming a Morning Star Magus.

Given their high status in the central continent, it was extremely hard for any faction to have ten or more Morning Stars like Jupiter's Lightning did. It was impossible to rely on training their own, so they would recruit foreign Magi as well.

The auras of the previous bowman and Marine Giant were pretty much impure. Leylin was rather puzzled back then, but now it looks like they could be from a different tribe or are hybrid Magi!

The enormous waves surged into the sky, forming two dark blue crystal-like hands that gushed down towards Leylin.

The sharp increase in the air pressure formed unstable currents and caused the space in the region to be unstable.

[Beep! Data about the Ocean domain has been fully recorded!]

Leylin smiled upon hearing the mechanical voice of the A.I. Chip.

“Corrosion!” Gently, an ancient Byron runic chant slipped out of his lips.

Hiss! Hiss! A large amount of uneven black pores appeared on the dark blue hand, corroding almost the entire arm within a second as if turning it into a beehive.

Crack! Crack! The gigantic arm lost its support and fell apart in the air, soon turning into a huge stream of water that merged back into the sea.

“In the name of the Warlock! My power of bloodline!” Leylin chanted out loud as a crimson barrier appeared on his body.

“Absorption of bloodline!” Blood red lightning flashed across his eyes, piercing through the pitch dark ocean as it revealed everything. Meanwhile, aiming at a specific spot, Leylin stretched out his right hand and made a grasping motion with great force.

An invisible air current appeared, causing a massive whirlpool in the middle of the ocean.

“AAAH!” a voice bellowed in agony from the whirlpool.

“All bloodline creatures will be under my bloodline’s control, show up now!” said Leylin, and the blood red glow on his hand converged in his hand as he lifted his right hand into the air.

Water gushed up into the sky and rained down like a huge fountain as a gigantic blue figure slowly appeared from the middle of the whirlpool.

Numerous veins protruded from the blue skin, as if about to burst out at any moment. The wriggling veins looked like earthworms, sending shivers down one’s spine.

The giant groaned in agony, forced out of the sea while being battered by crimson lightning.

“Multilimb Strength!” Leylin’s eyes glittered, and the humongous phantom of a Multi-Armed Race member appeared behind him. This phantom was much clearer than the previous ones, every single scale and pore on his body distinguishable.

Even after reaching the Morning Star realm, this foreign Arcane Art could be of great use.

Leylin even felt that combining the nourishment of his spirit with the body refinement of Multilimb Strength, he would be able to reach the peak of the Morning Star realm at a much quicker pace, and would end up far more powerful than the rest.

The phantom punched out in tandem with Leylin.

Even a single arm of the humongous phantom was as large as Siebel. It felt like seven huge mountains appeared out of thin air and came crashing down at the same time when all seven arms smashed towards him.

Siebel placed both arms in front of his chest, forming a dense shield of water that was to reduce the shockwaves from the attack. However, it was all in vain. The water shield was destroyed under the force of the phantom's arms.

Bang! Siebel was shot backwards by the explosive force of the collision.

At the same time, threads of luminous blue liquid shot out from his pores and gathered to form a thumb-sized ball that landed on Leylin's palm.

“The bloodline of a Marine Giant at the Morning Star realm!”

Leylin nodded with satisfaction and kept the bloodline in a test tube. This was a rare material for bloodline experiments, and could earn him a good sum even for his current realm.

“You are not an ordinary Morning Star Warlock. Who are you?”

As Siebel regained consciousness, he stared at Leylin cautiously. With the amazing defensive and recuperative abilities of a Morning Star Magus, this sort of injury was nothing to him. Yet, Leylin was completely relaxed as before, clearly indicating that this wasn't his full strength.

Siebel gazed at the black haired Morning Star Warlock in front of him, running through all the top ranked Morning Stars in his mind, but did not manage to match the face to anyone. That is, until he recalled some more recent information, something that detailed Leylin's background.

“You are Leylin Farlier! The Morning Star Kemoyin Warlock of the Ouroboros Clan! The one who killed Demon Hunter Cyril!” Siebel was in shock. Demon Hunter Cyril was considered a powerhouse among Morning Star Magi, but he'd been easily slain by Leylin.

This accomplishment was much more challenging than a win-lose in an ordinary face-off and Siebel was well aware of that.

‘For now, the best case scenario is that I keep up my defence and sustain myself. I might even have to request reinforcements!’ He smiled bitterly at his own thought. Just then, a ring of pearls glowed around his waist, and he heard urgent voices shouting around, “It's the Third East Region, we need immediate reinforcements! We're under attack by Spirit Circle! ”

“West Region calling for reinforcements, three layers of defence have been destroyed! Damn it, the Warlocks seem to be fully concentrated in this region! ”

“No, you bloody liars! Cybel is in our North Region, we should be the ones getting reinforcements! Ahhhh...”

The transmitted voices had a lot of interference, and there were also loud sounds of explosions in the background that added a violent shudder.g.

Siebel’s heart hit rock bottom. Knowing that Cybel was here as well, he felt hopeless.

“So this is your plan?” Siebel looked fixedly at Leylin, but could not get any details off that expressionless face.

“Even if it is so, I signed an agreement with Jupiter’s Lightning. Don’t think you can get rid of me so easily!” Siebel thought in his heart and roared out a jumbled chant of sacrificial phrases.

The serenity of the ocean was broken again by the violent movement of water as large amounts of it gathered around Siebel. When the rumbling ended, a monstrous creature that was a thousand metres tall appeared in front of Leylin.

The monster had the head of a cow, the body of a human and tentacles for feet. It growled like a raging bull.

“This is your original form?” Leylin fended off the water bullets, looking at the humongous form of the magician and chuckled.

Chapter 525 - Scarlet Ruins

The marine tribe were not humans. Born of the ocean as they were, their bodies were like a manifestation of the laws of nature.

Those of the marine tribe seen on the continent were similar to humans, and had at most a few scales on their bodies. However, that was only the form they used specifically to communicate with humans. This monster that had appeared in front of Leylin was over a thousand meters tall, and it was the true form of the marine tribe.

After he revealed his true form, the undulations from Siebel's body surged wildly, inspiring much greater terror than before.

Leylin, however, revealed a grin of excitement. 'A.I. Chip, begin calculating the trajectory of the homing light rays!'

Endless blue light glowed in Leylin's eyes, and most of the A.I. Chip's power was allocated to this task.

[Setting up model of opponent. Calculating trajectory.]

Siebel in his true form growled wildly, and soul force at the Morning Star realm mixed with enormous amounts of seawater, compressing it into just a centimetre wide ball. Flickering with a blue light that transcended any normal brightness, it reached Leylin in the blink of an eye.

“Good timing!” Leylin burst out in laughter. Bloodline power and soul force converged in his palm, the formidable energy undulations finally colliding with the blue ball with a rumble.

The air buzzed and trembled, but there were no intense explosions or spatial cracks that appeared, causing the marine tribe Magus to be confused and his movements to slow.

Shua! At this moment, the blue ball of energy was enshrouded by crimson light as it streaked through the horizon like a meteor.

The light arched in the direction it headed, similar to a rainbow that suddenly filled the heavens.

“Oa-Oaker Arc!” A shout of disbelief was let loose from the marine tribe Magus’ lips.

He raised his head and saw a bizarre scene. A giant sun suddenly emerged despite the fact that it was night, fusing with the moon and the brightest star, Venus.

The dazzling yet harmless light formed a thin line that descended to the earth.

Rumble! The air was unstable, and it seemed as if another large space was ‘squeezed’ into the place, causing the two spatial forcefields to overlap.

“It’s a success!” Leylin rejoiced covertly.

Using the A.I. Chip’s terrifying calculation abilities, he had mixed the opponent’s strength with his own, causing the time of opening of Scarlet Crescent to be brought forward.

This had not been his original intention, but he had suddenly been inspired after seeing the other party’s Morning Star Magus. It ended up being an advantage for him.

The early arrival of the ruins would likely cause the specific plans of the the person behind all this to be affected.

The more chaotic the situation, the more advantageous it was to Leylin.

“This– this– this is... the ruins of Scarlet Crescent!” The Marine Giant’s eyes grew wide as he mumbled in disbelief.

Though he knew it was possible that the ruins could appear at any of the 13 strongholds, it was too much of a coincidence that it had appeared where he was.

Seeing the image gradually becoming more distinct and forming a spatial passage glimmering with dark silver light, Siebel hesitated. However, he still choose to contact the other Magi and even their leader, the Radiant Moon Magus.

However, when his soul force touched the communicative

device, Siebel was suddenly startled.

Their leader, the Radiant Moon Magus, was still in a spatial rift! Messages would definitely not be able to pass into the place. Even his other comrades were busy with the Morning Star Warlocks from the other side. The situation wasn't going well, but where could he go to find reinforcements?

Seeing the look of hesitation on his opponent's face, Leylin chuckled and had no intentions of continuing.

Though he was certain he could kill his opponent, he would need to use his Morning Star Arcane Art, and it would consume too much time. This was not the time and place.

Thus, like pulling open a curtain, Leylin's hands pushed at the spatial crack and he walked in without the slightest hesitation.

After Leylin completely vanished into the spatial crack, Siebel gritted his teeth and spoke a few sentences to the communication imprint. He then followed and allowed the spatial waves to swallow him.

The bodies of Morning Star Magi were able to go through even spatial turbulence. Spatial passageways like these that were similar to teleporting to pocket dimensions generally had no specific teleportation spell formation, and could only be entered through force.

“What? The ruins have already appeared? So quickly?”

The Magi of both sides who were battling at the other strongholds seemed to receive the information at the same time. They, who were stunned by this sudden news, stood opposite each other for a moment without acting, then immediately rushed in the same direction.

At this moment, in the outer regions of the rift in the world.

Boundless stars and vortices were part of the background, filling it with a sense of vastness and might.

Here, it was as if a great war on the same level as that of ancient times was being replayed. A majestic lion that had a body of golden fur and three heads that kept spouting flames, ice and lightning suddenly stopped, seeming to be deep in thought.

In front of it was a Magus with a luxurious pitch-black magic robe, a strange moon-shaped rune on his forehead.

“Hehe... Wayde, you made an error in your calculations. Though you might be able to stall me, someone else is benefitting!”

This Magus was obviously the great rank 5 Magus of Jupiter’s Lightning. Now, however, his expression held a rare expression of exasperation.

This strange creature was not Wayde’s main body, but one of his

most powerful clones. It had inherited the innate skills of the ancient clans, and its strength almost reached rank 5. Even he would find it difficult to take this being down, and might even be suppressed here.

“It’s a mistake on the astrologer’s part! It has nothing to do with the original plan!” A middle-aged man’s icy words sounded from the middle head of the three.

“Furthermore, I’m different from you. I’m just a clone...” The three-headed lion raised its claws, looking pleased.

“Could it be that you...” The Radiant Moon Magus’ expression suddenly changed as he tried to break through the seal and return.

“Trying to leave? How could it be that easy? Stay!” The three-headed golden lion roared, its three gigantic mouths opening.

A terrifying suction force similar to that of a black hole shot towards the Radiant Moon Magus. Even the rays of light in his surroundings were not spared as they were all sucked in. Howls and cries of indignance sounded every once in a while.

In the main world, a golden meteor streaked through the horizon.

Within the golden rays was a male Magus with long flaming hair that looked like a golden sunshine. His body and face seemed to be formed entirely of gold, and was full of dignity.

Meanwhile, however, he seemed to be deep in thought.

Outside, in the direction of the ruins of Scarlet Crescent, two groups of Morning Star Magi, and even Philip as well as Hunter Bolix, returned to their factions. After persisting with the confrontation for a while longer, they still charged into the spatial passageway at the same time.

The air suddenly became tranquil, and only the deep depressions in the ground and large puddles of water proved that there had been a battle of Morning Stars here.

Due to the extremely intense spell radiation, the region would be barren and void of life for a long period of time. There could even be formed a range of phenomena that would attract creatures of different planes, becoming another fearful area that would become famous in the central continent.

Whoosh... The air rippled as a breeze blew past, revealing the sudden appearance of another human figure.

“What’s going on? I calculated the timing based on the records of the ancestors. How could it have been brought forward?” A simple-clothed old man with a full head of white hair muttered, eyes without focus.

“The opening of the Scarlet Crescent ruins was initially an opportunity for our organisation to rise, but unexpectedly such complex issues are involved in there...”

The old man began to mutter to himself, “First was the discovery of our secret, causing several Warlock organisations and Jupiter’s Lightning to covet it. It even resulted in a war, and the diary that stated the time of appearance of the ruins was wrong. What exactly is going on?”

Because of Leylin, this old man whose origins were unknown was beginning to have doubts in his outlook of the world.

However, his education from a young age and the philosophy he had developed over the years allowed the old man to quickly regain his calm.

“No matter what it is, my ancestor was a member of Scarlet Crescent. My organisation is also one of the branches that has inherited part of the teachings of the ancient Scarlet Crescent organisation. This ruin should be ours!”

The old man’s expression instantly turned vicious, and a halo of resplendent starlight burst forth.

The spatial passageway opposite began to tremble as if it had sensed something. It, too, shot out a large amount of light, fusing with the splendour on the old man’s body and absorbing the whole bundle of starlight, leaving nothing behind.

“What a strange setup!” Leylin currently had his hands behind

his back as he strolled along a spatial corridor filled with starlight, his own body shrouded in crimson.

There were multiple spatial rifts that caused turbulence within, but they could not cause even a ripple on his body.

“To completely isolate this region, I can only wait until a specific time. Only then can I enter the passageway through the spatial flow...” Leylin’s eyes were full of praise. “Such an intricate set-up, as well as space-division spells. This is truly frightening.”

The Morning Star realm that he had reached was only the bare minimum of ancient times. There was still a long way ahead, and he would naturally not feel conceited or complacent.

On the contrary, the more he knew, the more Leylin felt that the information he had acquired was much too little. He became increasingly humble.

The power who had set up such a spatial spell formation was an existence he needed to look up to and learn from...

Chapter 526 - Radiation

“Now, the ruins seem to be nearby, but in fact...” Seeing the indistinct space in front of him, Leylin shook his head. He’d just found the entrance. It wouldn’t be easy for him to achieve his goals and enter the place without using the right way.

The others that had come afterwards were in the same situation.

After all, it wasn’t likely that they’d find the successors of Scarlet Crescent, so Leylin and the other Magi didn’t bother to deduce the proper way to go in.

With them being Morning Stars, as long as they found the entrance it would only be a matter of time before they broke in.

However, the rules of space were powerful and mysterious. Leylin could only manage to survive in here for now, and he needed to deduce a plan to break through this spatial defence. The other Morning Stars who came after him were also stuck in the same dilemma.

Thus, time was one of Leylin’s advantages against the rest of the Magi.

This was why he’d used Siebel and made the ruins appear in advance. Although they had an agreement about the distribution of the spoils, that was only on the whole. As for who got what, it was largely dependant on who found it first.

Wandering in the spatial passage was like taking a walk in outer space, nebulae of different shapes everywhere. There was even a silver spatial storm every now and then and spatial turbulence whizzed by on occasion.

Threads of a dubious black material were even coagulating around the passage, forming mysterious black buds and gave off a dangerous vibe.

After walking for who knows how long, Leylin suddenly missed his footing and felt like he was falling down from up high. Even more strangely, he felt like he was rising up afterwards.

After the strong sense of weightlessness passed, Leylin found himself standing in a little garden. The black buds he saw before covered the flowerbed, some even making it onto the hedges. A wooden board covered in tentacles was posted in a corner, the words on it faded.

“Flowers full of malice and danger...” Leylin muttered to himself. The A.I Chip searched the database but found no such ancient plant.

Suddenly, the black flower buds trembled and bloomed, showing a crimson pistil.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Like a chain reaction, masses of black buds bloomed, and the garden was instantly full of black petals flying in the air, red pistils emanating a threat like the tongues of

snakes.

The faint sense of an ancient curse made Leylin frown.

“This! Is it a final defence against intruders? Or... is it a warning?” Leylin smiled, and his pupils turned into vertical slits that glowed red.

The next moment, a strong and violent radiation was emitted from his body!

This was the radiation of a Morning Star Warlock’s body, containing the power of the bloodline of the ancient Giant Kemoyin Serpent. Leylin kept it repressed in his everyday life, but now he let it all out, and it caused a horrible change.

A layer of rainbow-like five-coloured light shone with green and orange fluorescence, filling the whole garden.

The air turned hazy, and the scene distorted. After the radiation passed through, the entire space seemed to become still, and the faint smell of rust permeated the air.

The original colours of the garden were also diminished with the radiation, leaving only black and white. It started to look like an old photograph.

A cracking sound rang out as a slight fracture appeared in a corner. It spread across the whole grayscale garden, leaving spatial

cracks everywhere.

And then, like the falling of a glass bottle, a low and jarring sound rang out as the whole garden was shattered apart, exposing the dark void filled with spatial storms.

The storms roared, devouring all those fractures.

The silver storms continued to mince the garden for a few minutes before the ruins were visible once again.

The black buds in the middle had disappeared, leaving a few broken petals on the ground. It gave the environment a sense of gloom.

Leylin's pupils returned to their original colour with a flash of strange light.

This burst of strength had taken a toll on him, but he had no choice but to employ it to maintain his time advantage.

The full strength of a Morning Star Magus was enough to affect the normal functioning of many formations! On top of that, Leylin was not any Magus, but a Warlock with the bloodline of an ancient organism! Combining his own power with that of his Kemoyin bloodline, the power of his radiation was much greater, to the extent of even attracting extradimensional creatures.

Leylin stared at a point in the void, silent. Over there, a

conscient, or rather, a group of conscients, was coming through slowly! Although it was invisible, Leylin could sense the being through his soul force.

“Creatures from a higher dimension? Or a plot of Scarlet Crescent?” Leylin’s eyes showed surprise.

“Outsider! What have you come here for?” A conscient entered Leylin’s mind through the connection of soul force. The voice was that of an old woman, but it was interspersed with much more, the roars of multiple other creatures.

“To find the truth!” Leylin said with a low voice, providing an ambiguous answer.

“The truth? Even those of Scarlet Crescent were still pursuing it. You’ve come to the wrong place...” The voice sighed.

“I didn’t come to the wrong place. The ways of the ancient Warlocks will be a valuable reference and their experiences will save me time...” Leylin’s soul force countered the unknown creature sharply.

He could sense that this creature did not have a normal body. It was just a ball of light emitting a strange power, perhaps a creature hiding its true body in a higher plane.

Even so, after confronting Leylin’s soul force for a while, the will seemed to yield, “Follow the Path of Quandary, it will lead you to

your answer...”

As the voice faded, the sound of movements could be heard as a brand new aisle appeared in a corner of the garden. The floor was made of grey stone, and black specks spread out along the floor like numerous insects. They had the figures of twisting faces.

Scanning with his soul force, the outline of the Path of Quandary appeared in Leylin’s mind. After ensuring that there was no danger, Leylin bowed to the void and stepped directly onto the path.

The sound of footsteps could be heard as the black garden disappeared from sight the moment his feet hit the stone floor. All that remained was a long sigh.

“Soul Whip!!!”

Massive invisible waves of energy swept through the air as dozens of giant swamp monsters trembled. It was as if they were tortured by some invisible whips, and they hit the floor after a while, their unconscious eyes filled with fear.

“My lord! This seems to be the Maze Lock, we are in a defensive trap of Scarlet Crescent!” Paul reported to Cybel. Although both of them were Morning Star Magi, their powers were far apart, and thus they had widely varying statuses.

“This is the Naraku Type 2 maze, a kind of maze liked by those ancient Warlocks. There should be nine levels, each level having its own keys and riddles. We must break through them one by one, or we’ll never get to the end...”

Cybel nodded. He’d obviously studied up on these things. Beside him, other than Paul, the Warlocks from Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair had all disappeared. And a few unfamiliar Morning Star Magi were just watching everything detachedly.

“Well, it’s our turn this time. According to our agreement, you are up next time!” Cybel took several green gems from the swamp monster as he spoke to those Morning Stars.

“Of course!” their leader replied, his eyes cold. This Magus with a golden headband had no sense of fear even when confronting Cybel.

Seeing this, Paul smiled bitterly in his mind.

The sudden appearance of the ruins of Scarlet Crescent rendered most of their plans useless. The entrance of the ruins contained some mysterious spells cast by ancient Warlocks, and those who entered through abnormal ways would encounter barriers. The dispersion made Paul feel depressed. Were it not for Cybel, he would have been killed here.

After all, they were mortal enemies before, and that was still true.

Paul sighed, even the tentacles on his head seemed dispirited.

He would be safe following Cybel, but there wouldn't be any gains. Leave alone those Morning Star Magi, even Cybel would leave him with nothing.

Compared to his resignation, the Magi on the other side were hysterical.

Chapter 527 - Path Of Quandary

“How could it be? Someone has already entered the Path of Quandary. That’s extremely close to the core!” The old Magus wearing simple attire observed the light yellow notebook in his hands, letting out a low growl. His expression was that of anxiety.

On one of the pages of the light yellow notebook, a general map had been drawn out with weak black lines. There was a little black dot moving slowly in one of the central passageways that was labeled the Path of Quandary.

There were also other dots on this map, but they were all situated at the exterior regions.

The old man himself was marked with a white dot. Though he was much faster than the Morning Stars outside who were being hindered by the labyrinth, he was still at the middle section and a distance away from the core.

In contrast, Leylin’s black dot was only a few steps away from the core which was marked in red!

“Damn it, damn it, damn it! Why is there a Magus that’s so fast...” the old man cursed, his expression full of impatience and indignance, “It’s a pity that I only have the correct method to enter the ruins. I can’t control all the secret mechanisms, or else...”

Though the old Magus’ ancestor had been a member of Scarlet Crescent, he was merely an ordinary member. While he had

participated in the construction of the ruins, he had not been able to make contact with the core areas. Hence, obtaining this map, the password to enter, as well as some information, was the limits of what could be done.

Leylin had also unexpectedly brought forward the timing of the opening of the ruins, causing things to become disadvantageous for the old man. Even if he was hurrying along, careful not to fall into any traps, he was still behind Leylin.

“I don’t care anymore! As long as I can get to the core area, I still have a chance of turning the tables!”

The old man angrily used his fingers and traced the map, finding another route. However, just when he was about to move, his pupils suddenly shrank.

A black dot entered the edges of a map. It was several times larger than the rest, and was ringed in red.

The few traps and patterns at the exterior were completely destroyed in the face of the large dot, and even their names disappeared from the map. The man wailed in anguish, “A rank 5 Magus rushed here so quickly. Are you even giving me any chance at all...”

While he kept lamenting, the old man’s footsteps did not lose speed. Instead, he began to move more quickly.

If he was slightly slow and allowed the rank 5 Magus to take over this place, this area would no longer be of any concern to him. Besides, there was a certain item at the core region that he needed to obtain, which was his main goal.

“Just wait! Just wait till I get control of the core!”

The old man stared at the little black dot in the Path of Quandary, his expression revealing his frustration.

Leylin, of course, did not know that someone had him in their thoughts. He was now walking on a little pathway of ash-gray stone.

The path was surrounded by white fog on both sides, and it became increasingly dense as it concealed the scenery.

On the still, empty road, only his footsteps sounded unceasingly. The scenery that was exactly the same on both ends made it easy for one to forget time, giving rise to a strong sense of fear.

Combined with the unique power in the fog, even a Magus' tenacious willpower might not hold out.

If it were other lower-ranked Magi, they might long since have broken down, crying and yelling that they wanted to return, begging for release.

However, resolution showed on Leylin's face, as if this was negligible. In the face of his mindset that was ten thousand times more stronger than steel, things that ancient Magi had specifically set up to test one's will were trivial.

As Leylin went deeper in, the surrounding fog became more dense, and even his feet became unclear. Every step seemed like he was walking on clouds.

Leylin took a step, and the scenery suddenly changed.

Now, the room had dark yellow planks and a mouldy ceiling. The squeaks of mice could be heard from the corner.

It was the most common image seen by commoners in the continent. There was not one piece of furniture in this little wooden cabin. Strangely, all that existed was a golden parrot cage at the center, a toad with a pipe in its mouth on top.

“Hey, brother! Are you here to give me a love letter on Miko's behalf? Please tell her that I'm busy and can't make it to the date tomorrow evening!”

The toad was dressed in a black top hat, looking relaxed. It puffed out one white smoke ring after another from the pipe.

“...” Leylin was dumbstruck as he watched the toad, unsure of what was going on.

“Are you not Miko’s messenger? Oh! Then it must be Elizabeth. She’s the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen. That skin, full of folds and spores, as well as those protruding eyes... Oh! She’s my angel...”

The toad jabbered on and on, but what it said only baffled Leylin. At one point, he could no longer take it and asked, “Where is this?”

“Quark’s cabin, Number 232 at the edge of the world. Is there a problem?” The toad put its pipe down, its large eyes that were like light bulbs shooting Leylin a glance.

Could it be that the Path of Quandary is similar to an astral gate? Has Scarlet Crescent’s defensive formation sent me to another plane?’ This sudden thought left Leylin unable to decide whether he should laugh or cry.

Many ancient defence systems had a last resort when they encountered an enemy that was much too powerful for the spell formations to be of use— banishment to an alternate world!

This was akin to an astral gate, teleporting Magi out of the Magus world.

As this was a one-time thing with no definite coordinates, unlucky Magi would usually be sent into spatial turbulences far, far away; or even into a giant storm. It would be extremely lucky to find another plane with life on it. However, returning to the Magus world? There was no need to even think about it.

The current situation caused Leylin to have doubts.

At this moment, the floor suddenly began to tremble, seismic waves passing through every few moments.

“What’s going on?” Leylin tried scanning with his soul force, but found that his soul force had been repressed to the limit. It could not even see past the cabin.

“It’s nothing. I have a new neighbour preparing to move in...”

The toad jumped off the parrot cage nonchalantly, bouncing as it headed out. Leylin turned his head and thought about it for a moment, eventually following behind it.

After opening the door of the wooden cabin, his body suddenly went stiff, eyes flashing with disbelief.

In front of him was a large sandy wasteland. There were black holes and distorted nebulae in the sky, and a large green shadow that seemed to have taken root in the cosmos was shifting its body.

It was a giant ancient tree, its green leaves spilling with a jade-like lustre. Leylin had seen many ancient trees before, and there were enormous trees in Creevey City where houses could be built on their leaves. However, the entirety of Creevey City was like a tiny thing in comparison with this gigantic tree, not comparable to even a leaf.

“Hello, new friend! Do you need any help?” After seeing this tree, the toad happily went forward to welcome it, jumping onto a root as thick as a mountain.

Compared to the tree, the toad was like a speck of dust. No! It was ten thousand times smaller than a speck of dust!

Leylin was speechless. Soon after, he realised that he had indeed walked out of a wooden cabin, but the surroundings were a depthless black starry cosmos, and the cabin had been floating in the sky. There was even a shaky scrawl on the bronze door plate, reading ‘Number 232, Edge of the World! This house belongs to Toad Quark.’

On that gigantic root the toad had jumped onto was another little cabin, this one constructed askew. There was a number there as well, 233. The name had changed to Wisdom Tree. Leylin had no idea how big the other party was or how they entered the cabin. Watching the cabin on the tree root, as well as the toad, he could not come up with anything to say.

Shortly after, however, his expression changed. ‘The ancient Wisdom Tree? The intellectual being of the Magus World that once enlightened multiple great ancient Magi? The culmination of all wisdom?’

Rumble! A few large cracks opened up on the tree that extended to the cosmos, sucking in the violent spatial storms and producing soundless whimpers.

Two enormous, yellowish eyes opened, followed by lips full of wooden lines.

“It’s... been... a... long.... time... my... old... friend...” The tree’s words were extremely loud. Just the sound waves were enough to blow everything over. Toad Quark had no choice but to hug the root tightly in order not to be blown away by the violent hurricane.

The Wisdom Tree’s speech was very slow, taking a minute between syllables. It seemed that each thought required a great amount of time.

“And... also... a ... new... friend...” Bang! The ground exploded, and a root that was like a mountain flew over, raising Leylin till he was before the ancient Wisdom Tree, meeting its starry gaze.

“I smell myself on you...” The Wisdom Tree’s words were hard to decipher, but Leylin immediately understood what it meant.

“Is it the essence of the ancient Wisdom Tree? And this!” Leylin produced a wooden cup, though it was now empty.

It had once contained the essence of the Wisdom Tree, and had been vital in supporting Leylin’s advancement to rank 3. This wooden cup had been said to be made out of the bark of the Wisdom Tree.

Chapter 528 - Breaking Through The Fog

“You’re a Warlock... Ah, I remember this feeling. You must be from the Magus World, right?” The ancient Wisdom Tree spoke slowly, each syllable taking a significantly long time. It was enough for any quick-tempered Magus to get annoyed.

However, there were no traces of impatience on Leylin’s face. On the contrary, he was full of respect towards the ancient Wisdom Tree, especially since his advancement to rank 3 was all thanks to it. Hence, he bowed deferentially.

“Yes! I am Leylin Farlier, a rank 4 Warlock of the Magus World. Greetings, mighty Enlightener!”

The Enlightener was a title given to the ancient Wisdom Tree by the combined decision of all the Magi in the Magus World.

It was rumoured that the ancient Wisdom Tree was the culmination of all wisdom. It was even knowledgeable in all the mysteries of the cosmos and the universe. There were countless high-ranked Magi who had gained enlightenment with its help, and even the glamour of the ancient era was, in part, possible thanks to its guidance.

However, the mighty ancient tree which had granted enlightenment and solved riddles had disappeared from the Magus World all of a sudden. No matter how hard the ancient Magi tried to find it, no traces were left behind.

In the following generations, many Magus historians had attributed the fall of the ancient era to the lack of guidance from the Wisdom Tree, leading to many ancient Magi walking a path ridden with errors.

Though Leylin did not really agree with this standpoint, it was true that it was very knowledgeable regarding Magi.

“The Magus World!” The ancient Wisdom Tree’s large eyes flashed with nostalgia, “I still remember... 20 or 25 dark ages ago, the Magi were all adorable little children. Oh! There was one called Aten, and he was pretty good at barbeques...”

The mighty ancient Wisdom Tree was like an old man trying to chase after the past, jabbering on and on.

Leylin waited silently at the side, while Toad Quark was beginning to get annoyed, “Old friend, are you moving again? You’ve only lived here for 87,000 years... I’ve only taken a nap, and you’re already moving again?”

‘An 87,000 year... nap?’ Leylin was speechless.

“Yes, my friend! I feel the descent of terror. Even the end of the world can’t hinder the spying of such power. The aftermath of the ancient era will continue to cause ripples, involving other worlds...”

The ancient Wisdom Tree said something that sounded like a

prophecy, causing Leylin to be surprised. However, no matter how he inquired, it would not make a sound.

‘It doesn’t finish its words, ugh...’ Leylin rolled its eyes inside, but then heard the sounds of the Wisdom Tree after speaking to the toad. “And there’s you, you adorable thing. I can answer one question of yours as a present. Of course, it cannot touch upon the topic from before...”

“Many thanks, mighty Enlightener!” Leylin was elated. An opportunity to have the Wisdom Tree solve a riddle was not something any Magus could have even in ancient times. Even a Breaking Dawn Magus would smash their own head in for such a chance.

However, after the moment of ecstasy, he grew perplexed.

‘What should I ask? How to attain immortality? That’s too vague!’ Leylin opened his lips, but eventually did not ask the question.

After an intense struggle, Leylin’s pupils flashed with soberness. ‘Even if it’s truly the ancient Wisdom Tree, it’s only one of the ancient legends. It’s probably at rank 8 or 9 as a Magus, and even such a being needs to defend itself. Asking about is pointless. I need to think of something more suitable for myself...’

Having thought it through, the fog in Leylin’s mind finally completely dissipated.

Leylin took in a deep breath, clenched his fists, and asked the ancient Wisdom Tree this question, “I would like to know how to break through the bloodline shackles of Warlocks!”

For now, there was nothing more important to him than solving this issue.

“This...” The ancient Wisdom Tree raised a root and propped it against its lips, looking extremely similar to a human in thought. “You can...”

The fog disappeared, and Leylin was started awake.

He rubbed his forehead that was slightly aching and glanced at the grey slabs on the ground. The fog was dissipating from the surroundings, and buildings were gradually revealing themselves. The lost look in his eyes disappeared and was replaced with confusion.

“Was that scene real, or an illusion?”

Leylin glanced at his hands, ‘I’m already at Morning Star. Under the scan of my soul force, any illusory spells should have been seen through. Furthermore...’

Leylin felt his heart beat. ‘The answer from the Wisdom Tree is still deep in my heart. It’s very feasible.’

Such a situation left Leylin bewildered.

“Perhaps the Path of Quandary was a superior illusion, allowing intruders to find answers amidst their perplexment about where they were. This answer might already be deep in the intruder’s heart, and only made known at this point. Of course, if it can’t be found, they would remain lost there...”

Combined with his former knowledge and experience, Leylin came to a specious conclusion. Inside, however, he felt as if what had just happened was real.

With the strength of ancient Magi, it was not impossible to create a scene like that. Another plausible reason would be that through endless flowing from the river of time, many scenarios had converged at this point.

In other words, Leylin’s mind had passed through the isolation of time and space, reaching one of the spatial fragments in the ancient era, and met the true ancient Wisdom Tree.

‘Hah! I don’t care anymore! There are only benefits for me here anyway! If it doesn’t make sense, then so be it. When I get enough strength, I might even understand all of this naturally...’ Leylin thought optimistically.

There were no cons whatsoever in coming to the Path of Quandary. He had even obtained a method to solve the issue of his bloodline shackles. While this was merely a tentative plan, it was

still very precious. It might not even compare to all the benefits from Scarlet Crescent!

“However, since I’ve gone through the Path of Quandary, I should be getting some rewards.” Leylin touched his chin, watching the large Magus building that had completely revealed itself, as a smile appeared on his face.

What had appeared in front of Leylin was a little western-styled building that was two storeys high. The window at the balcony was still open, as if the owner had only been gone a short period of time.

The brass door handle had a simple yet splendid lustre, and seemed to have been used regularly.

Leylin knew, though, that this building had been abandoned for at least over ten thousand years. It was naturally magic that resulted in this effect.

Ka-cha! After gripping the handle and putting some strength into it, the door was easily pushed open, revealing a hall with a giant fireplace. The firewood in there was still crackling and burning, a wave of heat gathering indoors.

“Besides what’s on their bodies, Magi keep their most precious objects only in the bedroom, study room and laboratory...”

Leylin scanned the area quickly and immediately gave up on the

living room, going up to the second level of the building.

He first found the study room. There seemed to have been some spatial spells used here, and upon opening it, what was presented in front of Leylin was an enormous space comparable to a football field. There were large bookshelves that towered at ten or so metres tall, but everything there was empty, leaving behind only a pile of ash in the compartments.

Leylin rummaged through the area quite a few times and had the A.I. Chip check the area repeatedly without giving up, but he eventually resigned himself to the situation and left the study room.

“I never expected that all the books and research materials would have been taken away... What would else would be left?”

Leylin was slightly dejected, but still searched through room after room. He then found the original owner's bedroom.

Unexpectedly, he was easily rewarded with something on the makeup table.

A blood-red earring in the shape of a crescent moon lay quietly in an opened jewellery box. After Leylin confirmed it was not a trap, he took it in his hand, and a stream of information was immediately transmitted over.

“Scarlet Earring! High-grade magic equipment. Work of Mefylk!

... Ah! This is presented to my goddess, Jonase, my true love...”

From the opened jewellery box, it seemed that the owner had been preparing to wear the earring, but everything had suddenly come to an abrupt stop.

Leylin was confused as he looked through the bedroom, but still did not find anything that looked suspicious.

“A strange set-up!” Leylin mumbled to himself, keeping the Scarlet Earring and adding many seals outside.

Even if it it was a trap, a piece of high-grade magic equipment was worth the risk. Besides, Leylin was very confident in his judgment and the A.I. Chip’s scans.

While leaving, he consciously took a look at the mirror frame at the makeup table.

There was a large oval silver mirror inside, reflecting Leylin’s image. Strangely enough, the Leylin inside had a secretive laugh, causing him to be startled.

By the time he came back to himself, everything in the mirror seemed to have returned to normal, as if all that had just happened had merely been an illusion.

But would Morning Star Magi hallucinate? That was impossible!

Leylin's expression became gloomy as he gritted his teeth, quickly keeping the mirror and running out of the bedroom and out of the villa.

The moment he left the villa, it completely vanished, leaving behind a large depression that looked to have been gnawed at by beasts.

Bang!

A fist smashed onto a table, causing dust to fly, "Despicable! Damn it! He's actually taken it away! That was the magic equipment that was the easiest to obtain, and it was even of a high-grade at that!"

In an unadorned crystal private room, an old Magus looked annoyed, unwilling to accept this.

"It's not just that. He even took 'that' away!"

The old man's expression changed a few times before he made his mind.

Chapter 529 - Obstruction And A Grin

“No! No matter what, I have to get it back!” The old man took out his light yellow notebook. A map with many black dots appeared on it immediately.

“Find him! Rip him apart! And bring everything back!” Following the old man’s growl, streaks of crystal-clear light flashed in the secret chamber and a few translucent puppets suddenly widened their bloodshot eyes.

As if they understood the old man’s words, they rapidly shuttled through the void, gradually vanishing.

“This feeling, something bad’s about to happen”

Leylin’s eyebrows furrowed. He’d actually been feeling a sense of discomfort ever since he exited the Path of Quandary. It was as if someone was secretly spying on him. However, the scanning of the A.I. Chip and his own soul force could not discover anything.

And now, this feeling of discomfort suddenly intensified, even to the point of turning to anxiety!

“The malice that’s pervaded the atmosphere...” Leylin shut his eyes and quickly opened them again. At this moment, his pupils had already turned into a pair of amber slits. A thin, blood-red line flashed across them.

Suddenly, rumbling sounds rang out as a large amount of spell runes flickered. A colourful radiance shot into the sky and formed a gigantic ice cage, trapping Leylin within.

“What? I definitely didn’t trigger any traps... Unless...” Leylin squinted his eyes slightly. This situation caused him to become clear-headed.

“Haha... I, who have gained control over the entire core secret chamber, am an invincible existence in Scarlet Crescent!” In the core control room, the old Magus’ face shone brightly, his hands still grasping a piece of ruby with its tips connected to numerous crystal threads.

Strings of complicated commands were continually transmitted through the ruby in his hands.

Numerous crystal-clear hexagonal snowflakes suddenly condensed within the trap, forming a large quantity of icy blades, shields, axes and such. They all smashed loudly towards Leylin’s head.

Leylin thought of an idea. “Kemoyin’s Scales!” “Blood Flame!” His body was immediately wrapped in a layer of dense, black snake scales as a blood-red flame raged above him, subliming the large quantity of ice.

As if it was provoked, the ice condensed once more with a sizzle. Its blue core became even more crystal-clear, emanating a piercing

chill.

The ice, which was covered by the blue radiance, stood firmly while it was being roasted by the flames. A large quantity of cold air was emitted, even breaking through the Blood Flame's seal. It shot in front of Leylin, who smashed it apart with a frown.

Sharp icy blades slashed his body, only enough to create thin, long sparks. They couldn't even break through the outermost energy defence.

"Absolute Zero Kelvin!" Leylin's pupils narrowed and his face no longer had the previous relaxed look.

"This was undoubtedly set up by ancient Magi. Such a formation that unifies all the runes in the area is definitely difficult for ordinary Morning Stars to withstand... However, It doesn't seem to be working at full force... That means..."

Leylin seemed to be in a deadlock with the huge icy spell formation on the surface. However, he was actually calculating something in his mind.

Whoosh! Suddenly, space twisted and a few rays of white light seemed to have broken through the boundary as they appeared right before Leylin.

The handle, which bore the sharp broken sword, had already pierced the edge of Leylin's chest.

“So fast!” It was difficult for Leylin to react in time. The only thing he managed to do was strengthen the Kemoyin Scales’ defence to the maximum.

Compared to other spells, the innate spells of Magi were activated purely by thought. With such incomparable speeds, they were the common last-ditch resorts when their lives were in danger.

Schlick! A broken sword, seemingly forged out of pure crystal, pierced through the energy defence as well as the runes outside the black scales with much difficulty, coming into contact with the scales themselves.

Pop! Leylin frowned, as if at something bursting. Behind him, a large Multi-Armed Race phantom came into existence and channeled a dark green energy to cover his body.

“My goodness!” The muscles on his right hand flexed, hammering a punch at the opponent. This made the translucent figure retreat.

After waiting for the opponent to put a certain amount of distance between them, Leylin looked at his chest with a gloomy face.

A bright white line in the shape of a crescent had been carved on the Kemoyin Scales. The sword had left behind a deep pit, taking a few smaller scales with it.

“Puppet?!” When Leylin got a clear view of the figures making a sneak attack, he shouted in surprise.

In front of him were a few translucent figures in pure white, body-fitting Magus robes. In their hands were a large quantity of physical weapons, including the broken crystal sword from before.

“A puppet that is able to break through my Kemoyin’s Scales defence, such a rank... I’m afraid can only be created by an ancient Magus...”

Leylin looked at the bloodshot eyes of the puppet before him, confirming his conjecture, ‘Someone’s behind all this.’

“So this is the power of a Morning Star? Even the Void Assassin could not take down the opponent!” In the core, the old man’s dignified face warped as he clenched his teeth.

“It doesn’t matter. I have the spell formations to control the core and the puppets on hand. Even if it takes up a little more energy, I have to take down the enemy!”

With his orders, the arms of the Void Assassins surrounding Leylin warped, revealing daggers, knives, and even weapons that looked like power saws. They were all translucent except for the golden runes twinkling on them, seemingly made from crystal.

Space twisted once more as these Void Assassins vanished into

thin air again. It was as if they were vipers hiding in the dark, preparing to deal a fatal blow at any time!

With these enemies around eyeing covetously at their prey, in addition to the pressure of the icy cage above their head, any ordinary Morning Star would definitely have sustained serious injuries.

“It’s a pity that you met me!” A sneer emerged at the corner of Leylin’s lips. Wasn’t the shadow-attribute Giant Kemoyin Serpent even better at concealing itself in the void? He’d previously used spells such as Shadow Stealth to lay in ambush, and he naturally knew about the weaknesses and disadvantages of such spells like the back of his hand.

Although the ancient spell formation was a little more troublesome, the enemy evidently did not have complete control over it. This gave him an opportunity.

“Only...” Leylin laughed coldly as a radiance sparkled in his eyes.

A translucent figure shot out from the void with a whoosh, the dagger in its hands aimed ferociously at Leylin’s eyes.

Leylin’s face remained unchanged and he suddenly stretched out his wrist. When it came to a stop once more, he was holding one of the puppet’s arms in his hands.

A gigantic blue iceberg, with a great blazing flame at its bottom,

started to exert pressure on everything below as it rumbled. At the same instant, a sharp aura suddenly shot out in the other three directions.

“Good! Very soon, that thing will belong to me...” In the control room, the old man watched a pale Leylin. Looking at his wounded body, he could not help but let out a carefree smile.

“Haha... So what if you’re a Morning Star? I’m the king here!” The old man spread out his arms and cheered, but his voice was instantly silenced with a grunt, as if he had been strangled at the neck.

When it came back, it returned as a frustrated curse, “How did he escape?”

In the projection he’d been looking at from the control room, Leylin’s condition had already hit rock bottom. His entire body was soaked in blood, and he seemed ready to die at any moment. However, every opportunity to kill him was thwarted by small problems in the coordination of the Void Assassins, letting him evade it by luck. At least, that’s what he’d seen it as.

And right when he was in the most desperate straits, that lucky Magus had actually discovered a flaw in the spell formation, directly breaking through space and escaping.

The old man roared in anger, smashing his fist violently on the platform of the control room with a bang.

“If I had known all the control spells, and obtained the highest authority, even a Radiant Moon Magus wouldn’t be able to escape this place, let alone this Morning Star!” What followed the bout of rage was a sense of helplessness.

Indeed, he’d used his map and reached the control room, obtaining partial authority by following his ancestor’s notes. In fact, he didn’t encounter much danger at all. However, his ancestor did not have a high position in Scarlet Crescent. This naturally meant he had no way to gain complete control of the place.

That previous spell formation was actually the limits of what he could accomplish with his current authority. As for those Void Assassins, he had to thank the fact that their creator was none other than his ancestor. That was why he had a backdoor method to take control of them.

“Damn! Damn! DAMN!” The old man’s face was full of indignance, “Just these Void Assassins have already made this trip worthwhile, but the most important item is still not in my hands. Not to mention, this place will definitely be monopolised by great forces in the future. I’ll no longer have a place here...”

He subconsciously shot a glance at the other black dots. They were already very close to the core area, especially the one that represented the Radiant Moon. It seemed to have an unstoppable force, barging its way through and already sweeping past several small-scaled resource points, making the Magus secretly hurt.

Such desire and the strong indignance led this Magus to a

decision, “Try again, no matter the result, you have to leave!”

He looked at another screen, pressing the jewel down without hesitation. A huge flame exploded forth, forming an enormous blazing giant that blocked Leylin’s path.

“So it’s fire after ice? But it’s still of the same degree of power as the previous one...” Leylin shook his head, becoming more confident in his judgment.

“Catch him! Catch him!” The old Magus grabbed the jewel with both hands, his eyes full of excitement and desire.

And at this time, Leylin, who was in the screen, suddenly lifted his head and laughed at him. The old man’s hair stood on end...

Chapter 530 - Sweeping of Obstacles

“Found you, you little rat!” The Magus was able to make out Leylin’s words from his mouth’s movements, immediately causing his eyes to turn red.

“Void Assassins, don’t hold back. Kill him!” As if having lost his self-control, the Magus held onto the command stick and roared.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! At least eight Void Assassins appeared instantly, charging straight for Leylin. In front of him, the large flame giant was also snarling as it brandished a large flaming metal whip.

The sealing formation, the flames, and the surprise attacks from multiple Void Assassins would be extremely troublesome for normal Morning Stars to deal with.

Even Demon Hunter Cyril would probably be seriously injured under such an attack!

[Beep! Found spiritual force link. Eliminating three areas with fake signals, determining coordinates!]

The A.I. Chip’s robotic voice sounded by Leylin’s ears, causing a smile to rise up on his face. Ever since he realised that there was probably someone behind the scene, Leylin had commanded the A.I. Chip try and identify the location of the core control room.

The slip ups and injuries sustained from before were all intentionally done to get his opponent to take the bait.

A spell formation was not able to supply adequate data and information, but the other party had obviously not been satisfied. He had dispatched someone to attack, allowing the A.I. Chip to discover his traces immediately!

‘From my guesses and the A.I. Chip’s simulation, the other party probably isn’t that strong, and may not even have access to the core control room of the ruins. Otherwise, it wouldn’t be an attack just of this level!’

Leylin watched the sharp blade and flames coming towards him, a strange smile appearing on his face.

A splendid layer of crimson-red rays suddenly emerged from his body, turning into four rings that floated up and down.

“Rank 1 innate spells: Kemoyin’s Scales, Eyes of Petrification!”

“Rank 2 innate spell: Toxic Bile!”

“Rank 3 innate spell: Intimidating Gaze!”

“Rank 4 innate spell: Bloodline Metamorphosis! Combining to form the Morning Star Arcane Art: Kemoyin Serpent

Transformation!”

Rumble! A humongous serpent that measured tens of thousands of metres long suddenly descended on the region.

Spell formations fell apart, the earth cracked, and multiple buildings turned to dust. Even the air was beginning to shake.

Po! The flame giant from before, as well as the many bindings and fire elemental spell formations, were swept away by the large snake’s body. All the runes were destroyed, and even the the spell formations at the base of the buildings flickered out.

In front of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent, the Void Assassins that were the size of a regular human were like ants. Their sharp swords could not even pierce through the scales, and instead, were sent crashing to a random area with a swing of its tail.

The Arcane Art of the ancient Morning Star Warlocks— Kemoyin Serpent Transformation. This trump card that would allow Warlocks to transform into a terrifying ancient beast appeared once more!

The giant black snake hissed as it aimed its head in a specific direction, its starry amber eyes the very personification of ridicule. Its body was like a black storm as it crushed the area.

Thump! Thump! Thump! On the way, various little flickers of brilliance could be seen on the giant serpent’s body, which then

dimmed.

“Wha-What’s going on? Is this a Morning Star Arcane Art? He-he dared-”

Having been locked onto by the aura of an ancient, giant beast, the Magus in the core control room went limp and fell to the ground. As he made contact with the other party’s eyes, the fear hidden deep in his genes exploded forth as his body went stiff, unable to move even a finger.

The direction in which the giant serpent had looked in was evidently the location of the core control room. Seeing how the other party was crushing everything in its way, it would probably take seconds to reach him.

This old man shuddered, now regretting provoking this fiendish person.

Boom! Like in a magnitude 9 earthquake, all the items in the core control room jumped up and fell loudly onto the ground.

Hearing the accompanying hisses, the old man shuddered even more in fright. He knew that the terrifying ancient, vicious beast had now reached the outside of the core control room.

“I have the defensive spell formation of the core control room. It... It’ll be fine!”

The attack from before had been obstructed, giving the old man some confidence. However, before he could struggle to get up, an even more powerful tremor could be felt.

Rumble! Bricks fell everywhere and the roof was torn open. Two eyes that were like stars shot out terrifying rays of light.

“Ah!” The old man went limp, a fishy smell even travelling from the crotch of his pants.

“Little worm, do you think you can hide?” The gigantic serpent suddenly turned small, regaining the size of a regular human. Large amounts of black gas turned into armour that merged onto his perfect body.

Leylin charged into the control room and held the old man by the throat, eyes flashing with a dangerous glint, “A mere Crystal Phase Magus dares attack a Morning Star on the sly?”

His own aura had weakened slightly, the consumption from before had not been small.

Due to the limitations of the peace agreement, Morning Star Magi were not allowed to use Arcane Arts that would affect large areas in the central continent. However, this was the Scarlet Crescent ruins, and technically speaking was not on the central continent. Naturally, that agreement did not extend to this place.

But why did the other Morning Star not use it?

It was because there were usually extremely powerful spell formations in the ruins. If the range of the Arcane Arts were too large, there would definitely be a chain reaction that would not be beneficial to the Morning Star Magi.

The second was because Magi had entered in order to plunder resources. How could they use such a powerful technique and destroy everything? Did they not want the loot?

Only people like Leylin, who thought nothing was taboo and had the A.I. Chip to find the specific location of his opponent, dared to bulldoze through after determining there were no traps or counteracting spell formations.

This also had to do with the old man having yet to gain complete control. If not, with the activation of any of the true ancient spell formations, Leylin would definitely be unable to break through and might even be trapped to his death by the spell formation.

“But since I started it, the situation will immediately change...”

Leylin laughed wryly inside. This was the consequence, but thankfully, he’d already prepared himself mentally. Even if he did not gain much here, it was all worth it.

“Hm? These undulations? Morning Star Arcane Art?!”

Vicious energy undulations immediately passed through the range of the ruins. Almost all Morning Star understood in that instant.

“Since someone has already made the first move, we need to hurry up!”

Cybel glanced at the wall made of large amounts of vines, and immediately looked annoyed, “Get out of the way!”

“Of course, my lord!” Paul, who knew what Cybel was planning on doing, immediately retreated far into the distance in case he got injured.

Afterwards, frightening energy undulations gathered at Cybel’s body, and a giant, all-annihilating storm even more terrifying than Philip’s swept through the place...

“A bunch of youngsters who don’t know how to follow rules!”

At the other end, a middle-aged man, golden all over like a god, shook his head helplessly. He put down a document in his hands.

“Anyway, someone has already taken control of a portion of the detection spell formation in the ruins. There’s also that feeling of being spied on...”

The middle-aged man’s brows furrowed, “I’m afraid that this truly must be the headquarters of the ancient Scarlet Crescent, and

must have a high value. If news of how I had come here with a group of Morning Stars and yet was one-upped by someone else spreads, it'll definitely be a huge joke..."

"In that case!" The phantom of a giant gold lion appeared behind the middle-aged Magus.

Boom! Just the pressure from the aura was enough for the entire building to collapse, the air shattering like iron chains.

"This feeling... These undulations... It's a great Radiant Moon Magus!"

Collins, as well as the other Morning Star Magi, began to look grim at the other end.

The phantom image of a golden lion in the horizon gave them a very bad feeling.

It was not just the Morning Stars of Jupiter's Lightning. Even the Warlocks of Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair immediately sped up their movements, berserk energy waves emanating from them.

When they no longer had reservations, the terrifying destructive ability of Morning Star Magi were showcased completely.

"As expected, after I made the first move, it caused a chain reaction among the other Morning Stars. None of them are holding back anymore and charging in this direction..."

Leylin looked at the notebook that lay wide open. Many buildings had already been broken through by a few black dots, and there were warning sirens everywhere.

Gurgle... Gurgle...

The old man was almost unconscious.

Never did he expect that, in just a short instant, these Morning Stars would suddenly turn into ancient oppressive beasts, the defensive spell formations like a mere joke in front of them.

At the thought that he had even thought of relying on the spell formations here to deal with them, cold sweat unceasingly dripped from the old man's forehead.

Leylin had yet to come up with a way to deal with the descendant of Scarlet Crescent. He had a very soft personality, and just by being threatened, he had immediately handed everything over, which included even the jurisdiction to control the Void Assassins. This saved Leylin some time, and also allowed the old man to escape the gruesome fate of having his soul searched.

It was not just this. On the other party's body, Leylin found the inheritance from his ancestor, which was quite a large harvest.

From his eyes, Leylin could tell that the old man still seemed to be hiding something. Time was scarce, however, and Leylin could

not waste more time to settle it.

“What are you afraid of? The setup of an ancient Magus won’t be that simple...”

Leylin shot the man a glance and spoke disdainfully. Though his earlier actions might have seemed reckless, the route had already gone through the A.I. Chip’s meticulous probing and calculations, and he had not triggered any fundamental, large formations.

After all, for ancient Magi, Morning Star was the bare minimum level. How could there not be specific countering spell formations? Those Magi would probably soon be in trouble.

Chapter 531 - Carelessness

“Ancient Morning Star Arcane Art — Ocean Crash!”

With a body thousands of metres tall, a monster with the head of a cow, body of a human and tentacles for feet emanated powerful energy undulations.

Behind it, four giant rings of light constantly flickered and fused, and the power of its point mass strengthened immensely from before, forming an alarming spell.

Like an ocean god had been enraged, great amounts of ocean water formed horses, goblins, dragons, and various other ancient beasts, drowning the large spell formation opposite it.

In front of the Morning Star Arcane Art, the large spell formation had broken out a powerful defensive force, but it was still smashed to smithereens, the vast ocean water bringing a great amount of pressure and washing through.

“This seems to be a cultivation base!”

Siebel’s aura suddenly grew unstable before he returned to his human form that would consume less energy. He charged into the spell formation and began to rummage through as he wished.

The Arcane Art left the base in a mess, looking like ruins after the end of the world. Yet, there were still some intact objects lying in

the dust and emanating light that attracted hi's attention.

“This is a Thousand-Eyed Worm Egg. It's so big, and can practically be exchanged for an astral stone of a similar quality...”

“And very concentrated refined gold. There's so much...” Siebel's eyes lit up, cheeks turning a rosy red.

Various famous and also unknown precious materials were lying on the ground like trash. Though many had been destroyed, they were still of high value.

Such enormous wealth was placed before him to be chosen from. Even in his life, this experience was very rare.

“Haha... If I'd known, I would have done this long ago. Though it might affect some treasures, I can save time and attack a few other areas...”

Siebel's eyes turned slightly red, as he scanned the ground and kept anything of value. He then left, reaching another area.

The surroundings of the large laboratory were flickering with crystal luster, obstructing Siebel like a city wall. At the door, there was a wooden sign that was a warning.

“Grandmaster Nuuk's Alchemy Laboratory! Do not disturb if you are not supposed to be here! You will bear the consequences!”

“He’s already been dead for over tens of thousands of years. Who are you kidding?” Siebel had originally been surprised by the crimson words on the sign, feeling a chill down his spine, but the harvests he had reaped caused him to get greedy.

“Once I attack this place, I can move on to the core area. The treasures there must be even more amazing...”

Siebel’s expression changed several times, but he gradually made his decision. Rays from innate spells of various ranks lit up from his body.

Of course, he had also set up several layers of defence, with magic equipment that looked like shells covering his body.

“Be ruined! Morning Star Arcane Art— Ocean Crash!”

The azure ocean that stretched as far as the eye could see, as well as the vicious ocean animals, immediately submerged the laboratory in front of him. All sorts of lights exploded, before dying down.

By the time Siebel was done, the laboratory had turned into a large ruins. All the spell runes had either been destroyed, smashed, or had disappeared.

“Haha... As expected! My guess was right!”

The counterattack he had expected did not arrive, and Siebel's face showed his elation. He first sent a few puppets forth cautiously, and after determining there was no danger ahead, pounced towards the ruins hastily and began to look through it.

Even Morning Star Magi did not get such chances often.

Meanwhile, spilled various violent and dangerous reactions were rapidly happening out of sight.

“Determined to be point mass reaction! Judged Morning Star-ranked enemy at area DK-34, activating counterattack spell formation.”

Up in the air in the secret space, large amounts of vacant spaces fused together and formed the strange shape of a crystal ball. At the heart of it was an unusual human in black robes, eyes giving off crimson rays.

Traces of a mysterious aura were emitted along with the control room's command. In the area above what had been the laboratory, a concealed spell formation began to operate.

“Extrapolating force of point mass. Attribute determined to be: Water. Activating counterattack spell formation. Begin!”

“Hm? What's going on?” Siebel raised his head, and in that moment, his intuition as a Magus made him feel immensely threatened, some existence was giving him the chills.

“Not good! I need to leave immediately!” He turned into a blue silhouette as he darted out.

However, it was too late. With a terrifying, high-pitched sound, a large, crimson spell formation appeared in the air. Large numbers of runic chains formed a cage, trapping him inside.

“Target confirmed. Beginning annihilation.” The icy, robotic voice immediately gave Siebel the feeling that he was in immense danger. However, as a Morning Star Magus, he would naturally not sit and wait to be killed.

“Ah! You want to kill me, just with this spell formation?” Siebel snarled, body exploding and revealing his true marine form.

At the same time, the enormous undulations from the Morning Star final technique appeared once more.

“Morning Star Arcane Art— Ocean Crash!”

A tremendous ocean descended, and many ancient creatures thundered as they charged straight for the runic chains.

Weng! The attacks fell on the thin runic chains, but were not able to cause any damage at all. Large amounts of blue light were absorbed by the chains, causing Siebel’s face to immediately turn pale.

“Ho-How?” Seeing a spell formation like this that could absorb a whole Morning Star Arcane Art, Siebel seemed to have been dealt a massive blow. Were Morning Star not able to do as they wished in the continent? Their Arcane Arts were even more horrifying, so how could this have happened?

Only now did he understand how terrifying ancient Magi were, but it was far too late.

Xiu! A giant blue bow appeared, still having some of the power Siebel’s own point mass as it shot out blue flames.

At the heart of the blue flames, there was a unique long arrow, the arrowhead having alarming black threads that distorted time and space.

Pu! Like paper being ripped through, his defensive layers were pierced through by the blue arrow, and even the Morning Star Magus’ famed soul force was rendered useless under the black threads.

The giant blue arrow pierced through Siebel’s chest, pinning him to the ground.

“I... will actually here... in the hands of a trap...” Siebel’s expression cycled, and he was unsure if he should laugh or cry.

Though these injuries would cause regular people or even Magi to die straightaway, Morning Star Magi had a vigorous life force and

powerful vitality that still allowed them to struggle for their lives for a period of time.

“I never thought I’d die here. Thankfully, I still have the marine tribe’s deity egg and can be reborn.”

Siebel had a wry smile on his face, unwilling to part with the precious items and magic equipment he had found. However, there was no way around it.

The marine tribe’s deity egg was a secret method of the marine tribe Magi to save one’s life, for Morning Stars and above. It was able to separate one’s blood, flesh and soul in the form of a marine egg, and after the fall of the main body, they would then be reborn in the egg.

As it was part of the Magus, after a period of training, it was possible to even return to the Morning Star realm!

Since it was so valuable, it was obviously extensively sought out. However, due to the limitations of the race, only the marine tribe were able to use it, causing many human Morning Stars to wring their hands in defeat.

Though there were some Magi who had one or even a few clones, if the main body fell, it was extremely difficult for the clone to reach Morning Star and was even considered impossible.

“Collection of soul aura complete. Beginning obliteration of soul

brand.”

At this moment, the icy robotic voice sounded once more, giving Siebel the impression that he was really in trouble.

Immediately after, he felt a strange force being transmitted to his body through the bow and arrow, and with the sensing abilities of his soul aura, felt it trace the source and reach a part of the past.

A scene suddenly appeared in his mind. It was that of when he had carefully placed the deity egg in his Magus Tower.

At that moment, multiple black threads were sent out, puncturing the deity egg.

“Oh! Noooo...” Siebel yelled while struggling. He could tell that with the changes in the scene, his original connection with the deity egg had been completely broken, and he would no longer have any chances at rebirth. In that case, if he were to die, it would truly be the end...

“How– How did it become like this?” Large amounts of blood spilt from the corner of Siebel’s mouth, which then turned into blue bubbles that exploded. His eyes closed for eternity.

In ancient times, there were many Magi with clones or those who entrusted their lives elsewhere. The methods were strange and hard to be determined, but many Magi who had participated in the great ancient Magus war had still fallen.

Once the original was completely wiped out, even a Morning Star would be helpless.

Poof! A spot of light that was like a morning star emerged from his body and, with the guidance of a stream of astral light, broke through the space and left.

This was a Morning Star Magus' point mass, holding his soul within.

Based on legends of the ancient Byron Empire, when Morning Star Magi completely died, their soul would return to the astral plane for eternity, floating in the deepest part of the astral plane and waiting for their next chance at reincarnation.

“Point mass discovered! Beginning seizure!”

A few large hands full of black runes emerged from the air and grabbed at the point mass. The formless force immediately spread throughout the area, causing the starlight to turn unsteady.

Sou! Taking this opportunity, the large black hands grabbed hold of the point mass, disappearing into the darkness.

Chapter 532 - Setup

Previously, hidden in the control room, the scenes of Siebel's death were displayed on the crystal screen for a pair of crimson eyes.

When the point mass was caught by the person behind this whole situation, the power bar increased by one unit on the side of the screen.

"..." The crimson light in that pair of eyes flickered intensely, but it soon subsided.

The chamber turned deathly silent again. A dark figure stayed at its spot, unmoving, unbreathing.

Meanwhile, news of Siebel's death swept through the entire ruins like a hurricane.

"What's this feeling?" Leylin's face changed the moment the astral plane opened automatically upon Siebel's death. He felt the fluctuation in the atmosphere of the astral plane and the point mass.

It was the same feeling he'd gotten when he'd killed Cyril, something he'd never forget.

"The death of a Morning Star Magus? The point mass returning to the astral plane?" Leylin mumbled in disbelief.

He took a long breath afterwards, “Sure enough, ancient ruins aren’t this simple. Even this core control room could be a mere disguise, with another true one hidden somewhere else!”

Leylin had gotten this suspicion a little earlier. Even if the old man didn’t have full authorisation, the defence of this place was far too weak. Now, it seemed it was only to be expected if this place was just a ruse that could only control the simplest spell formations.

Those powerful spell formations that had the power to suppress Morning Star Magi, and were even strong enough to kill them, were all hidden somewhere in the dark.

Leylin looked at the old man who was lying on the ground with sympathy when he thought of this.

It was obvious that his ancestor was of little importance in Scarlet Crescent, he had not even gotten a single bit of information about such matters.

“Anyway, all these things is none of my business. I’ve gotten what’s important, and therefore, it’s time to leave...” Leylin smiled, then flipped open the pale yellow notebook.

Even if the old man’s ancestor did not have much status, they had been very careful and had even noted down a secret passageway for the sake of their descendants. It allowed Leylin to leave Scarlet Crescent directly without returning through the

original route, which greatly reduced the level of danger.

“If this works out, the mission this time will truly have gone perfectly!”

Leylin rubbed his chin, “The others only know that I have entered the ruin, but they don’t know what I have gained, there’s still room for manipulation.”

At the bottom of his heart was an idea about how to break apart the bloodline shackles, a gift from the ancient Wisdom Tree. This was priceless information for bloodline Warlocks.

Because of this, Leylin had to safeguard the secret, or else he could be rejected and even persecuted by the bloodline Warlocks.

“The timing’s just right. I know Siebel’s dead, but the rest of the Morning Star Magi aren’t aware of this, which means he can be my scapegoat!”

Leylin could not help but sneer as he thought of what he saw in the core control room earlier on.

The other Morning Star Magi did not have the spell formation of this control room to monitor the entire ruin. At most, they only knew that one Morning Star Magus had perished, but they would not know which one it was.

In this case, it was possible for him to disguise himself as Siebel,

it wasn't like the dead could talk.

“Transfiguration! Projection Technique!” With a thought, Leylin's aura changed, becoming similar to Siebel's.

But this was far from enough. His cover would be blown the moment a Morning Star Magus scanned him with soul force.

“I planned to use this for research or just to sell it off. Who knew I'd be using it now...” Leylin flipped his palm, revealing a translucent test tube. There was a tinge of blue blood in it, emanating light.

This was the blood Leylin had extracted from Siebel during their fight.

“Conceal the bloodline! This is going to remove all light and resist detection...” Leylin spoke in a half-singing and half-chanting voice.

These were Arcane Arts that the A.I. Chip had deduced from the inherited memories of the bloodline.

It enabled one to use the bloodline of the target, covering up their own aura and imitate the energy fluctuations on the target. Soul force would be unable to detect it.

Moreover, this was a long-lost arcane art of bloodlines. Leylin had witnessed it when he'd awakened his own Kemoyin bloodline.

Other Morning Star Magi would definitely not have thought of it.

The spells sounded out as the test tube opened up in tandem with Leylin's incantation. The blue blood drifted into the air, turning into a hazy shadow that enveloped Leylin.

In the blink of an eye, Leylin looked as if he changed into another person. Not only did he have the same look as Siebel, even his aura mimicked those of the marine tribe.

It was so much so that the energy fluctuations of a Magus were emitted from him, as opposed to those of the vastly different Warlocks.

Even the Radiant Moon Magus of Jupiter's Lightning would find it hard to recognise him under such circumstances.

“Ma- Master?”

The old man who sat on the ground saw Leylin changing completely into someone else, and he could not help but stutter.

Leylin soon turned and looked at him, a trace of hostility flashing in his eyes.

Tremendous golden flames crackled and melted the void within seconds, clearing out a path of lava.

A blonde-haired middle-aged Warlock walked out with both hands behind him, followed by the phantom of a humongous golden lion.

“Right here! This is the first location where the energy fluctuations of a Morning Star Magus appeared. The core control room must be nearby!”

His brows furrowed while he glanced through the scenery on both sides. Looking at the huge depression and the remaining seawater, he frowned.

“Was I too late?”

Bang! Just then, the core control room nearby exploded, and a ferocious blaze engulfed everything.

The Warlock snorted with disdain, and a huge amount of fire was absorbed by the phantom at his back in an instant. His powerful soul force scanned around and discovered a blue figure immediately.

“Are you still trying to leave?” He smiled sarcastically, while a ray of golden lightning shot out immediately from the phantom behind him, quickly arriving at the blue figure.

“Arcane Art— Myriad Waves!”

An illusory domain in the form of a blue ocean was emanated from the blue figure, and a large surge of waves rushed ahead to form a huge wall that shielded him.

Ka-cha! Golden lightning split the waves apart, revealing the original form of the trembling fellow.

This was a giant who was a few meters tall, covered in blue skin. The inhuman aura was obvious.

“Marine Giant Siebel? Indeed, he was the fellow guarding this region, and one of the first to enter the ruins...” The middle-aged Warlock nodded, then he saw Siebel’s figure flicker before he fled quickly.

“You can’t escape!” Wayde, the Radiant Moon Warlock followed after him right away. As the blue giant was the first to reach the core control room, he must have gotten lots of treasure. Just the structural plans of the ruins would have him green with envy.

“Hand me everything you’ve obtained, and I will allow your truesoul back into the astral plane!” Wayde looked indifferent, but the phantom lion behind him started to fidget.

‘Only a fool will stay still...’ Half of Leylin’s body was severely burnt, but his figure moved swiftly in the ruins to escape. Even though the situation was bad, he had managed to escape from Wayde for the moment with the guidance of the map he had acquired.

Leylin put in huge effort to disguise himself as Siebel in this time period. Not only had he changed his aura completely using the Arcane Art, he had also used the data recorded by the A.I. Chip to imitate his domain, perfecting the facade.

With the aura, domain, and even the face matching, even if Leylin told him the truth now, Wayne wouldn't believe him.

Not to mention that he'd spent a lot of effort to conceal his powerful spells. With the rush he was in, his opponent would not have a single clue about his identity.

As for the old man and the core control room, Leylin had destroyed them both; he would never let someone who knew his secrets to live. After all, once the old man fell into another's hands, his disguise would be rendered useless.

'I didn't expect him to be this fast... Moreover, he's a rank 5 Magus who excels at lightning-based attacks!' Leylin smiled wryly. He had disguised himself as Siebel, and even had to mimic his spells. Despite the fact that Leylin knew water could not overpower lightning, he continued to use water spells to fight against Wayne as he could not risk exposing himself.

What was worse was that the opponent was way too fast. He had been caught unprepared.

However, it was all worth it.

A trace of a smile showed up on Leylin's face, and blue light flickered in his eyes as he tested Wayde's patience with the help of the numerous spell formations in the ruins.

At last, Wayde fumed with rage at the slippery moves of the Morning Star Magus before him, and did not want to probe Siebel any longer.

“Void Devourer!” His hand reached out ferociously, and the phantom opened its monstrous mouth in an attempt to swallow him.

Buzz! As if a massive black hole had appeared in the void, everything distorted and disappeared into the lion's monstrous mouth.

‘This was what I was waiting for!’ Leylin's eyes glinted, and he hid behind another huge bell tower.

Crack! The bell tower was broken, and even the foundation was uprooted by the suction force.

Buzz! A strong wave of energy appeared, unveiling a complex spell formation hidden underground.

“Hmmm, what's this? Power from the core?” Wayde's brows furrowed. Soon, he was buried in crimson spell formations that came out of the blue.

“Intruder spotted, Radiant Moon Warlock!” A cold mechanic voice sounded.

Chapter 533 - The Continuation

“Success!” Not far away, the golden lion phantom was trapped in a crimson spell formation. Seeing it growl continuously, Leylin clenched his fist resolutely.

Since he had the guts to take Siebel’s place, he naturally also had a way out.

Many important locations were marked out on the notebook he had seized. The energy hub was one of the most important places. Leylin was confident that once this area was attacked, the hidden defense program would immediately be activated.

After all, he had intentionally avoided many spell formations along the way, and used Morning Star Arcane Arts with restraint. Thus, he appeared relatively harmless. Needless to say, the program would deal with the more terrifying rank 5 Warlock first.

A Radiant Moon Warlock was not to be trifled with. Even in the ancient times, such a Warlock was a strong contender that conquered.

The collisions between these two would instantly devastate their surroundings, causing an already chaotic region to become even more disordered.

Even if there were any problems or clues left behind, they would have been quickly wiped out in the destruction.

As the golden lion phantom continued growling, Leylin smiled coldly, his body completely fading into the void.

The ruins no longer held any attraction for Leylin. The dangers would increase exponentially, and forcing himself to stay wouldn't bring him any benefits as well. Leylin thus decided to evacuate.

Half a month later, Phosphorescence Swamp, Ouroboros Clan headquarters, inside of Leylin's huge castle.

"How were the ruins of Scarlet Crescent?" Leylin was now wearing a loose robe and conversing leisurely with someone else through the screen in front of him.

Paul's figure surfaced on the screen, just that he seemed a little gloomy. Even his tentacles were drooping listlessly. Evidently, he didn't receive any good news.

"It has been confirmed that the ruins of Scarlet Crescent have been completely closed. The coordinates have all become invalid, and I reckon that it has undertaken a spatial jump!" Paul didn't look too well.

Previously, with the directions from the notebook, Leylin had managed to escape unharmed through a spatial path that had opened up. Hence, he also missed the drastic changes that had taken place afterwards in the ruins. Of course, this was how he

avoided danger.

It was only after Paul and company emerged in a fluster that Leylin found out about what had happened in the ruins.

It turned out that the ancient Magi from the Scarlet Crescent had left behind an Adamantine Golem in the ruins, which acted as the control centre.

This Adamantine Golem had an intelligence on par with humans, and could think like a normal human being, except that it was equipped with a program to comply with orders.

What was even more special was that not only had this Adamantine Golem mastered all the ancient spell formations in the ruins, it could also recharge itself by devouring Morning Star Magus point masses!

During the previous fight, upon discovering that it couldn't defeat the rank 5 Warlock, Wayne, the Adamantine Golem immediately started attacking the other Morning Star Magi in the ruins.

Numerous ancient spell formations had surfaced, costing Paul and company dearly.

In front of spell formations specially deployed by the ancient Magi, even Morning Stars were destined to fall. Blair and another Morning Star had fallen straight away from Spirit Circle. On Wind

Wolf Lair's end, Philip was seriously injured while Palesa fell directly. Even Cybel, the strongest of them all, was severely wounded, and was rumored to have almost fallen from his Morning Star position.

On the other hand, Jupiter's Lightning was no better. At least half of their men suffered grave injuries, while the remaining few had superficial wounds.

After recharging through absorbing numerous point masses, the Adamantine Golem started to show its prowess. With the assistance of the many ancient spell formations, even Wayne was wounded and eventually chased out.

The other Morning Stars had to get themselves out of danger one by one. Paul was lucky; he had managed to jostle his way into a spatial crack, and was teleported to the border of the Magus world, which saved his life.

From then onwards, the Scarlet Crescent ruins vanished from Crystal Mountain. Other Magi came forth afterwards, but no matter how hard they tried to scout it out, not even a trace of the place could be found.

According to the judgment of a few specialists, the Adamantine Golem must have activated a spatial jump right after attaining sufficient energy, teleporting the ruins away.

Under such a situation, these Magi were so stunned that they could only drop the idea of going in for another round of looting.

As for Leylin? He fabricated a lie about how he hadn't gained a lot after entering the pocket dimension, and had immediately backed out after the rank 5 battle started.

This, of course, raised doubts from Cybel and the others, but those were only suspicions. Furthermore, as they had just lost a great deal of strength, they were in no position to question Leylin.

Additionally, someone else had taken the limelight away from Leylin.

"Oh right, has Sebel been found?" Leylin asked seriously, trying to contain his laughter.

Due to Wayde's allegations and other evidence, many Morning Stars unanimously agreed that the Marine Giant Siebel of Jupiter's Lightning had gained the most fortune from the ruins, and had even intruded into the core control room.

Jupiter's Lightning reacted relatively strangely. They declared that Siebel had already fallen and perished. Even the deity egg in the Magus Tower was damaged. This did raise some suspicions.

However, the Warlocks led by Wayde were enemies with them, and thus did not receive any response. They could only try to probe for information on the sly.

"He hasn't! As you know, prophesying about a Morning Star

Magus is really troublesome, especially with the presence of the Morning Star domain. Coupled with the radiation from the Magus himself, even a Radiant Moon Magus specializing in prophecy spells cannot solve such problems. We need someone that is at least a Breaking Dawn, and he has to be an expert in prophecies...”

Paul gave a forced laugh. A Breaking Dawn throne specializing in prophecies? Leylin smirked. Such a person has never been seen before in the central continent.

“We suffered many losses this time round, and returned with only injuries. Only you managed to reap some decent gains!” Paul seemed sour, which was rare. He stared at Leylin’s right ear.

Leylin gave a light laugh and touched his earlobe. A crescent accessory covered his ear, casting a crescent shadow.

This was a high-grade magic equipment: the Scarlet Earring! After confirming that it didn’t pose any danger, Leylin immediately put it on.

A high-grade magic equipment! Even Morning Star Magi would be envious. After all, even the raw materials of such an item have disappeared from the face of the central continent for a long time, thus it would be impossible to produce it again.

Perhaps only the Breaking Dawn noble powers who have explored other worlds and obtained loads of resources might own a few of these items.

Most of the magic equipment that Leylin had seen before were low-grade items, and even middle-grade items were rare. It wouldn't be hard to guess the value of this high-grade piece magic equipment.

Not only did Leylin escape unscathed, he even reaped relatively huge gains. It was no wonder that Paul was envious of him.

It was only after much deliberation did Leylin that decide to display this magic equipment. His previous actions may have appeared suspicious; if the first batch of Magi who entered left without a single piece of loot, it would attract unwanted attention.

Now, the appearance of the Scarlet Earring would serve as a reasonable explanation for all that happened.

Paul thought to himself, 'If it was me, perhaps I would have been satisfied with the discovery of the Scarlet Earring as well. It would have been enough for me to stop there and find my way out instead.'

What was more miraculous was how the complete disappearance of the Scarlet Crescent ruins had made most of the contract that Leylin signed with them obsolete. He didn't even have to redistribute what he'd obtained.

Initially, when they decided upon the allocation, they had included the entire ruins as one of the most important lands. Now that they had suffered a dead loss, the agreement would naturally lose its validity as well.

This was definitely beneficial for Leylin.

He was prepared to keep the secret of the ancient Wisdom Tree until his death. It was only an intelligence report anyway, and didn't occupy much of his share. Withholding this piece of information and then distributing his profits fairly would deceive everyone.

Now that he was the sole owner of all the shares, it was even better.

As the previous agreement was made obsolete, anything obtained from the ruins would belong to the person who found it. No matter how jealous Paul was, he couldn't do anything about it.

With such a high-grade magic equipment, it was needless to say that Leylin's strength would increase exponentially. Now that Cybel was suffering from heavy losses, they couldn't make things ugly even if they wanted to, as their strength could not be compared to Leylin's.

Not only that, Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair had suffered great losses in terms of strength. The successive fall of their Morning Stars caused problems to surface in their rule. Enemies from before also started getting themselves ready for action.

In such uncertain times, they would be more than willing to receive external assistance from Leylin, who had good connections. This would be more favourable than allowing him to

side with their enemies.

That was how this matter passed.

‘If it were not for the two Radiant Moons!’ Leylin secretly added on.

Although Leylin had tried his best to cover his tracks through questioning himself, it was hard to guarantee that he didn’t leave any traces behind at all. If the Scarlet Crescent ruins were found, or even broken into, it would be possible to find gaps through on-site tests.

There were many tricks up the sleeves of those Radiant Moon Magi, many of which he would not have even thought of. Thus, there was still a hidden danger.

But what was a little risk compared to these returns?

Furthermore, the Radiant Moon Warlock on Leylin’s end, Wayne, was very certain that the Marine Giant Siebel was the main culprit. This imperceptibly lifted immense pressure off Leylin. Since he had long offended that Radiant Moon Magus from Jupiter’s Lightning, a little more enmity wouldn’t make much difference.

“Oh right, Sir Leylin, you seemed to have gained a lot from this trip to the Scarlet Crescent ruins. I have a few items here as well, how about a mutual exchange?” Paul finally revealed his true

intention of making the call.

Although both he and Leylin had obtained a few items in the ruins, they might not be fit for use, thus it was vital to exchange items of equivalent value.

Chapter 534 - Morning Star Area

“Alright, we can make the trade in the Morning Star trading area!” Leylin said after a moment and nodded. He then ended the call.

The point of the transaction was a small plane that was accessed and linked through the astral gate. It was the channel to which Cybel gave Leylin access for trading amongst Morning Star Warlocks.

That was a large camp and trading area built together by a few Radiant Moon Warlocks, and Leylin was delighted.

Though his Magus Tower and astral gate were still under construction, he could still travel through another astral gate.

While pondering over this, Leylin entered a large honeycomb-like structure in the technological section.

Here was an astral gate that could be used.

“Your Grace!” Schadt brought a group of Warlocks in white coats that looked very much like researchers from his previous world, and bowed to Leylin.

“En! I want to use the astral gate here. The rest of you can leave first.” Leylin waved his arms, sending Schadt and the rest away.

With his current status, Schadt did not dare say more. He immediately brought his subordinates away, giving up the spacious laboratory to Leylin.

“Astral Gate!” Leylin saw a giant stone gate in the spell formation at the centre.

Around the stone gate were blue flames that formed a giant bundle of light and covered everything. If Leylin wasn't at the Morning Star realm, he might not even see the true body constructed of astral stones.

The stone gate was simple yet dignified, spatial runes roving around and revolving every once in a while as they emanated a unique luster.

“Astral plane! What a vast, wide place. I wonder if I'll be able to explore it to its depths in my lifetime...” Leylin sighed. He had a premonition. Perhaps... When he completely understood the secrets of the astral plane, he would achieve his goal of immortality!

[Beep! Astral gate opened. Please determine coordinates!]

The A.I. Chip's robotic voice sounded.

The giant stone gate emitting blue astral light began to rumble, a

large black whirlpool appearing in the middle. Boundless silver spatial rays shot out from within, as well as a vast, mysterious astral aura.

“Go!” With a wave of his hand, a point of light that was like a star landed on the astral gate.

These were the coordinates to the Morning Star trading area that Paul had given him. After the A.I. Chip had recorded it down, he could use soul force and turn the location into a point of light.

The coordinates of different worlds and plans were very different from the 2D plane coordinates in Leylin’s previous life. It was definitely not 3D either, but something that constantly warped and jumped in curves. At the same time, they seemed to have some point of reference in the astral plane and formed a specific frequency.

Even with the powerful calculative abilities of the A.I. Chip, it was still unable to simulate the entire process. Only through continuous use could it be completely understood.

When the point of light that was like a star landed on the surface of the stone gate, a startling change happened.

Bzzzz! The astral gate trembled, the countless wandering runes emitting an alarming luster. The two sides of the gate opened with a rumble, revealing a spatial passageway that was like a galaxy.

“As expected, the consumption is very little. Just the reserves of astral stones that I borrowed can be used for three days or more!”

Leylin was in no hurry to enter, only watching the A.I. Chip as it recorded data, and couldn't help but nod.

The operating rules of the astral gate still had to abide by the most fundamental physical laws. The further the teleportation, the greater the consumption. The Morning Star trading region was at the edges of the Magus World, and the consumption was obviously low, to the point that it was negligible. It was very convenient in moving manpower or cargo.

“Hm? That's not right! This Morning Star area is obviously a strategic location for large bases and war movements of high-ranked Warlocks!” Leylin was startled, but immediately understood.

With a point of communication in the Morning Star area, as long as organisations had Morning Star Warlocks and astral gates, they could be sent aid from the Morning Star area through astral gates, and could even have Warlocks from the union lend their support!

It could be said that the Morning Star area, along with the astral gates, was a huge teleportation network that linked all bloodline Warlock organisations

“What an amazing plan! Such a convenient method of receiving aid, and very flexible as well. It's no wonder that bloodline Warlock organisations are spread throughout the central

continent, and are still so close. There doesn't seem to be any issues that might divide them..."

The more Leylin thought about it, the more clear it was. He couldn't help but begin to admire those Radiant Moon Warlocks for their thoughts and decision.

Of course, the requirements to enter the teleportation formation was very high. There needed to be at least one Morning Star Warlock or above, as well as an astral gate.

Any one of the Dukes of the Ouroboros Clan could have sent for help from the Morning Star region through the astral gate. The invaders would immediately be destroyed, and Leylin would not have had to risk his life alone.

At this thought, Leylin had little to say.

If he had obtained the coordinates to the Morning Star region earlier, things would not have been so difficult for him, to the point that he needed to gamble on some things.

However, it wasn't too late. The connection between the Ouroboros Clan and the Morning Star area was established once again, and he could obtain reinforcements any time. He would not have to be as cautious as before.

Leylin laughed, a trace of dark soul force emitting from the area between his brows and into the passageway.

Since it was the first time he was making contact with the Morning Star area, he would not put himself in danger. On top of that, the consumption of having his body going through as compared to just his soul force was much higher. Using his soul force would save a lot of energy.

It had to be said that sometimes, Leylin was a very miserly Magus.

The spatial travel was very quick this time, and the repercussions were mild. Leylin focused his mind on the soul force, and immediately felt it going through the astral gate and linking with another small-scaled plane.

“Foreigner, this is the gathering area of bloodline Warlocks. State your name and status!”

Just as the soul force reached the outer regions of the plane, Leylin felt a powerful undulation being transmitted to him. That was the bloodline aura unique to Radiant Moon Warlocks, ruthlessly scanning Leylin’s soul force.

‘A Radiant Moon Warlock, and their real body at that! This must be the protector in charge of the Morning Star area,’ Leylin wondered inside, his soul force emitting a stream of information.

“I am Leylin Farlier of the Ouroboros Clan.” At the same time, the dark soul force instantly sent out a layer of crimson brilliance, with the aura of the Kemoyin bloodline.

The unique power of a Warlock's bloodline, as well as the aura of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent, symbolised his status. It was a mark that was difficult for others to imitate.

"En! Cybel's brought you up before, and the bloodline power is correct. Welcome home, little guy!" The conscient immediately turned friendly, sending Leylin some words of encouragement and retreating into the other plane.

Leylin's soul force did not hesitate and followed him in.

"Is this the Morning Star area?" A streak of dark light formed a black human figure. Leylin couldn't help but look around, fascinated.

He was now in a large square. Raising his head, he could see a shattered sky, with nebulae and giant protective stars and the like in the spatial cracks.

Above some of the protective stars, there was a huge ring of light that was even larger than the sun, looking as if it was about to fall.

High-ranked Warlocks could be seen walking around the square on occasion. Compared to the small-scaled gathering before, Leylin now saw even more Morning Star Warlocks, and with some, he could not even sense the source of their bloodline.

This was the point where high-ranked bloodline Warlocks in the

central continent gathered, and naturally could not be compared to the last time.

Leylin began to observe carefully. The Warlocks here were naturally at the Morning Star realm and above, their bodies all having unique auras. Some looked completely different from regular humans just from their outer appearance.

It was evident that this was not their first time here. They were not surprised by Leylin's presence in the square, going about their own matters.

Some of them had descended with their real bodies, while there were others like Leylin with just a thread of their soul force changed into flames, bundles of light, or other shapes.

"Paul, I'm here!" Leylin's soul force turned into a rune and sent out a message to the imprint.

Almost instantly, he received a reply, "Welcome, welcome! Are you at the square? Wait, I'll come get you!"

Minutes later, a large steel puppet reached the square, its sapphire eyes shooting out light and immediately finding Leylin's location.

Identifying people by their soul force was the main method Morning Star Warlocks used to distinguish people. They were rarely wrong.

Seeing Leylin staring at his puppet, Paul couldn't help but chuckle, "Haha... my friend! It's your first time here. I'll gift you a steel puppet soon, since it's slightly inconvenient without a body!"

Morning Star Warlocks used astral stones very sparingly, and if it was not necessary, they would not try to pass through with their real bodies. Instead, through their soul force, they would prepare a clone or puppet, and things would be fine.

The black figure formed from the thread of Leylin's soul force laughed and spoke, "This isn't bad either. Aren't you going to bring me around?"

"Of course!" The large steel puppet immediately led the way, every step causing an earthquake, attracting the attention of many Warlocks.

"This is the Morning Star area, the holy land of bloodline Warlocks. It's also where all our strength and hope lies!" Paul explained.

"You should understand how trading and everything works, right?"

"Of course. A network of teleportation spell formations spanning across the central continent! As expected, it's a huge project!" Leylin sucked in a deep breath.

Chapter 535 - Protected Star Trading

“Yes. Through the Morning Star Area, any Morning Star Warlock can get support at anytime. Even if our brothers are spread throughout the central continent, this place can still keep us closely linked.”

Paul’s words held a tone of awe, and the respect he held towards the Warlocks who had thought up this plan was obvious.

“Yes. If I had had the coordinates to the Morning Star Area the last time, things wouldn’t have been so difficult...” Leylin sounded helpless as he sighed.

“Haha... but it’s not too late to know now!” The hand of the steel puppet seemed to pat Leylin’s shoulder, but went through the black figure.

As if trying to hide his embarrassment, Paul immediately laughed as he spoke. “Oh! By the way, all of our bloodline Warlock organisations provide each other with long-distance delivery services. Of course, they take a fee, and need to be on good terms with the other party!”

“Bloodline Warlocks are very united...” Leylin’s eyes shone, immediately knowing the function of this service.

Even if it was the airship network of the Monarch of the skies, it would take years to travel from one end of the central continent to the other. In the process, they had to move across countless

dangerous regions, and even Morning Stars would find this troublesome.

Unless it was absolutely necessary, other Magi would stay in their own territories, and seldom conducted super long-distance travels.

With the teleportation through the Morning Star Area, travelling to any region in the central continent could happen in an instant as long as there was a Morning Star Warlock organisation there.

Of course, as the teleportation was through the astral gate, the arrival would be at the other party's headquarters or even Magus Tower.

This served as a threat to the Warlocks who teleported over. The Warlocks that received them would not easily reveal secrets of their nest to another Warlock.

This required a certain amount of trust from both sides, as well as unity.

However, Leylin believed that with the huge pressure from the external world, and the coordination of the few Radiant Moon Warlocks in the inner circles, this was not yet a problem.

“The space here is large, and there are many uninhabited areas. As long as you take control of it, it's yours and you're free to do as you like, as long as you don't encroach on public territory!”

Paul continued on, “I have a castle outside, but you need to be careful. In these uninhabited regions, there are vengeful spirits and the like. Things will get very complicated if you get hurt, since it’s malice that has been amassed in a location.”

Leylin looked grim as he nodded, tactfully not asking what had happened to the people who had fallen to this state.

“By the way... Where is the trading hall?”

Leylin took a quick look. After walking out of the square from before, there were only a few shops here and there, with some puppets or clones inside selling personal items. Some of the shops had even closed their doors, only accepting members.

However, just the light from the front desk had Leylin in a daze. The astral stones that he had found so difficult to acquire when he was rank 3 seemed to be of less value, with each shop having a couple pieces.

There were obviously many treasures here. Leylin even saw quite a few medium-grade magic equipment.

However, what confused Leylin was that the trading hall that he was looking for could not be found. Even after he walked a whole round through the trading area, he could not find anything that resembled a building.

“Uh... Lord Leylin, my castle isn’t too far away. How about we go

there andrest, sampling rainbow juice and jewelled meat from the Gourmet World? How about it?” Paul awkwardly laughed.

Leylin’s expression turned cold with dissatisfaction. Paul was obviously afraid that after seeing the trading hall, he would be able to accurately gauge the real value of his items, thus disabling his ability to take advantage of him.

“Hehe... Big octopus, are you swindling newbies again?” Before Leylin had even flared up, a large flower that looked like a rose giggled from the side.

The rose looked about the size of a regular human, its roots twisting around each other and forming something similar to a human’s two feet. A little girl’s face appeared at the stamen.

“Hey, newbie! The public area for trading is above you. Just look up and you’ll know. No need to thank me...”

The giant human-shaped flower hummed while skipping off, while Paul’s face turned red. Thankfully, he was now controlling a puppet, and it was not evident.

“Above me?!”

Leylin raised his head in amazement, staring at the large, starry skies that were like the universe, particularly at the giant star that looked ready to fall. Numerous rings of light formed a pattern around her, bright and beautiful.

“Could it be?!”

Leylin was shocked, soul force immediately extending to the protective star.

Rumble! Like a universe exploding, information streamed into Leylin’s brain. If he had not already reached Morning Star realm and had some experience in the past, he might explode from this onslaught of data.

“Selling 5632 g astral stone! Accepting exchange with item of equal value!”

“High grade meditation technique— Void Phantom, total of five levels. Complete. Requesting...”

“Purchasing bloodlines, remains or even goods from ancient creatures at a high price. Price will be favorable. Add me immediately!” At the side was a secret imprint symbol.

“Medium-grade magic equipment trade. I need a defensive magic equipment. Any difference in price can be compensated with another hundred star gems!”

“Selling living beings— Desolate Bone Wolf tribe, as well as a wolf king with a limit of rank 3!”

“Selling spatial Arcane Art, as well as an incomplete spatial coordinate. If interested, please hurry...”

Leylin’s eyes flashed with blue, the A.I. Chip quickly turning and gathering all this information, forming a large price list and a curved line of the selling price.

Leylin chuckled, clearly understanding the preciousness and general prices of certain items.

“Haha... The weather’s quite good!” Paul laughed. “Lord Leylin, there’s too much chaotic information here. I just wanted you to get some rest...”

Paul said something even he wouldn’t fall for. Would soul force need rest?

Unexpectedly, Leylin immediately agreed. “Lord Paul, please lead the way!”

“Wha-What? You still want to go to the castle? Oh, no, no! I mean... are you not going to take a look at the market?” Paul was slightly confused and even bewildered, to the point that he forgot his words.

“Haha! Spirit Circle is my Ouroboros Clan’s ally, so I obviously believe you! Besides, I’m rather curious about the rainbow juice and jeweled meat!” Leylin lifted his head and chuckled, looking as if he did not mind. Paul was immediately touched.

What he did not realise was in the moment Leylin laughed, there was a cold glint in his eyes.

After walking out of the public area, everything instantly seemed desolate. The Morning Star Area was a plane after all, and no matter how many of their few Radiant Moon Warlocks had dealt with it, they could not attend to every single area.

Even public places were frequented only by Morning Star Warlocks, and thus appeared like a ghost town. The area was large but there were few people, and the frequency of an individual occupying a lot of land was extremely high.

The situation was even worse outside. Besides a few castles and buildings like that near the public region, the other areas were basically a wasteland.

The vengeful spirits formed of malicious thoughts and ill intent were very stubborn and difficult to deal with.

Before a complete 'purification', even Radiant Moon Warlocks had few methods to deal with it. They could only allow them to lie around idly, not even able to make use of them.

They headed all the way to Paul's castle.

While it was called a castle, Warlocks' aesthetics were rather different from those ordinary people. The castle in front of Leylin

was a few large spheroids floating in the air, with a column connecting the bottom to the ground.

“Look! This is the castle I designed myself. What beautiful arches! And that feeling of complete perfection! Oh! It makes me want to recite a poem...” Paul was obviously in a good mood, but Leylin politely declined.

On the ground, there was an installation similar to an elevator. The smart butler immediately recognised Paul’s aura, sending him and Leylin into the castle.

“Haha... This area is rather crude with only a few refined-gold servants. Don’t take offence...” Paul brought Leylin to a strangely-shaped hall to sit, and an intellectual servant immediately brought a round plate over.

Inside was juice that was spilling over with an aroma, as well as roasted meat.

The juice was poured in a transparent glass cup, but revealed a seven-coloured luster, similar to a rainbow. The meat, too, had a tint on the surface similar to jewels.

These two were food from another world. Even Morning Star Magi would have difficulty obtaining this. The taste was amazing, and though Paul usually could not bring himself to enjoy it, he had taken it out and shown off his treasure for Leylin’s sake.

“It’s alright!” Leylin laughed as he shook his head. While he knew that in theory, they could move migrants here to work, the purification was not thorough enough. Besides Morning Stars, even other low-ranked Warlocks might not be able to handle the contamination, much less regular people.

Perhaps... The union head had already attempted at experiments in this area, only to be met with failure.

Leylin did not think into this, picking up his cutlery in a practised manner and elegantly cutting himself a piece of jeweled meat.

“Oh!” The moment the piece of meat on the fork entered his mouth, the delicious juice from the meat combined with a unique aroma and began to attack Leylin’s taste buds, causing every cell in his body to rejoice.

“That is delicious! I’m not going to hold back then!”

Mind ready to take some revenge, he began to enjoy the food without restraint, feeling a thrill go through him as he watched Paul’s heartache.

Chapter 536 - Soul Issue

The Gourmet World was another world in the astral plane.

Rumours from ancient times had it that even a brook or a rock would taste supremely delicious there.

This was the pinnacle of enjoyable food, and many Magi could not resist the temptation.

Based on Leylin's knowledge, the Warlock Union had yet to have any records of a successful attack on another world, which made these all the more precious.

Seeing the delicacies in front of Leylin constantly being consumed, Paul's robotic face seemed to be in anguish, especially the soul force that unwittingly showed his emotions. Leylin was even more cheerful as he ate quicker.

Though his main body wasn't here, the pleasures felt by soul force could be connected to the main body.

When Paul could no longer endure this, Leylin raised his head properly, "Lord Paul! Seems like we can now discuss the issues about trading the spoils..."

The look of grievance Paul had on his face had Leylin laughing inside, but his expression was even more serious. Paul wanted to vomit blood.

After coming out from Paul's place, Leylin's expression still held a smile.

Though he had taken a hasty look, the A.I. Chip had already remembered the prices of everything in the trading market, giving Leylin a price list of objects used by Morning Stars and above.

With this list, Paul's thoughts of taking advantage of Leylin's unfamiliarity with market price was thoroughly fruitless, and he had even suffered a loss of great amounts of treasures from the Gourmet World.

Recalling his expression of wanting to vomit blood, Leylin felt the urge to laugh.

Of course, Spirit Circle was still Ouroboros Clan's ally, and Leylin had not gone too far. At least, when he had been eating the meat, he'd thrown a few bones to Paul.

When he sold off some of the treasures from Scarlet Crescent at a slightly discounted price, Paul's dead expression eased slightly. That said, the other party would definitely not dare deceive him anymore.

Boom! Yellow earth exploded, and a giant black figure strode forward, each step causing the surroundings to tremble.

“As expected, a puppet is easier to use than soul force!” Leylin controlled the giant black steel puppet, extremely satisfied.

The soul force from before had only been a virtual body, and he could not do many things. On top of that, the energy consumption was high. Now that he had the puppet, it was like giving his soul force a layer of clothing. Not only could he do things that needed a corporeal body, even the energy consumption had lessened.

This puppet was obviously not Paul’s. Leylin had teleported one over himself.

After negotiating the trade, the two of them had immediately used the astral gate and sent over the items, finishing the trade in an instant. The teleportation fees were meagre, but Paul took responsibility for that. Leylin had taken the opportunity and sent over a puppet for himself, causing Paul to roll his eyes.

“Something I made myself is easier to use. Besides, I don’t dare touch any of that octopus’ things. Who knows what soul scrying techniques or traps are inside...”

Leylin was still quite fearful towards the most mysterious branch of bloodline Warlocks, the spirit Warlocks.

“Hm?!” Leylin’s eyes flashed, having discovered something. His body turned into a black figure, colliding into a little hill like a savage beast.

Boom! The hill exploded, sending rocks flying everywhere. While dust flew everywhere, a human figure flew out.

The human figure looked thin and small, and its body was translucent. One was somewhat able to see the scenery behind it.

“A vengeful spirit that possesses worldly malice?” Leylin burst out in laughter, soul force forming a large hand and grabbing it.

By the time his opponent came before him, Leylin realised that the vengeful spirit looked to be only 13 or 14 years old. It looked like a delicate boy, eyes still holding fear.

“The environment isn’t bad here, and the vengeful spirit created here is considered top-rate even in the central continent. Should I take over a place and build a spirit experimentation area or something...”

Leylin watched the boy’s faint figure in the large hand, stroking his chin.

This vengeful spirit was completely intimidated by Leylin’s terrifying pressure, and could only tremble.

“Hm? Is this power the malice of the world?” While grabbing the boy, Leylin felt a strange force emitting from the body, and even trying to invade his soul force.

This was a force similar to the force of destiny, yet at the same

time also similar to Gaia's extensive will. If not for Leylin having researched deeply into these two areas, he might not even have noticed it.

“If it was a complete and powerful world, even Morning Stars would be unable to handle its malice. It's a pity...”

Leylin sighed. This was merely a plane, and it was broken. Even Gaia's will had been defeated at the hands of Radiant Moon Warlocks till it was in tatters. If not, it would not have only this amount of strength.

Gaia's will was, in actuality, the culmination of common trains of thought amongst living bodies, and even non-living bodies such as the earth and ocean.

Now, however, all intellectual beings of this plane had been exterminated, leaving behind vengeful spirits, and allowing Warlocks to take over more of it.

Perhaps... Tens of thousands of years later, humans would thrive. Gaia's will, which would be protective of the new humans and Warlocks' benefits, would completely replace the original will here, and beat these down.

“This sort of malicious intent depends on the entire plane. If a new Gaia is not created, or the area is completely destroyed, this situation will not completely die away. It will be very troublesome...”

Leylin's brows furrowed. Soul force began to quiver with a specific undulation, immediately shaking out this malicious intent.

Bang! The faint figure of the boy in his hands immediately looked sinister and quickly exploded, turning into streams of black air and dissipating.

“How long will it be until all the mysteries of the soul are laid bare before me?”

Leylin observed the desolate area, sighing ruefully as he commanded, “A.I. Chip! Show me the progress on the simulation of the fifth level of Kemoyin's Pupil!”

[Beep! Progress of 5th level of meditation technique, Kemoyin's Pupil: 30%!]

The A.I. Chip loyally intoned. This number had been stuck here for a long while, and if he did not make any breakthrough, he would probably not be able to make any progress.

Looking at this number, Leylin sighed silently.

In terms of a Magus' progress, progress from ranks 1 to 3 relied on spiritual force. From 4 to 6, it would touch on the soul. The even more mysterious rank 7 required the grasping of some power of the world, or in other words— laws!

Leylin was now stuck in the training of the soul.

Kemoyin's Pupil only had four levels, and there was no elaboration on the later realms. Leylin could only grope around blindly.

However, soul force was hard to understand. Even the A.I. Chip now could not completely come up with the date of others. How could he conduct simulations and the like?

‘Perhaps even rank 5 or 6 Magi or Warlocks might not be able to fully understand the working of souls. In addition, while strengthening soul force, one can only rely on meditation techniques and long periods of time...’

Leylin couldn't help but recall the Wing of the Sun. Even this top-grade meditation technique's explanation about souls was not clear. The author had often marked speculation and guesses. That meant that even a terrifying rank 6 being like the Sun's Child did not have enough understanding of the soul, and only depended on the characteristics of its race to gain power.

‘Compared to Magi, Warlocks use the power of their bloodlines to strengthen the soul. Most of the time, nobody understands how it works. Meditation techniques mostly teach how to activate the power of the bloodline, which is why their knowledge on souls is even lesser than that of Magi! Maybe that's one of the reasons why, amongst bloodline Warlocks, there haven't been the appearance of any rank 6 thrones...’

Leylin touched his chin, beginning to make conjectures.

“First thing’s first, I have to completely revitalise the bloodline of the Sun’s Child. With the Wing of the Sun, I might be able to gain something. Next, I have to purchase large quantities of renowned works on souls by Magi and Warlocks, and I must obtain level 5 or 6 high-grade meditation techniques...”

“These two methods are the most practical. For the latter, I can solve it right here!” At the thought of the information at the trading market, Leylin’s eyes brightened.

Rumble! Though it wasn’t the first time he’d seen it, he was still awed by the large amounts of soul force and conscients mixed together. The scene of uncountable amounts of data streaking through still left Leylin with his mind blown.

On the giant planet of the Morning Star area, basically all Morning Star Warlocks left a trace of their soul force or will here to conduct trades.

Some wills stayed here, relying on selling information and earning large amounts of top-grade resources.

Leylin noticed keenly that the use of magic crystals had been lowered to the utmost, and they were almost completely unseen.

This was very normal. Among Morning Star Warlocks, who did

not have a few or even tens of large-scaled magic crystal mines? This could not be used as something of much value.

The currency here was something else that Leylin was very familiar with— astral stones!

Astral stones had become the norm, and were the currency being used. If Morning Star Warlocks had something they needed, they would usually sell off what they had on hand and, after accumulating enough astral stones, buy it.

For Morning Star Warlocks, astral stones were an eternal, hard currency. They would not depreciate in value.

The information in the market changed completely every few moments, making Leylin think back to the stocks, securities, and futures markets of his previous world. It caused him to feel dazzled.

Chapter 537 - Blood-Sucking Loach

‘A.I. Chip, begin scan! Keywords: Soul force, high-grade meditation technique.’

Thankfully, Leylin had the A.I. Chip which was fused with his soul. It responded instantly to his thoughts,

[Beep! Mission established, starting scan!]

Soon enough, a blue display was projected in front of his eyes, showing a very long list. Leylin gathered himself and started looking through the information carefully.

“High-grade meditation technique—Void Phantom: Five layers in total and complete. As long as...”

“Ancient soul force Arcane Art— Multi-luster Sacrificial Rite: Able to strengthen soul force and improve the power of spells that are rank 4 and above by 50%, all in exchange for the egg of a Nefarious Filthbird!”

“Crystallised soul force: 500g of the crystallised soul force of a Morning Star in exchange for astral stones of the same quality!”

“Ancient Bloodline— Offspring of the White-scaled Illusory Tiger: Not only can it keenly sense soul force, a contract with it has

the extraordinary effect of strengthening the soul. Prices to be negotiated face to face!”

The large amounts of data dazzled Leylin, every item on the screen nearly causing him to salivate. He realised then that he was poor. He was way too poor!

Whether they were from his plunder of Twilight Zone or his other sources of wealth, his resources that could originally be sold off at astronomical prices were dispensable to Morning Stars.

Other things, such as his bloodline refinement method and the data on Quicksand’s experiments could not see the light of day.

Leylin suddenly found that the only things he could take out to sell were the astral stones he’d appropriated from the clan treasury.

“This won’t do! I need to find a source of revenue as soon as possible!” Leylin watched the items on the screen, eyes turning slightly red.

These Morning Star Warlocks had gathered too many amazing items. As long as he obtained a portion of any of them and hand it over to the A.I. Chip to experiment with, the progress on the analysis of soul force would definitely increase rapidly. This was very important to him.

“But... a source that suits a Morning Star, and it needs to be

regular as well...”

He found himself in a bind. Other Warlocks would surely have taken such sources over already, how would he get a chance? His only option was to think up a brand new source of income.

Leylin flipped through the pages absent-mindedly, and finally found some things he was interested in.

“Teleportation required: I need to reach Sunset Mountains within three days. If any friends have teleportation points, please contact me. Prices are negotiable!”

“Requesting help: Rebellion by Marine Dragon Whales at the East Region. Need at least three Morning Stars to suppress them. Each will be guaranteed a minimum of 1000g of astral stones, and additional rewards will be given to those who capture their enemies...”

“Assistance required in attacking the Mage Basin. Once conquered, offering 5% of their yearly profit!”

All sorts of consents gathered at the other end of the trade area, communicating rapidly. The deals were near-instant.

“If there isn’t anything else, I’m afraid I’ll have to take on some missions here, becoming a mercenary of sorts...”

Face grim, Leylin followed a thread of information to a dark conscient, “May I know if Sire here is selling high-grade meditation techniques?”

Floating in front of Leylin was a bundle of black light. An extreme darkness full of terrifying energy converged on it. Though it was merely a conscient, it was still enough to cause Leylin to feel fear.

“En!” The other party answered unwillingly, as if not really interested in this deal. Unlike other items, this sort of knowledge and special techniques could be sold off multiple times and not even at a very high price, which was Leylin’s first target.

After all, he had already gained a top-grade meditation technique, Wing of the Sun. With this one, as well as the other accumulations from before, the A.I. Chip’s research would reach a whole new level and he could obtain more information.

“May I know the price?” Leylin calmed down, readying himself to negotiate with the other party. He did not have a lot of astral stones, and there were a lot of good resources here. He needed to be frugal.

Besides, the requirements listed by the other conscients were just unbelievable. Even Leylin could not take it, especially the one asking for the egg of the Nefarious Filthbird. He’d blacklisted that choice right away.

The Nefarious Filthbird and Trial's Eye were at the same level and had the ability to traverse worlds. How could it be of equal value to an ancient Arcane Art?

Just thinking of this, Leylin felt that they were crazy. As for the soul force crystals, he could just produce himself. They weren't all that useful anyway.

In general, since there was news of people hoping for an exchange, they obviously wanted to sell items off at a higher price. Hence, very few deals were made in this trading area. Most of the idle soul forces and conscients lazed around here, and once they saw a cheaply-priced trade, immediately pounced forth like a bunch of sharks that smelt blood.

Morning Star Warlocks were erudite, and also had the detective ability that soul force offered them. Each and every one of them was old and sly, and while it was not impossible to get pick up cheap gains, the effort and time one needed to put into it was too much.

This was the conclusion Leylin came up with after surveying the scene multiple times. Hence, he gave up on the thought of picking up cheap deals and began to trade honestly.

“My Void Phantom not only has five complete levels, but also includes an affinity to the element of illusion. It's at an unconditional price of 5000g of astral stones!” The dark conscient didn't seem to care if Leylin actually wanted to purchase it.

“Mm! However, its requirements for the users is too high. Besides, we’re all Warlocks. The high-grade meditation techniques of Magi are only for reference, which makes your price too...” Leylin frowned. With his knowledge of high-grade meditation techniques, just a few casually-thrown-out sentences caused the conscient to begin hesitating.

“Furthermore, haven’t you sold this meditation techniques many times already? How can it have the same price as before?” Realising he had a chance, Leylin immediately attacked.

After a complicated negotiation similar to the business deals in his previous world, Leylin finally bought the high-grade meditation technique, Void Phantom, at a low price just like he wanted to. However, the astral stones he had gotten from the headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan had been practically halved in that instant.

He calculated it all carefully. The real wealth was definitely on the three dukes, and all that was left in the headquarters were merely scraps.

Leylin had too few astral stones left on him after buying the meditation technique. He took a look around, and upon finding nothing special quickly found a little corner, his soul force withdrawing from the Morning Star area.

“Hah...” In the headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan, at the core laboratory in the technological department, Leylin gave a long huff

and observed the black crystal in his hands.

[Beep! High-grade meditation technique Void Phantom has been recorded. Saved into database under high-grade meditation techniques]

The A.I. Chip's emotionless voice sounded.

“Very good!” Seeing the progress bar that was now progressing again, Leylin's heart that had been aching was finally consoled.

He left the technical department and came before the bloodline laboratory from before.

This was the core laboratory of the Ouroboros Clan, and only the three Morning Stars were allowed access to it. Of course, after Leylin took over, he had used this as his own laboratory. The experiment on the revitalisation of the Sun's Child bloodline had been performed here.

“Tower genie, how's the situation with the specimens?” Leylin asked.

“The specimens are currently doing well. The number of surviving blood-sucking loaches is being kept at 20 and above, and they have consumed 32.7 tons of culture fluid.”

The tower genie projected a series of data in front of Leylin, to which he nodded his head. At the beginning, the blood-sucking loaches' numbers had rapidly dwindled, but after the other specimens had gotten used to the bloodline of the Sun's Child, they could finally survive for a longer time. At this point, a decent number of them could remain alive at a time.

Leylin came to the cultivation pool from before.

The liquid in the pool had already turned a dark green, with occasional streaks of gold flashing underwater. It had also expanded tenfold from before.

Water splashed everywhere, and a golden monster jumped out to bite at Leylin, its mouth full of sharp teeth. It was even spitting out flames!

Tsss! Before the flames could reach him, they were blocked by a layer of white light. Black lightning grouped together to form a large hand, slapping it back into the water.

"Mm! It's very lively!" Leylin chuckled, judging this mutated blood-sucking loach.

Perhaps, calling them blood-sucking loaches was no longer suitable, since what was in front of Leylin was a whole new species that had gone through the stimulation from the bloodline of the Sun's Child.

It had expanded in size by ten times and was full of golden scales. There was even a strange horn-like thing on the head, and it had scarlet eyes and sharp teeth below. It growled, on the offensive.

As if the attack had given rise to some chain reaction, multiple golden streaks jumped out from under the water with a splash, beginning to attack each other and roaring. Some of these loaches had grown a pair of sharp claws at the stomach area and were unusually ferocious as they launched attacks at their own kin.

“The offensive abilities of the blood-sucking loaches has increased by a large amount. Every time there’s a bloody battle like this, the surviving blood-sucking loaches will gain even more strength. The most powerful blood-sucking loach is estimated to survive for 45 days and 21 hours. Its bloodline was from a blood-sucking loach king...” The tower genie introduced by Leylin’s ear.

“Is it this one?” Leylin had noticed the golden blood-sucking loach right at the centre. It had already bore no semblance to its previous form, and had grown to become a more powerful being. Flowing scales covered its entire body like a layer of smooth liquid. The bloodied look in its eyes had not ebbed, but it now seemed to have some intelligence.

After observing for a while longer, Leylin ordered, “That’s enough. Prepare the next phase!”

Rumble! The ceiling above the cultivation pool suddenly opened, and some mysterious fluids were poured in from a translucent crystal container.

As if it had been exposed to a stimulant, even the largest blood-sucking loach immediately immersed itself in this ‘civil war.’

Chapter 538 - Bloodline Of The Sun's Child

“I’m afraid the conditions here are still inadequate for the last bloodline purification and activation process!” Leylin scrutinised the entire laboratory, the crystal-like ground as well as the unique radiance emitted by the walls.

Such an environment was a good location for experiments even for a Morning Star Magus.

Even so, some of the steps required to activate an ancient bloodline were very troublesome, and even posed a certain amount of danger. It was still best that these sorts of experiments were conducted in one’s Magus Tower.

But there was still a period of time before Leylin’s Magus Tower could be completed, hence it was still necessary to remodel and reinforce the place as appropriate.

As he looked at the muddled breeding pool, he was no longer bothered by the yells and struggles inside it. Instead, he gave a few orders to the formation genie before leaving the place directly.

“Morning Star Magus Tower!” Although Leylin had only been gone a short period of time, the headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan had undergone many changes.

The number of Warlocks in the place had increased. With the war having calmed down, many refugees from other territories had fled here. On top of that, there was now a tall tower built in an

eye-catching position.

This Magus Tower was not only a few times larger than his old one, it was also filled with a sense of terrifying grandeur, its peak appearing to pierce through space itself.

This was the Morning Star Magus Tower than the Oakheart Clan and the other bloodline Warlock families of the Ouroboros Clan had cooperated to build for Leylin.

Although the construction of the tower could not be completed this soon, the rough framework had already been set up.

A large number of high-ranked Warlocks, as well as Magus craftsmen and formation Magi from other regions surrounded the Magus Tower, working tirelessly.

“Your Grace!” Faisal and Parker immediately came to greet him at Freya’s side.

“You guys have done well during this period of time!” Leylin smiled at Freya before speaking to Faisal and the others.

“It’s because we adopted Your Grace’s blueprints and followed your advice. We’re confident that we’ll be able to complete the construction more quickly than normal.” Faisal reported respectfully.

There was still a slight shock in his heart. In his view, with Leylin

being able to promote to the Morning Star realm at the mere age of 200 or so, his talent as a Warlock was incomparable to begin with. What he did not expect was that Leylin could actually focus on both the construction and formation spells whilst undergoing Magus practice. It made Leylin seem monstrous.

Of course, those thoughts were hidden within his heart. He definitely couldn't show them on the surface.

“Good! Pass down my command: the work is to be halted every night. I want to handle it personally, in a more in-depth manner,” Leylin said plainly.

“Could it be that you want to...” Faisal's eyes sparkled, and he left shortly after.

“Now, who can overthrow you?” Leylin looked at his own Morning Star Magus Tower, a confident look emerging on his face.

His previous Magus Tower had been destroyed by the Oakheart Clan, but now they'd had to pay with a Morning Star Magus Tower instead.

Furthermore, Leylin was now confident in his own strength. Even in the entire central continent, there were not many who could destroy his Magus Tower again. He also would not allow himself to fall into such a low.

Leylin looked at the huge landmark-like Magus Tower and a

slight joking expression flashed in his eyes. “Perhaps, after millions of years, this Magus Tower will come to symbolise me. Let it stand here forever!”

Deep in the night. There was not a single Magus around the Morning Star Magus Tower anymore, even Faisal and the others had left the place long ago.

They understood that the Magus Tower was the core of a Magus’ power. Surely Leylin had some secrets that he would set up, and the fewer that knew the better.

Moreover, the intense radiation of a Morning Star Warlock would exert great pressure on them. It would be safer to avoid it.

Leylin walked alone inside the empty Magus Tower.

Most of the runes and spell formations hadn’t been set up yet, and many of the basic amenities were also unused. The Tower right now was just an empty shell without a defence.

“A.I. Chip! Begin scanning the entire Magus Tower, slowly adjust the radiation power!” Leylin commanded.

[Mission acquired, beginning synchronisation! Adjusting...]

The A.I. Chip immediately responded.

Accompanying the A.I. Chip's sound, a 3D structure appeared before Leylin. A brilliant radiance was also emitted from his body that began to merge with the entire structure.

Compared to the previous time where his radiation spread out without discrimination in Scarlet Crescent, destroying everything, Leylin was currently extremely careful in controlling it. This process allowed the Magus Tower to slowly accept it and adapt.

High ranked Magi could revitalise ancient materials through their radiation, and even produce many anomalies. This was common knowledge in the central continent. Although Leylin's Magus Tower made use of high-quality materials, he still needed to use his radiation to unify the materials in order to let it reach its peak condition.

Many rumours held that there were often ghosts, vengeful spirits, and other such things where Magi lived, a byproduct of the changes a Magus' radiation caused in the surrounding territory.

Leylin was currently strengthening his Magus Tower, and at the same time leaving his own mark on it.

Even if it was deliberately held back, the radiation of a Morning Star Magus was a disaster for weaker Magi. This was why Faisal had immediately transferred those Magi away as night arrived.

As for other times? Based on Leylin's control, as well as the compressive abilities of the point mass, he had long since become able to securely lock up the radiation in his own body. Since he didn't leak the slightest bit, there would be no problem.

If someone looked from outside, they would see a beautiful view. Standing out from the surrounding darkness, a Morning Star Magus Tower seemed to be wrapped up in a colourful radiance. Even the dark sky was dyed with its colours.

If they got closer, they would hear an increasingly clear hiss of a giant serpent, causing one's hair to stand.

What accompanied the hissing of the giant serpent was another sound which seemed like a singing curse yet at the same time like a worshipping voice. It surrounded the entire Magus Tower, making it seem mysterious.

Because Leylin had joined in himself, the construction of the Magus Tower had been sped up. The building seemed to be morphing day to day.

"It has finally reached this point!" Leylin's pupils gleamed with excitement as he watched the gold creature in the large confinement room.

Now, the blood-sucking loach had completely lost its previous

image. Instead, it had transformed into a terrifying creature that was similar to the golden dragons from legend.

Golden scales covered its entire body, their glimmer making it seem as if it was a god from the ancient times. On its forehead was a rune in the shape of a sun, emitting a blazing light.

Leylin had a premonition– if it was not for him suppressing this beast all this time, the first thing the creature would do was probably to transform into a gigantic fireball, rising from the ashes and advancing to the Morning Star realm.

In other words, this was a Morning Star creature!

Now, creatures of this level were already very rare. If it were placed among the circles of Morning Star Magi, it would probably cause a huge sensation, even more so encouraging the emergence of another bloodline Warlock clan.

Upon seeing Leylin, the golden dragon howled and a blood-red light flashed in its pupils. It immediately turned towards him, emitting an aura unique to the dragon race.

The layer of glass in front was instantly drowned in a brilliant golden flame.

The tempered glass warped under the extreme heat, cracks beginning to form on its surface.

“Oh! You deliberately kept your firepower a secret, huh. This level of intelligence already surpasses that of a wild beast!” Leylin laughed without much ado. As he watched the golden dragon displaying its invincible might, he could not help but think of the ancient Sun’s Child, wondering what rank of power and influence it possessed!

“What a pity! I created you, and I can also destroy you at any time!” A chill suddenly appeared in Leylin’s pupils, making the golden dragon retract its neck.

“Blood seal!” A crimson radiance flashed in Leylin’s eyes as his right hand reached out to grab the golden dragon.

Bang! Immediately, a large amount of blood began to flow out from beneath the golden dragon’s scales, turning it red in a moment. Its original dignified roar had been replaced by a pitiful cry.

“Even locked to 35% of its bloodline, it’s still so terrifying?” A hint of worry flashed across Leylin’s face as he watched the shrieking creature.

The experiment that he had performed on the golden dragon previously out of convenience had immediately allowed him to understand the stubborn nature passed down through its bloodline.

‘However, this sort of attitude verifies the Wisdom Tree’s hypothesis. Now all I need is extended research, clinical trials, and

then...' Leylin stroked his chin and made up his mind.

'But the good thing is that the bloodline of the Sun's Child has been completely activated. It's the bloodline of an ancient rank 6 creature after all, and even a drop is enough to create another Morning Star creature!' The corner of his lips curled up in a slight smile.

"Now, onto the final phase..."

Boom!

A ball of golden blood which was the size of a fist floated in the air like a fireball. It released a terrifying amount of light and heat, slowly raising the temperature of the room.

The temperature was so high, in fact, that space itself distorted, rifts appearing near the blood. This was the unstable phenomenon resulted from the burning of the sun's flame.

"Activate!" Leylin said emotionlessly as he watched the scene.

A great amount of light emerged with a whoosh, strengthening the surrounding walls. Many runes shot out one one after the other, locking the blood down. At this point, it looked like a miniature sun.

Leylin had specially reinforced this secret chamber, with the express intent of locking the bloodline of the Sun's Child. From how it looked, the effect wasn't rather bad.

He nodded secretly before looking at the A.I. Chip's status screen.

[Beep! Completing the genetic makeup of the Sun's Child, beginning imitation, deducing according to the meditation technique, Wing of the Sun...]

The A.I. Chip intoned loyally.

Chapter 539 - Recuperation

The Wing of the Sun was a top-grade meditation technique that was meant to complement the bloodline of the Sun's Child, and was abstruse and unfathomable. Even the A.I. Chip had not been able to analyse it.

Now, however, the combination of the real bloodline of the Sun's Child and its DNA sequence worked together to solve the many difficulties that had been confounding him.

With the Dragon King's Mystic Might he had obtained in the past, he now also had the Void Phantom, which came to two complete meditation techniques. This meant he had a decent, accurate database to draw upon.

The simulation of the fifth level of Kemoyin's pupil saw some progress once more.

Seeing that his main objective was satisfied, Leylin couldn't help but sigh with relief. "Rank 6, top-grade creature— Sun's Child!"

Leylin observed the blood that was like a little sun, and began to furrow his eyebrows. With this and the Wing of the Sun, he could instantly create a powerful Warlock family.

Warlocks with a bloodline stemming from a rank 6 creature hadn't yet appeared in the central continent.

“If another Warlock or Magus were to find out, things would get complicated for me...” A wry smile appeared about Leylin’s lips.

How could it be only ‘complicated’? The moment this news leaked, even if malicious Warlocks weren’t an issue, it was highly likely that the Breaking Dawn Monarchs would be alerted.

After all, they would not want to see the rise of another Breaking Dawn bloodline Warlock, which would affect the current equilibrium of power.

“It’s a pity... If not for my bloodline being permanent, I would long since have used the Sun’s Child’s bloodline...” Leylin heaved a long sigh.

But his eyes immediately cleared up, “Classify this area as a forbidden region of the highest grade, confidentiality rank X. Anyone who comes in here besides me is to be killed. No exceptions!”

His voice was cold, as if every word of his carried with it chilly air that contained millions of ice shards.

“Understood!” The spirit genie’s similarly unfeeling voice sounded. Perhaps only beings that lacked human intelligence would not understand the terror that was Leylin.

“On top of that,” Leylin looked at his empty surroundings, gently stroking a crystal ring on his finger. Whoosh! Five translucent

phantoms appeared around him like a breeze, as if voluntarily squeezing out from the void. There were no energy waves, just five pairs of bloodshot eyes staring at him as their owners half-kneeled on the floor.

“Protect this place well. Any who dare intrude are to be eliminated immediately,” Leylin said as he sent out a spiritual command through the ring on his finger.

The five phantoms nodded speechlessly, and immediately disappeared into the air. With them concealed, even the A.I. Chip could barely discern their auras.

“These Void Assassins are pretty useful. It’s a pity that there are only eight left...” Leylin was full of admiration as he watched the assassins disappear, touching his chin.

These eight Void Assassins were naturally his gains from Scarlet Crescent.

He had carefully checked before. Every one of these Void Assassins had the strength surpassing a Crystal Phase Magus. Their method of travelling through the void was stealthy and hard to defend against. Even a Morning Star Magus would be in danger if five of them acted in tandem, ambushing him.

With these defences, he could somewhat relax.

‘I can’t keep it here, and I need to use it as soon as possible.

Alternatively, I can wait till the Magus Tower is completed and deposit it there!’ Leylin pondered.

Using the bloodline of the Sun’s Child to perform experiments on bloodline ignition was too much of a pity. Leylin still had other uses for this blood. The bloodline of an ancient rank 6 creature was an invaluable treasure.

“Next is to amass more strength and push for the advancement of my soul force. The best would be for the A.I. Chip to represent soul force numerically, which will make everything much simpler...”

Leylin subconsciously looked at his status.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent. Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 65, Spiritual Force:506.9, Magic Power: 506 (Magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force). Soul Force: ???]

After entering Morning Star, the aim was to make progress in regards to the soul. His spiritual force and other stats would no longer undergo major changes.

At this thought, Leylin looked into the progress of the A.I. Chip’s simulation of soul force and found it to be stuck. He couldn’t help but roll his eyes.

“The analysis of soul force cannot be done in a day or two...” A thread of understanding rose in Leylin’s mind.

Five years passed in the blink of an eye. The original Ouroboros Clan had now completely stabilised.

Though the other allied forces still occupied a part of the territory that had belonged to them, a larger war had not occurred. From how a few organisations were silently withdrawing their forces, the general situation was progressing positively.

Those Warlocks seemed to have forgotten their hatred from the past and the situation at Phosphorescence Swamp stabilised as they continued with their lives and research.

And yet, the subconscious bloody glint that remained in the depths of their eyes proved that the traces of the war were still present.

Or rather, the seeds of revenge were buried deep in their hearts. They were lying quietly in wait for these seeds to grow, until the day they began to thrive and became strong and healthy!

Leylin couldn’t wait to see it happen, and even added fuel to the flame.

From his perspective, the bloodline Warlocks before led far too comfortable lives, particularly the Kemoyin nobility. They spent

their days in their territories intoxicated, not spending any time on their Warlock training.

Thankfully, after this war, most of these vermin had disappeared, leaving behind many capable and hardworking descendants, each of them outstanding. These talents were the strengths and assets that he regarded as important.

As long as he could lead these Warlocks and complete their revenge, he might instantly gain their undying loyalty. That would allow him to completely control the Ouroboros Clan, and even the return of the three Dukes would not change anything.

Through these five years, Leylin had extended his authority to all aspects in Ouroboros Clan. He had even secretly influenced many Warlocks of the new generation, and they completely accepted his rule, thinking it was normal for things to continue like this forever.

Faisal and those few bloodline families had become smarter after the attack, and Leylin could find no opportunity to deal with them. That was rather regretful.

However, no matter how long he tried to delay matters, there were things that needed to be done...

“Blood Extraction!”

Above a geographical basin holding an ethnic group, Leylin wore

a luxurious platinum Magus robe that was actually a piece of magic equipment.

His expression was stern as he reached out his hand, and a formless giant vortex appeared in the air with a grab.

Large amounts of blood beaded down, turning into a stream as it gathered in his hands. It formed a highly concentrated crystal that looked similar to a ruby.

Below him, a giant tribe of a different race had suffered heavy casualties. Besides a few high-ranked Magi, almost nobody had survived. All of them had their blood drawn and turned into dried-out corpses.

“This bloodline drawing method is truly tyrannical!” Leylin nodded.

The Arcane Art he was using to extract blood came from his own bloodline inheritance. In ancient times, it had only been a convenient spell to draw blood on a large-scale. However, with his modifications, as well as the power from the soul force of a Morning Star, the effect was truly terrifying. Its strength was enough to destroy a country.

That was not all. The bloodline gems gathered from the bloodline extraction were also a very important resource for Warlocks.

Crimson light flashed in Leylin’s eyes as he tucked away these

concentrated crystals that sparkled like blood diamonds.

“You of a different race! You dare—” A roar full of denial and pain sounded out, bringing with it energy waves at the Morning Star realm.

“My job is done. The rest is your business.” Leylin bowed with a smile, and retreated to the back.

“Leylin, you really know how to goof off!” In front of him were a few Morning Star Warlocks. The burly man who was the head teased Leylin, but still went forward.

“Who exactly are you? Why did you come here?” The rays of light dimmed, revealing the Morning Star that had hastened over. It was a giant formed of flames, eyes full of fury.

“There’s no reason. If you want to blame something, blame yourselves for occupying this area!”

The burly man sneered, the phantom of a large black goat that was thousands of metres tall emerging from his back. This goat not only had the horns of a demon, but also a torso that was similar to a human. However, it was full of black fleece, looking to be like the demonic satyrs of the underworld.

“Morning Star Warlock?” The giant fire elemental elder couldn’t help but blurt out.

Following that, others in black clothing stood up before him. The Morning Star auras they similarly emitted caused the fire elemental elder's pupils to shrink.

Rumble! The few Morning Star Warlocks surrounded him, in an enormous formation. The energy undulations extended to the horizons, and even dispersed a few large dark clouds.

Once everything was over, the burly man from before approached Leylin, "Lord Leylin's blood extraction truly is worthy of its reputation. Here is your reward!"

The burly man tossed a little pouch full of astral stones to Leylin, "The total comes to 13423 grams of astral stones. Check the amount!"

"Many thanks!" Leylin sighed heavily. This time-consuming and very lengthy mission was finally over.

Besides concentrating on his own research, he would take on a few missions from time to time from the Morning Star region, earning astral stones to purchase other items to nourish the soul.

The task this time was a mission to help the burly man suppress the fire elemental elder.

"Hmph! These tribes actually worship an elemental being from another world! Even death cannot wipe out their sins!" The burly

man scolded, still angry.

Chapter 540 - Sudden Change

Listening to the mission leader's complaints, Leylin remained silent.

The large-scaled tribe that he had massacred was not a fire elemental tribe. However, they had obviously been influenced by the fire elemental Morning Star to the extent that they formed a faith that worshipped fire.

It might have to do with them being of a different race, but Warlocks obviously did not give them preferential treatment, nor were they tolerant towards them. Though the Warlock Union claimed to take in those with all bloodlines, that was merely talk. It sounded nice to listen to, but those who believed that were fools.

Leylin knew how things worked in the union. If they were a race protected by a Morning Star, they might have some status in the Warlock Union, and could help their own people.

However, if they were a race without the protection of a Morning Star, then they would probably have to struggle pitifully, enduring exploitation and oppression.

After all, the leader of the Warlock Union was a mighty bloodline Warlock!

They did not think themselves human, but nor did they think themselves to be of another race. Hence, their attitudes towards completely different races seemed rather hypocritical. Especially

for beings like these who hadn't even joined the union and sided with the enemy; there was no consideration for them.

Of course, Leylin did not bother with these trivial matters. He had taken on and successfully completed the mission, and had thus gotten the rewards. It was that simple.

The time spent on investigation and combat was already annoying him. In addition, with his experience from his previous world, he was beginning to feel concerned.

Why would a Morning Star-ranked fire elemental elder appear here? He had even bewitched many tribes to be on his side. If not for them finding out and eliminating him in time, this entire region was likely to have fallen into chaos soon.

And yet that wasn't what worried him the most. The other party had already begun spreading a religion, and that put him on his guard.

Recruiting believers and propagating religious beliefs was a very dangerous signal. Leylin, who had experience from his previous life, understood the gods that the westerners worshipped purely based on some misinformation, legends, or even utter nonsense.

This act of preaching was evidently different from that of high-ranked Magi, and it wasn't the sort of primitive worship of uncivilised communities. Real gods, and not only one at that, were spreading their own religions!

It was not just the worship of fire. A plot was also afoot to revive Beelzebub, the Sovereign King of Gluttonous Desires. It all gave Leylin a very bad premonition.

Even though Leylin rarely bothered with religion in his previous world, he wouldn't get this wrong. Of course, this was just a conjecture, he had no idea what the real World of Gods was like after all. Most documentation from the ancient era did not touch on this.

The appearance of the World of Gods was the beginning of the ancient Magus World's decline. Hence, the amount of books that had survived that era were the fewest. This was why Leylin had yet to gather much data on it despite his status.

This could, therefore, be a misunderstanding on his part, but Leylin did not want to continue down that line of thought.

No matter how superficial his thinking might be, he knew that the real gods in the World of Gods were, at the very least, at rank 6 and above. They were existences who had grasped a certain power or law, and such great strength was what Leylin needed to look up to. The moment he were to be caught up in giant complications like this, only death awaited him. With his current strength, at least, he would amount to nothing.

Leylin had always stood by the motto that one could only accept responsibility equivalent to their strength. That was how he had been able to live till now. He knew himself well; the games and contests between the gods and Magus world? Let the higher ranks take care of it. In any case, there were still many Breaking Dawn

Monarchs in the central continent!

Rejecting the burly man's sincere attempts at urging him to stay, Leylin travelled through the astral plane, instantly arriving back at Phosphorescence Swamp.

Blue light flashed, and Leylin's figured broke through the enormous astral gate.

"The feeling of long-distance teleportation is really..." Leylin shook his head and laughed. The spatial pressure that had almost killed him while he was at rank 2 was like a cool breeze to him right now, not affecting him much.

"Welcome home, master!" A green elf similar to the tower genie from before flapped its wings and flew above Leylin.

"En!" Leylin nodded. The A.I. Chip linked with it, and he then knew all the recent events in the Magus Tower like the back of his hand.

The large astral gate behind him stopped humming, and the light from the blue flames above it began to fade.

After the light completely dissipated, the astral gate returned to its state of an unadorned stone gate. The teleportation from the Morning Star area required the astral gates of both sides to be linked simultaneously. Leylin had obviously entrusted this task to his loyal tower genie.

“You did well!” Leylin nodded in praise.

“It’s my honour to serve master!” The tower genie had inherited the A.I. Chip’s partial intelligence, and had an icy expression. There were no fluctuations in its voice.

Leylin had long since gotten used to this. After all, one could not have very high expectations of a program. He was pragmatic; it would never betray him due to the A.I. Chip’s commands, and that was what was important!

Outside the astral gate were many laboratories and binding rooms. A few terrifying adamantite and mithril puppets, even Void Assassins on occasion, would appear in the corner every once in a while.

Streams of black air seemed to constantly flow down the walls on both sides, bringing with them a mysterious lustre and colour, causing the decorative oil paintings to change slightly.

This was the inner section of Leylin’s Magus Tower. With his own participation, as well as the ‘selfless’ financial aid from the Oakheart Clan, the construction was already completed.

On top of that, the other party had supplied a large amount of astral stones and helped Leylin build an astral gate of his own, the one he had just exited.

Based on the intelligence he had, the Oakheart Clan had practically exhausted their reserves and even sold off many properties to build the tower and gate. It was a huge setback for them.

Leylin obviously cared little about this. Instead, he was very satisfied with this Morning Star Magus Tower.

Furthermore, with the influence from his radiation, the entire Magus Tower had somewhat gained a life of its own. The tower body was now very harmonious, and automatically generated a few shadow servants, dark serpent tentacles and the like, perfecting the defensive abilities of the building.

Suddenly recalling something, Leylin told the tower genie, “Tell your mistress that I’m back, and that I plan to have dinner with her tonight!”

“Your will shall be carried out!” The tower genie bowed, and quickly retreated.

Evening, in the hall of the Magus Tower. There were brilliant lights and vibrant colours everywhere. A few high-ranked Warlock maids who were lucky enough to be selected to enter the Magus Tower were tense as they worked busily, laying the long dining table with intricate gold and silver cutlery, candles, and the like.

While everything was completed with nervousness, Leylin held Freya’s hand and walked in slowly.

“Your Grace! My Lady!” A few maids immediately bowed to Leylin and the woman at his side.

Beside him was obviously Freya of the Blood Serpent Family. She had married Leylin years ago, and now dressed like a noble. She looked very poised, and had an inborn noble temperament, though there was a trace of gloom between her eyebrows.

“I know what you’re worrying about...” Leylin couldn’t help but console her in a tender manner after noticing it, “But I think there might be a chance for my bloodline to become even more perfect, or perhaps advance to an even more powerful realm. Hence, my bloodline still isn’t mature, and the children borne of this will become a regret. None of us want to see this, do we?”

After listening to Leylin’s explanation, Freya seemed to feel better, revealing a smile that even enchanted the maids.

Leylin chuckled. His previous words were half-truths.

However, through the Scarlet Crescent ruins as well as the conversation with the Wisdom Tree, he now had an idea as to how he could solve the issue of his bloodline shackles. Hence, he was in no hurry to leave behind children.

If not, he would be harming his own blood.

When he advanced to a higher level, the descendants he had would definitely have a higher starting point and potential. This

would be beneficial to both of them, and even if Freya were puzzled by this, Leylin would still persist.

“I’ll listen to you!” Freya pursed her lips and laughed, and then got Leylin to sit.

Within the Ouroboros Clan, Leylin was an existence that could hide anything from the masses. His will was the will of all the Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks in the Ouroboros Clan. Freya naturally did not say more.

Furthermore, in the deepest part of her heart, she was very trusting of Leylin; this would affect the Farlier Family, after all.

“By the way, how are Parker and Faisal? And Snoopy too; was his trip to the Demon Garden successful?”

Leylin spoke to Freya while eating the delicacies that the chefs had thoughtfully prepared. Most of the time, he was the one asking the questions, while Freya answered.

When the heartwarming dinner was over, and while Leylin was enjoying his black tea, Freya finally asked, “Leylin... How long are you going to stay here this time?”

A trace of anticipation flashed in her pupils.

“Probably longer. The missions from before are finished, and there are still a few experiments that have to be done in the Magus

Tower...”

Leylin began to speak endlessly while beating around the bush. Freya’s palms were under her chin and her eyes were full of worship, almost emitting stars as she smiled gently and listened.

Ka-cha! This comforting moment did not continue for long before it was interrupted. When the sound of glass breaking was heard from Freya’s body, her expression changed drastically.

“This is the necklace Mentor, Duke Emma left for me. Inside is a thread of her soul flame!”

Freya yanked out a platinum necklace that had a large blue gem at the center. The blood-red flames leapt out, but at this moment seemed to have withered.

Chapter 541 - Determination And Action

The spiritual flame of a Morning Star Magus had an intricate relationship with their body. Its strength also reflected the time the Magus had remaining.

That Freya's necklace had encountered such a situation meant the original body of Blood Duchess Emma had likely been dealt severe damage in the foreign world.

Trauma would weaken a Magus' vitality, which in turn caused such a change in the spiritual flame they left behind.

"Mentor... Mentor!" Freya's eyes turned red as she covered her mouth, but Leylin's secret imprint twinkled before he could try to console her.

"Yes, Faisal?" Leylin frowned as he tapped the secret imprint open.

"Your Grace, my Mentor... the spiritual flame of the First Elder was extinguished a minute ago..." Faisal's voice was husky. It was as if his heart had sunk, and he was feeling hopeless.

"Extinguished?" Leylin touched his chin. If the spiritual flame had been extinguished, the Morning Star Warlock's originally body must have perished.

The only thing that supported the First Elder's group was that he

was still alive. There was still hope for them to return from the foreign world.

And now, that final hope had been shattered. Faisal's change was understandable.

"But what happened? Wasn't it all good until now?" Leylin felt puzzled, it seemed like a conspiracy was afoot.

Another connection request came up before Leylin could end Faisal's secret imprint call, and Kesha's panicked voice sounded out.

"Leylin! Leylin!" She called his name directly, forgetting about his current status. It showed how desperate she was.

"What happened?" The ominous feeling in Leylin's heart grew stronger.

"... Forgive me, Your Grace!" Kesha paused to correct her misbehaviour before continuing, "It's Mentor. The spiritual flame Duke Gilbert left behind has grown extremely unstable, and is flickering strongly. I... I'm very worried..."

"I got it!" Leylin nodded, and his voice turned serious and solemn, "Pass down my orders, all Crystal Phase Warlocks are to report to the meeting room. We might be in trouble..."

The Warlock elites were now congregated here instead of

residing in their own territories. Since they were all in Phosphorescence Swamp, they could gather immediately after Leylin's orders were passed.

Leylin reckoned that these people would not have come so fast if it was not related to their teachers.

“Duke Farlier!” The panic-stricken Warlocks calmed a little upon seeing Leylin dressed in his huge robe.

“Please, sit down and be at ease!” Leylin sat at the head chair. With his battle experience, he had long since acquired a dignified aura that turned the meeting room solemn.

“Thank you, Your Grace!” A number of Crystal Phase Magi bowed and settled down in order.

By virtue of being his wife, Freya occupied the seat next to Leylin, a fact that left some of the rest in envy.

Leylin sighed while looking at the handful of Crystal Phase Warlocks in an upright position. The last war had caused tremendous loss to the Ouroboros Clan, and the loss of their elite forces was especially tough to recover from.

It would take at least a few hundred years for them to recover to peak condition.

“Schadt, report!” Leylin said after glancing across everyone and

called for Schadt only when everyone settled down.

“Master!” Schadt wiped off the fog that was on his thick spectacles, bowing to Leylin immediately after he stood up. He spoke in a dignified manner, “The spiritual flames of the elders that we’d kept in our technical department started fluctuating vigorously 24 minutes ago, and the First Elder’s has completely died out. I’m afraid that...”

Leylin too felt somewhat frustrated and aggrieved. After all, this was the fall of another Morning Star Warlock.

Even though Schadt did not continue his words, Faisal and one of the Crystal Phase Warlocks had lowered their heads. Losing the First Elder was definitely a huge blow to their morale.

“I’ve asked the other two Morning Star seeds as well. It’s not just a single spiritual flame that flickered, it’s all of them. The other two elders must be in the same plight as the First Elder in the foreign world...”

There was not much to say for now. After Schadt sat down, the rest of the Warlocks placed their focus on Leylin.

Upon seeing their reaction, Leylin cleared his throat, “Schadt, have the coordinates of the foreign world been confirmed?”

“My apologies! The technical department and I have been working on this problem endlessly. There are two possible

coordinates on our list, I will send them to you after this!”

A tinge of shame surfaced on Schadt’s face. This incident was a humiliation to the entire technical department. They had been overconfident and bragged that they were going to solve the problem in a few days’ time, but took them nearly five years. It was such a dereliction of their duty.

The Crystal Phase Warlock who had tears in the eyes just like Faisal slammed the table and shouted, “Schadt, you old fogey! Are you pulling strings and intentionally not revealing the coordinates of the foreign world?”

The moment he heard these words, Schadt fumed with rage. “Nonsense! I vow in the name of everyone in the technical department, never have I orchestrated something like that!”

Before, he’d suffered in silence because it had been difficult for him to locate the coordinates. Afterwards, there seemed to be another strange interference that added to the complexity, leaving him grasping at his hair.

‘Could it be the interference of another organisation that is not eager to see our Dukes being saved?’ A thought surfaced in Schadt’s mind, but was quickly suppressed as it was too sinister a plot.

However, Faisal remained silent. His reaction affirmed the Warlock’s suspicion, but before he could snarl at him, Faisal dragged his arm with force.

“What the hell are you doing, Faisal!” The Crystal Phase Warlock growled.

“Watch your manners, Marquis Ordofol!” Faisal’s voice was equally low, but it carried within an undeniable order.

“I’m sorry, I acted out of line! Please forgive me, Marquis Schadt!” The Warlock’s face blushed, but he stilled apologised to Schadt and bowed to Leylin who was in the head seat, “Please forgive me, Your Grace!”

“Never mind!” Leylin waved and stared at Faisal with intrigue until sweat glided down his cheeks.

Leylin took a last look at the Warlocks before he spoke in a low voice, “I have come to a decision, I will set off tomorrow to rescue the Elders!”

There was a minute of pause, which then quickly recovered as excitement and joy could be seen in everyone’s eyes.

Still, they did not dare to show their emotions. They kept reminding Leylin not to fall for tricks.

“My dear...” After all the Crystal Phase Warlocks had been dismissed, only Freya was left behind, her eyes filled with worry.

Emma was her Mentor, but Leylin was her dearest husband. This situation was complicated, like a spider web that pulled her heart apart.

At last, she asked, “This time round... is it going to be dangerous?”

“Yes, there will be danger, but it’s a chance too! Trust me, I’ll bring your mentor back!” Leylin gave Freya a reassuring, heart-warming smile.

Seeing Leylin with such confidence, Freya felt more at ease. However, she had missed the trace of complication in Leylin’s eyes.

After returning to the Magus Tower, Leylin went straight to the astral gate and fell into deep thought.

“This time... I’m afraid that I really have to make the trip!” Leylin was very clear on the fact that there were voices asking for his help being circulated in the Ouroboros Clan, and they had grown stronger now.

He had suppressed these messages as long as he could. He had to do something now, otherwise the entire Ouroboros Clan might fall apart.

Luckily, he had already gotten what he wanted during this period of time. Even if the other two Morning Star Warlocks returned, his

power in the clan was unshakeable.

Also, Leylin was not too worried about the trip as he had already formed a more complete strategy after getting to know the existence of the puppetmaster behind the scene.

Almost at the same time, high up on a throne that was made from eternal darkness and rumbling thunder.

The rank 5 Magus that had a moon rune on his forehead was exchanging thoughts with someone through telepathy.

“How are things going with the Ouroboros Clan?”

“Everything has been prepared and we are ready to take action! As long the opponent enters the foreign world, we can block him completely from this world and wipe out the entire Ouroboros Clan!”

“You disappointed me the last time. I do not wish to see it again!” The Radiant Moon Magus warned with great dignity.

“There is no need to worry, Master!” The Morning Star conscient dispersed on its own, and the Radiant Moon Magus sat still in the throne, pondering.

“Was it really that kiddo in the ruins of Scarlet Crescent? What

an interesting pup!” A mysterious voice sounded in the air, but the Radiant Moon Magus did not seem surprised at all.

“I wasn’t quite confident, but Siebel’s already dead; he’s the most suspicious!” Radiant Moon Magus spoke in a cold tone, “I have to get him!”

“He’s just a Kemoyin Serpent Warlock, even if he had any trump cards, the bloodline shackles will be his Achilles heel!” the mysterious voice sounded in disdain.

Chapter 542 - Setting Off

“Mmm!”

The Radiant Moon Magus nodded his head, and he suddenly felt a lot less uncertain. “That’s right! Even though the rascal has immense, inexplicable strength, the bloodline shackles will be enough to stunt his growth. Kemoyin Warlocks can reach the peak of rank 4 at best, after which he won’t have any room to grow...”

“Keke... you’re right. Who would still care about a rascal that’s confined to the Morning Star rank?”

The mysterious voice suddenly changed to that of a lady, gentle and soft. “Your real enemy is...”

“Shut up!” The Radiant Moon Magus who had originally been sitting down stood up abruptly, looking sinister, “Shut your mouth this instant! Don’t you know that as long as you mention his name, even if it is unintentional, he will be able to detect it? The power of a King isn’t something a person of your lowly status can belittle.”

“Fine... but isn’t it just a Breaking Dawn Magus?” The female voice replied indignantly, and she felt rather uneasy. It was as if everything that she had said carelessly today was inappropriate. This mysterious intuition had been left behind by the host of the body before her.

“I don’t care about who you were before. Now you’re but a damaged soul...” The Radiant Moon Magus’ voice was cold and

assertive.

“But don’t we have the same interests currently? I can help you, and in return you can offer me...” The female’s voice trailed off...

Leylin did not know explicitly that Jupiter’s Lightning’s Radiant Moon Magus had already made special arrangements to deal with him, but anyone with a brain would be able to infer it. As a result, he had to make preparations for his imminent trip.

An enormous satellite hung in the sky, looking about to fall at any moment. It was surrounded by a nebula in the vast universe.

“Please take a look at this contract. You can sign here if there are no problems.”

Leylin rarely used his real identity, but now he was doing so. He was having a conversation with three other Morning Star Warlocks, with an already drafted contract on the table.

Leylin picked up a cup of coffee and talked to the Warlocks opposite, “During the period of time when I’m away, I would appreciate your help in guarding the Ouroboros Clan in my place. Also, I would like you to prioritise helping my wife Freya and the tower genie should they require any help. Any questions?”

In front of him were Paul, Philip, and another stranger.

Since he was looking for protectors, it was naturally better to rely

on allies. There was no need to ponder much about Philip. He had the bloodline of the ancient Wind Wolf, and was hot-blooded. And with respect to Paul, after being taken advantage of by Leylin the previous time he now admired him even more. Based on his words, his people respected highly intelligent beings. Leylin immediately thought of the rumours of them being fond of sucking up souls and drinking brain juices, and could not help but shudder. However, since they had already signed the contract, there wouldn't be any issue.

The last Morning Star Warlock was a good friend Leylin had made recently— Mars. With these three in control, the might of the contract as well as the supervision and urging of the Morning Star area, Leylin was rather assured of the safety of the Ouroboros Clan after he left.

Everyone was familiar with each other, and the conditions that Leylin had offered were very generous. Though the terms of the contract were harsh, the three Morning Star Warlocks signed the contract without hesitation.

“Good luck!” Philip patted Leylin's shoulders. Out of the three of them, he was probably the one who hoped the most for Leylin's success.

“Many thanks!” Leylin was comforted as he punched Philip in a friendly manner. Ever since the happenings at Scarlet Crescent, the Wind Wolf Lair had not only lost a Morning Star Warlock, Palesa, their most important fighter Cybel had been beaten down to become a regular Morning Star, and had to withdraw and conceal himself.

A lot of pressure weighed on Philip's shoulders, and Leylin had lent him a hand. This had gained him Philip's gratitude, and the Wind Wolf Warlock now treated Leylin like kin.

These were Philip's words, of course. However, Leylin obviously did not believe that and rolled his eyes in secret.

Of course, the relationship on both ends had gotten increasingly better, and had even surpassed that of Leylin with the Wind Wolf Lair and Spirit Circle. That was the uncontestable truth.

Phosphorescence Swamp, within the Morning Star Magus Tower.

After sending everyone away, Leylin came before the astral gate alone.

“Tower genie! Once I leave, seal the Magus Tower immediately. Do not let anyone enter, and await further instructions!” he instructed. He had prepared a lot of things for this expedition.

This was different from the previous experiments where he just projected spiritual seeds. He was on a rescue mission, and needed to move with his real body. This was extremely dangerous, and he could be completely lost in another world. Hence, the astral gate had to be kept completely safe!

Nobody would trust someone else with a job like this. He could only leave this to the tower genie which had no human emotions.

In actuality, Leylin had prepared another safeguard. Even if this tower genie were rendered ineffective, he wouldn't end up stuck in another world. However, this was one of his deepest secrets, something only he could know.

Rumble! With Leylin's order, the Magus Tower shut down, runic chains and defensive layers sealing off each and every pathway. Large numbers of puppets and void assassins with red light in their eyes began to patrol the area rigorously.

"Leylin, you must succeed and come back safely!" Outside the Magus Tower, Freya's hands clutched tightly at her white dress as she prayed in her heart.

Beside her stood Parker, Snoopy and a few other high-ranked Warlocks, all watching the Magus Tower that was being completely shut down. Their expressions were complex.

Leylin obviously did not bother with this. His focus was entirely on the astral gate in front of him.

Leylin had already calculated the coordinates of the world that Gilbert and the other Dukes were lost in long ago. However, this was only for his own consideration, thus he had not announced it and even interfered with Schadt's work in secret. This went on for five years.

Now, it was necessary that he rescue the two Dukes right away.

Apart from Emma, Gilbert was his mentor and had taught him a great many things. The feelings and relationship between them was enough for Leylin to take this risk.

Besides, that was another world!

“Even if it’s a trap, they handed over the coordinates of another world!” Leylin was emotional. Even the lowest-grade world was definitely more powerful than a plane! The resources there were plentiful, enough to make Morning Stars and even Radiant Moons go green in envy.

“You didn’t mind revealing the coordinates of a world just to trap Mentor and the rest. I wonder what your expression will be like if I completely take control of that world?” A slight smile appeared across Leylin’s lips. It was as if he could already see the flustered, exasperated look of the Radiant Moon Magus of Jupiter’s Lightning.

A ball of light that looked like a star floated out from Leylin’s hands and disappeared into the astral gate.

Rumble! Through the connection of the astral gate, Leylin’s soul force seemed to come into contact with an extremely complicated and tremendous world.

The aura of sulphur and flames could be seen spilling over in

copious amounts at the edges of the world.

The astral stone reserves that acted as the energy core rapidly decreased, almost falling to a level that would issue a warning.

Through some sensing, Leylin could confirm that this world was very far from the Magus World. Just the consumption from opening the astral gate once would leave one tongue-tied and wide-eyed.

“An aura full of flames and sulphur?” Leylin was startled at first, but immediately eased up. “It’s no wonder that Mentor and the others mistook this place for Purgatory World. If not for the memories from ancient times, I’d be misled too...”

“Tower genie, maintain the energy reserves required for the astral gate. Be prepared to retrieve us immediately!” Leylin’s voice was low.

“Understood!” The tower genie that was like a green elf immediately nodded.

“Prepare for the crossing of the main body,” Leylin took in a deep breath. Though he had experienced teleportation to the Morning Star area, the idea of travelling such a long distance still had him slightly worried.

[Beep! Beginning collection of data. Establishing folder in

database.]

The A.I. Chip immediately intoned. This was very rare, but expected. Even if it was an A.I. Chip, it lacked first-hand research materials, and they could be supplemented at this moment.

“However, using myself as a guinea pig is really rather...” Leylin rolled his eyes. The lights on the astral gate got increasingly brighter until he was eventually swallowed into it.

Rumble! The bright tail of a blue beam appeared from the spire of the Magus Tower like an aurora, streaking through the dark skies like a magnificent meteor.

“It’s beginning!” Freya’s felt her heartstrings tighten.

“It’s beginning! Activate interference procedures. Things must be the same as before. Break off all of his communications and make him lose his way as well!”

In a jet black world crack, Collins, who Leylin had seen several times before, was talking to a group of technical staff who were fiddling with some instruments. There was a large amount of data showing up on the screen.

“Energy interference mode activated!”

“Warping forcefield structure completed. Interference can be

engaged at any time.”

“Energy particles taking form. Beginning tracking of trajectory and intercepting opponent...” Multiple high-ranked Magi acted like the most cautious scientists as they quickly operated the instruments in their hands, reporting various data.

“Good. Begin immediately!” Collins swept his hand down viciously. It was as if he could already imagine Leylin’s features contorted by terror, and the pleasure of vengeance immediately flooded his heart. He could not help but burst into laughter.

“We’re here!” Even though he was still in the midst of teleportation via the astral gate, Leylin was still clear-headed. The A.I. Chip was now sending him warnings.

[Detected unknown forcefield reaction. Determined to be interference particle ripples!]

“I’ve been waiting for you!” An intelligent glint flashed in Leylin’s eyes.

Chapter 543 - Lava World

Knowing that it was a trap, those who still jumped straight in were idiots!

Leylin was obviously not an idiot. Since the other party had revealed that they had the ability to interfere with astral gates, Leylin obviously would not ignore them.

In fact, in these five years, he had been silently surveying the other world. He had even attempted projecting spiritual seeds, all in order to thoroughly understand the other party's ability to interfere.

Through the five years of probing that seemed to only last a day, he had long since understood the methods they could use like the back of his hand. He'd even prepared a contingency plan.

"It's offensive pattern number 3. Activate corresponding countermeasures!" Leylin's eyes glinted with intelligence.

[Task initiated. Spatial anchor being projected. Tracing target's coordinates...]

The A.I. Chip began to operate methodically.

A layer of mysterious spatial undulations was emanated from

Leylin's body.

[Target coordinates have been determined. Proceed with attack?]

The A.I. Chip asked with a robotic voice.

“Yes!” A smile appeared about Leylin's lips.

Bang! Boom! A glass meter exploded, and many pieces of apparatus burst into flames. Collins, who was watching on, was about to go berserk.

“What's going on? Who can tell me what's going on?” Collins roared, his eyes red.

Even Breaking Dawn Magi would find it difficult to obtain this high-grade spatial interference apparatus. This time, so many pieces had readings that went off the charts, and his master would probably murder him.

“The other party seems to have grasped some sort of spatial technique and is counter-attacking!” An old man pushed at the lens in his glasses and concluded.

“Are you kidding me? Do you know how valuable research on spatial techniques is? How did he get it?” Collins' first reaction was

that of disbelief.

“But that’s the only explanation! If the other party’s spatial knowledge reserves are vaster than ours, we’ll probably have to be on our guard against the following spatial attacks!” The old man spoke rapidly.

“Spatial attacks?” Collins was stunned, and immediately after, saw the earth-shattering spatial turbulence that submerged the area...

“The effects aren’t half bad!” Listening to the prompt from the A.I. Chip, Leylin’s mood immediately improved.

Arcane Arts and knowledge regarding spatial coordinates were obviously insanely expensive. They were rarely seen, even in the Morning Star area.

However, he had the A.I. Chip and did not need very complete information. Hence, he had purchased just a few incomplete ones.

Though he could not be considered a great master in this area, attacking a few guys who were similarly newbies wouldn’t be a problem.

“You dare—” An enraged voice sounded. Another Magus with a black moon rune on his forehead suddenly appeared at the boundary of the world, trying to intercept Leylin.

“I am your opponent!” Along with the sounds of a lion growling, another Warlock with hair that seemed to be cast out of gold appeared in front of that Magus.

“Wayde...” The Radiant Moon Magus called out in a low tone, his expression revealing his fear.

“The other plan has been launched! Is that the Radiant Moon Magus from Jupiter’s Lightning?” Leylin turned and took a glimpse, storing the other party’s appearance in his memory.

Whoosh! As he was breaking through the protective sphere of a world, enormous astral forces had been activated and Leylin felt himself go dizzy. His body seemed to turn into a streak of light and then completely disappeared.

Compared to a prepared teleportation formation, the strength one required to move freely about the astral plane was much higher.

The huge pressure was as if a slab of steel was pressing down on Leylin’s body.

Cold, stifling, frenzied! Leylin immediately felt his bones creaking, and the defensive aurora on his body began to shatter bit by bit.

‘Perhaps even the pressure tens of thousands of meters under the sea can’t compare to this...’ This was the last conscious thought

Leylin had. Before he completely fainted, the only thing he could do was to use Multilimb Strength and cover his body with dark green energy.

In a world of lava, large crevices could be seen in the earth, magma surging inside like a network of red rivers.

Space distorted on the surface of a large black rock, forming a translucent gate of light. It incessantly generated lightning in the surroundings.

The lightning crashed down more and more frequently as the entire area was filled with a dazzling white light.

Boom! The white light exploded, forming an eye-piercing radiance. When all the light vanished, the original gate of light and the lightning had all disappeared, leaving behind only charred traces that recounted the strange events that had just occurred.

“Hah... I’ve finally entered!” Leylin furrowed his brows, sensing the large amount of fire elemental particles surrounding him. “This concentration... Magi would believe it if someone said this was the fire elemental world!”

Intense pain could be felt from various parts of his body, causing him to groan and bend his back.

“A.I. Chip!” Leylin immediately ordered, “Check my current

condition!”

[Beep! Host body’s soft tissue damage is at 30.87%. Fractures found at 7 areas, and signs of bruising observed on internal organs. Immediate treatment is recommended!]

The A.I. Chip loyally intoned, transmitting a 3D human figure to him. The blue image held many signs of wounds.

Even with Leylin’s current vitality, he was still injured to this degree. Other regular Magi would probably have completely disappeared without a trace.

His astonishing vitality and Warlock bloodline were slowly mending the injuries in his body, allowing his tightly furrowed eyebrows to relax.

“That was really dangerous. I almost died outside the protective sphere...” While recalling what had just happened, Leylin couldn’t help but break out in cold sweat.

The protective sphere! This was the edge of a world, and even included part of the void. It could be said to be a large world’s strongest defence!

In general, every world had this protective sphere, though its strength varied. The most famous protective sphere was probably

the World of Gods' crystal wall.

Its powerful isolation ability was enough for even Magi at ranks 7 and above to be forced to return in defeat. It included a large world and various planes, forming the World of Gods' unique culture of strength. It even cut off attempts at peeping from other worlds, save for that one time when the ancient Magi had invaded them.

Before reaching the Lava World, Leylin was able to regain consciousness with the protection of Multilimb Strength, preventing him from being in a bad situation.

If one wanted to use a metaphor, a large world's protective sphere was like customs upon entry to a country. If Leylin had not woken, he would need to force his way in, and would definitely be met with attacks, especially from the malicious intent of the World Will.

The method Leylin had employed this time was akin to slipping through a barrier. He had not been discovered by the World Will, and the focus on him was evidently minimal, which would aid in his later movements.

“And this!” Leylin pulled a silver necklace full of astral light from his neck. After sensing that the connection was undamaged, he could completely relax.

This necklace represented his connection with the astral gate in the Magus world. As long as the connection there was not broken, he could teleport back at any time through the gate.

Right when Leylin had left the Magus world, Collins' attack had been in order to completely cut off this connection, leaving Leylin stranded in another world and unable to find his way home for eternity.

Gilbert and the other two had been defeated using this method.

Of course, Collins had been made a fool of by Leylin, and would probably not be able to emerge for a long time. The largest danger had been obstructed by Wayde, and Leylin finally had some time to do what he wanted.

Saving the two dukes also fit with Leylin's plans for benefits.

After all, he was not strong enough to go head to head against Jupiter's Lightning. He needed a few other people to relieve the pressure, and Gilbert and Emma were very good candidates for this.

Furthermore, Gilbert was Leylin's mentor, not someone he could abandon so easily.

After considering for some time and finding the best way out for himself, Leylin still chose to come forward and save them.

"But... This world is so huge. Where am I to find them?" Leylin watched the lava lake that stretched as far as he could see, as well as the burning clouds in the sky, and couldn't help but laugh

bitterly.

[Beep! Testing surroundings...]

At this moment, the A.I. Chip immediately projected the analysis of the surroundings before Leylin.

“This...”

Leylin’s soul force was sent out to explore, and he immediately sensed the difference from what he was used to. In the Lava World, his spiritual force seemed sluggish, a result of the laws of this world not being harmonious with his own.

“As expected, with a switch in worlds, the dimensions, energy levels and even the the interactions between particles are starkly different. The changes in laws are definitely a huge obstruction to Magi who travel between worlds.”

A thread of understanding flashed in Leylin’s eyes. This was the precious experience that many ancient Magi had gathered through their blood and sweat.

“Thankfully, I’ve already condensed my point mass. Soul force is still useful in most worlds, and only needs some slight alterations. If it was still spiritual force, I’m afraid...” Relief rose in Leylin’s heart.

Soul force was a high-grade power, and could be used in many worlds. Its practicality trumped that of spiritual force.

Leylin estimated that if he still used spiritual force here, he would probably have to deal with the awkwardness of not fitting in. He might even need to cultivate it from the beginning and turn his spiritual force into the spiritual strength unique to this world. Though there would be no bottleneck, it would definitely require a lot of effort.

Now, with the use of soul force, this issue was mostly solved.

“It’s no wonder that ancient Magi placed Morning Star as the minimum rank to attack other worlds. So there’s this factor!” Leylin touched his chin.

[Beep! Data on surroundings completely gathered. Generating elemental map. Analysing world’s laws. Beginning fine-tuning of host body’s soul undulations...]

Chapter 544 - Assistance

Over five years of progress and the addition of a large amount of information on the soul from Leylin's end that he'd acquired through trade and missions, the A.I. Chip's analysis on the soul had reached a whole new level.

Though it still could not completely enumerate soul force, it was not far from this goal, and could perform many unbelievable deductions and integrations.

Things like altering the soul undulations being emitted by him were only one part of it.

'Mm! The concentration of fire elemental particles is the highest here. If I modify the spell models of the Magus World, I might achieve an even more astounding bonus to my power!' Leylin touched his chin and watched the elemental map, his eyes glowing.

Meanwhile, his aura had already begun to change. A dim layer of light flickered into existence and quickly covered his body. The entire space seemed to distort for a while, but at the same time, it seemed as if nothing had happened.

Leylin suddenly sighed deeply, and his body seemed to incorporate itself seamlessly into the surroundings.

"I've finally rid myself of that feeling of being spied on! World Will..." he sighed, tone showing his relief. "Luckily, the protector of this world is similar to the consciousness of Gaia, and not some

living being. If not, I wouldn't have been able to dupe them so easily..."

After travelling to another world, there was an issue of how to deal with the ill intent from the world.

The undulations of Morning Star Magi were as obvious as a lit torch in the darkness. It would definitely attract the attention of the world, and things would be even more troublesome in a world that was not their own.

If he completely infuriated the World Will, it was like inviting a god of death to his side. It would bring about unceasing bad luck.

Even Morning Star Magi would be played to death, forget anyone else.

Leylin's aura changed, and he was now just like the occupants of this world, not standing out in the least.

"This way, I have completely descended into this world. I wonder where Mentor Gilbert and the others are..." Leylin furrowed his eyebrows, and a tremendous and terrifying soul force was sent out to scan the surrounding areas.

Though soul force had no form and was intangible, the instant a Morning Star power exploded, the entire space would seem to halt, and even the lava would stop roaring.

The world was a fiery red! With the spread of his soul force, he could see much more of the lava river network. This place seemed like it was near a crater, with practically no signs of life.

The reason why he said there was practically none, was because Leylin had found a plant.

This was a plant similar to a Black Metal tree. The roots were fixed firmly in the ground, almost entering the lava, and the whole trunk had a black luster. Even the high temperature of the lava did not cause this tree to wither at all.

“At least there’s some signs of life, or else I’d have assumed only elemental beings could survive in this world...” Leylin nodded, but his expression suddenly changed as he glanced in a direction.

There, he had keenly felt the undulations of some being, and it was a large one at that!

“The aboriginals?” Leylin chuckled. His body merged into the air, and began to move in the direction that the energy had come from.

Not long after, he reached his destination and watched a large battle.

At one side of the battlefield was a group of beings, each two to three metres tall and looking similar to humans. Even when boiling hot lava made contact with their glistening black skin, it

did not result in a large reaction, which meant their resistance to heat was very high. They also had a single little horn on their heads.

There were about ten or so one-horned beings, holding black lances and other weapons as they surrounded and attacked a giant monster.

This monster was completely red. There was a thick layer of rocks on its body that looked like a shell, lines of lava flowing down like little streams.

It was ten or so metres tall, looking like a large worm with its lower body submerged in lava. It seemed to be a being that lived only within the lava.

Pak! With a ferocious sweep, several of the one-horned beings were flung away, and the creature spat out a golden liquid from its mouth. The liquid was of an unbelievably high temperature, and the moment the liquid landed on the ground, it began to burn fiercely. Even the one-horned beings were in trouble, and those that had the golden liquid splashed on them immediately showed signs of burns appearing on their bodies.

“Kkngsg_fkamg-...” The few leaders of the one-horned race immediately began to yell using a very strange method. They did not seem to employ vocal chords, instead making sounds directly from the lower abdomen. It was similar to the ventriloquists from his previous world.

“As expected, I can’t understand it at all...” Leylin was speechless, but luckily, issues like this were not a huge problem. Secretly following them for a period of time and having the A.I. Chip analyse their language would work, but Leylin had an even better method.

Whoosh! A thread of dim soul force quickly disappeared into the head of a one-horned being who was heavily injured.

“Ugh...” That one-horned being began to struggle vigorously, and yet could only whimper uselessly. His fellow clansmen thought he was crying out in pain, and hence this did not arouse their interest.

Meanwhile, images flashed in front of Leylin’s eyes like in a movie.

Soon enough, this being’s entire life was presented before Leylin, from his birth, including his growth, to his death. Everything was clearly recorded by the A.I. Chip.

[Beep! Identified unnamed language. Saving in database!]
[Beep! Generated map of vicinity, as well as basic information on Lava World and the races...]

From the great amount of memories, the A.I. Chip had found much useful information and began to organise them systematically, sorting them into the corresponding fields of knowledge.

“Good! Set the name of this unnamed language as ‘Lava Language’ and transmit it to my memories!” Leylin immediately used this function.

In less than a second, Leylin had learnt the language of this world. Though they had different bodies, that was a problem easily solved by magic and some illusions.

Only at this point did the meaning of the yells of those one-horned beings emerge in Leylin’s mind accurately.

“Wook’ma, leave!” A being with a body larger than the rest of the one-horned clansman stood in front of the lava worm, pushing a one-horned being with a smaller stature away.

Chik chik... The giant lava worm roared, opening its mouth and swallowing this one-horned being.

The one-horned being called Wook’ma was stunned as she sat on the ground, eyes losing their focus.

“Damn it, Wook’la’s finished. The ceremony is a failure. How were we so unlucky as to encounter a lava worm?”

The other one-horned beings’ faces were filled with remorse, and one of them began to curse, “It must have something to do with Klin clan. When the time comes, I’ll definitely kill them...”

Hearing this, bitter laughs sounded from the other one-horned beings. In this situation, being able to survive was already a luxury. What was the point of saying things like that?

The terrifying spit of the lava worm had already reached Wook'ma, and it was much too late for rescue attempts. A few of these clansmen closed their eyes, unable to watch.

Wook'ma had only just grown to adulthood, and was usually a passionate, bright child. To think she would die here... A few other young clansmen were already roaring while they pounced forward.

Roar! The expected pain did not come, and Wook'ma opened her eyes curiously, finding a strange being in front of her.

This being looked very strange. He had no horns, no black skin, and physically looked small. He looked about the size of a three or four year old in the clan.

However, it was this small figure that had easily blocked the attack of the lava worm, and from the opponent's howls, there was a trace of... fear?

Yes, Wook'ma was sure of it. The powerful lava worm was actually afraid of this little thing.

"Are you alright?" The weird being in front of her spoke, using the language of her tribe. Wook'ma naturally understood.

“I-I’m fine! Are you of the ant tribe? Though you don’t have their feelers, your skin colour and physique match!” Wook’ma seemed to have forgotten the danger in front of her and began to strike up a conversation with Leylin.

Leylin was speechless at the actions of this tribe, and instead exerted strength in his arms.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! A giant red hand that was ten or so metres long fished the lava worm up easily. Its five fingers exerted a force one by one, causing the lava worm to roar in pain.

Layer after layer of rock fragments peeled off and fell from its body, and by the time the magma armour had disappeared, its physique had obviously become much smaller. Even its aura had strangely weakened.

“Hm? Interesting.” Leylin watched the magma shell dropping off. The golden liquid from before was transported through a series of complicated pathways through which its effects were amplified, turning from ordinary lava to the powerful golden lava.

“An amplification spell formation? But I don’t see any resemblance to one...” Leylin’s eyes shone with interest, the large hand exerting more force. More layers fell from the lava worm’s body.

Yet another layer of magma fell, and the lava worm was now only two or three metres long. Its aura suddenly weakened till it could not match up to the most ordinary one-horned clansmen.

‘A.I. Chip, remember these patterns!’ Leylin secretly commanded. There were many paths and research methods in these other worlds, and also ample experimental materials. All of these were things that Magi would go berserk over, and also one of the main reasons they were willing to risk death to explore other worlds.

Boom! The last of the magma slid off, and the lava worm that had seemed enormous had turned into a fat, meaty worm that was just over a metre long.

Chapter 545 - Unihorn Race

“Thank you for saving Wook’ma, revered Powerful One!”

Rather than the young female, two other one-horned beings came forward with their right arm on their chest, doing a strange action.

“May I know the Powerful One’s name?”

Leylin noticed an investigative glint that had been concealed well in their eyes. There were even traces of suspicion, but he had already come up with a plan.

“I am Ley, of the winged people! I am currently travelling to learn more about different cultures, so there is no need to thank me. The great will of lava was the one who orchestrated all this...”

With the memories of that one-horned tribal, Leylin’s speech was just like that of the Lava World’s aboriginals, and his disguise was seamless.

The so-called winged people were a shield Leylin had found for himself.

Through the other party’s memories, he had found that all the different races of Lava World looked totally different from regular Wooks, and only the winged people tribe were somewhat similar. As for the wings? With his skills in magic as a Morning Star,

creating two wings was too simple.

“So you are a friend of the winged tribe! Welcome to the Blazing Thorn Land!”

The winged people were a peace-loving minority in the Lava World. They were usually scattered throughout the land, and did not cause any trouble with any large organisations. Hence, these two one-horned beings, even if they didn't let their guards down completely, lost a lot of their suspicion. They invited Leylin enthusiastically to a city nearby to rest.

Leylin, who had other intentions, naturally rejected them for a while, before going with the situation and agreeing.

Overjoyed, the two clansmen immediately used whatever they had at hand and conducted a banquet in Leylin's honour.

What surprised Leylin the most was that their meal today was the lava worm. It had to be said that when one repressed the disgust at placing the lava worm's meat in their mouth, the expected terrible taste did not appear. The meat was actually similar to chicken, and also had a fragrant and sweet juice; it was a rare delicacy.

This was especially true in the Lava World. Food that had high water content was actually one of the rarest ingredients!

“Lord Ley, thank you so much! Also...” Wook'ma thanked Leylin

with a tone full of admiration, passing over a large portion of the meat of the worm.

“What is it?” Leylin answered, finding the situation funny.

“May... May I see your... wings? I’ve heard that the wings of the winged people are the most beautiful things in the world!” Wook’ma’s eyes were full of admiration, but that only had Leylin feeling like laughing and crying at the same time.

“The most beautiful? I’m afraid us winged people can’t take that title, but I can fulfill your request.” Leylin nodded, not caring if this was just the pure fantasies of a little girl, or if someone was trying to sound him out.

After he stood up, the clothes on his back tore open, revealing a pair of large, snow-white wings. When spread out, they were a good four or five metres long, and the wings that looked like that of an angel wrapped Leylin within. At the edges of these fine, pure white feathers, there were traces of a golden luster.

‘With this appearance, I could even pretend to be an angel in my previous world...’ Leylin thought with a laugh. At the same time, he saw that behind Wook’ma, who looked full of admiration, the other two one-horned clansmen were surprised.

Based on their previous conversation, Leylin knew that one was called Wook’e, and the other was Wook’bor. They were part of the largest one-horned clan nearby, the Wook Clan.

In the Lava World, matured one-horned clansmen had to hunt for food by themselves, a rite of passage.

However they had been unlucky, or rather been plotted against. That was why they had encountered a lava worm, and an enraged one at that. If not for Leylin acting, these people might all have died here.

“Mister Ley, I heard that you’re a traveller. Can you tell me stories about other places?” Wook’ma’s hands were under her chin as she laid on her stomach in front of Leylin like a curious baby.

Combined with her almost three-metre-tall stature and horn, she gave off an appearance that would scare any regular child into crying in his previous world. The contrast was stark.

“This... Please wait for a while. I still want to discuss something with your uncles!” Leylin smiled. All the information he had obtained had come from the unlucky guy who had died. If he was asked about some other matters, that might expose his identity, and he had hence quickly changed the subject.

“Alright! Wook’ma, go to bed. We still have things to discuss with Mister Ley!”

Wook’e stood up. He sent the pouting Wook’ma away and chuckled, finding this embarrassing, “My apologies, Mister Ley, she’s only a child!”

“Indeed, I don’t blame her,” Leylin shook his head. The glint from his eyes made the two clansmen afraid to look him in the eye. “But... Why did you try to probe me?”

“Nothing gets past Mister!” Wook’e and Wook’bor exchanged a glance and began laughing wryly.

The blazing bonfire gradually died out, and only the red lava river in the distance slowly emitted dark red rays. The flickering flames covered the faces of these beings, giving a feeling of light and darkness being unable to be determined.

Leylin, who was listening to these two speak, also had a grim expression as he nodded or shook his head from time to time, looking to be deep in thought.

The next day, Wook’e and Wook’bor announced that Leylin would temporarily join and return with them. This immediately resulted in many cheers, with Wook’ma’s the loudest.

Seeing Wook’e and Wook’bor’s confident expressions, Leylin had the urge to laugh.

Last night, they had told him about some conflict between organisations and some persecution they were facing. Though Leylin had not understood much, nor could he be bothered to, his expression looked like he understood completely. His outward hatred immediately netted a favourable opinion from these two.

From the looks of it, they seemed to think of him as a reliable power. Or rather... as a saviour of sorts?

Leylin found this hilarious, but had to endure it.

“Mister Ley, what are you thinking about...” Wook’ma immediately began to cling to him, and Leylin pressed against his forehead with nothing to say.

Leylin could work independently and find where the large creatures gathered, searching the strongest one’s soul and therefore obtaining more information in a convenient manner. However, this would cause a huge ruckus and arouse needless suspicion, as well as the attention from the world’s will. The cons outweighed the pros.

Even without attention from the world’s will, the Lava World was a world and definitely had someone with a battle might of at least the Morning Star realm. The moment he besieged and enraged large powers, even Leylin could not be certain he would be able to escape safely.

His motive was to save the two Kemoyin Dukes, which was why he had to maintain a low profile until he found them.

Though this method of blending in was slightly troublesome, the advantage was the safety, and there weren’t any loopholes.

What allowed Leylin to feel at ease was that time flowed different in other worlds and in the Magus World. One year might have passed in the Magus World while only a month or even a few days had passed here, which was why he still had plenty of time.

“Since Jupiter’s Lightning set up a trap here, they must have found this world’s coordinates long ago and occupied an area here...”

Leylin’s thoughts began to gain clarity.

“Perhaps even that Radiant Moon Magus has quite a few clones here in charge. They might have set up some traps and are waiting for me to get caught, which is why I can’t make mistakes...”

After following the group for a few days, a silhouette of a black city could be seen in the distance.

That was a giant city of rock. Whether it was the houses or city walls, they were all made of giant black boulders. Though the city wall was low, the men of another race who were standing tall above it were robust and valiant.

“We’re home!” Many single-horned clansmen immediately cheered, but at the thought of their siblings who had died, they could not help but begin to lower their heads and weep.

‘This is a place where intelligent beings gather, but my soul force

has yet to make any discoveries of them...' His concealed soul force swept through the place, but Leylin's expression did not change despite his sighing inside.

In a palace constructed of large black rocks, Leylin saw the leader of the one-horned race's Wook Clan. These leaders were usually called the "Intellectual One."

"Revered Intellectual One, please accept the blessings of a guest from far away!" Following custom, Leylin placed a few portions of lava worm meat in front of a wrinkled one-horned being as a gift.

At this moment, only the two of them were in the large palace. Wook'e and the rest had long since hurried back.

"Lava worm? These beings usually like to stay in lava and seldom come out. After being aggravated, they will explode with terrifying lava attacks. It's all thanks to you that Wook'ma and the rest could return safely!"

The elderly Intellectual One nodded, grabbing at the lava worm and beginning to eat without reservations. Juice splashed everywhere and fell from the corner of its mouth, droplets landing on the straw mat.

This was a tradition of the one-horned race. Enjoying the gift in front of the guest was a sign of respect.

Leylin appeared to be sitting at a side respectfully, though in

actuality, his soul force had already covered the surroundings.

“This intellectual being has pretty good abilities, at the strength of a rank 1 or 2 Magus. It’s a pity that it’s still too weak...”

The old one-horned clansman obviously did not notice Leylin’s gaze that held pity, and when it was done with the meal, it touched its lips. “Well then, is there anything I can help you with? Just say the word!”

“Of course! I have a difficult problem that I need your help with...” Leylin smiled slowly while softly stating his request.

Chapter 546 - Rank

It was the early morning and the air was refreshing, a situation that seldom occurred. Even the lava rivers weren't boiling hot right now.

The large black city gates opened slowly, and a small caravan made its way through.

Within the caravan were many black one-horned clansmen. Their mode of transport was a giant creature that looked like a snail. Their shells towered high, a few openings in them made expressly for the easy retrieval of items.

There were no goods in the huge shell of the largest mount, and only a space that was specially cleared for Leylin to sit in, with his legs crossed.

Though this snail's movements weren't especially quick, it was advantageous in that there were practically no jolts from the travel. Even the temperature of this place was different from that of the surroundings, and it left Leylin feeling very satisfied.

At the thought of the unwillingness to part on Uma's face, as well as Wook'e and Wook'bo's stunned expressions, Leylin had the urge to laugh.

He had no plans on interfering with matters relating to other races. That 'Intellectual One' had also known from the aura undulations that Leylin had intentionally emanated, that he was

not to be provoked, and did not want to keep a time bomb like Leylin around.

Hence, everything clicked together. The one-horned race immediately agreed to bring Leylin along on their next travel. With the travelling merchants as the guide, they brought Leylin to a bigger city.

In all honesty, compared to the city where many different races lived together in harmony, the black city that the one-horned race had built was like a town in the countryside.

“Woking City! The largest city in the Blazing Thorn Land. I hope it won’t let me down!” Leylin’s eyes flashed with a glint that nobody could see through, while his hands began to move quickly.

Large amounts of Magus materials were fished out of his spatial ring and arranged to form a small-scale spell formation.

The whole process was covert, and not the slightest sound was made. It was not just the one-horned beings outside. Even the snail that Leylin was sitting on did not feel it.

Buzz... An extremely slight undulation that only Morning Star ranked Kemoyin Warlocks could detect was transmitted into the distance.

“Go!” Two dull spiritual flames appeared on Leylin’s hands, quickly disappearing into the spell formation.

Following that, Leylin closed his eyes, a thread of soul force linking with the spell formation. His mind seemed to pass through the snail shell and arrive outside, spreading further.

A long while later, Leylin opened his eyes and shook his head.

‘It still isn’t working! This is the limit of what I can do. I’m afraid the two Dukes aren’t in this region...’ Leylin sighed, his expression complicated.

A world was much too large. It could be said that the Lava World far surpassed the central continent in terms of surface area. To find two people in such a large area, a needle in a haystack couldn’t even begin to describe it.

Though Gilbert and the rest were Morning Star Warlocks and would definitely make a name for themselves wherever they were, one had to remember that Jupiter’s Lightning definitely had an organisation here. It was possible that before he could even find Gilbert, the Radiant Moon Magi would be at his doorstep wanting his life.

‘But... Morning Star strength is rare even in other worlds. If I was a Magus from Jupiter’s Lightning, I would probably scheme to seize control of large-scale organisations and find a way to lure other members to come over as well...’

Leylin began to envisage the plans that Gilbert and the others would make after coming here suddenly, and immediately had

several trains of thought.

‘I’m afraid I’ll have to go to other large cities. Intelligence groups there must have the information I want!’ Leylin’s eyes shone, and he pointed at the spell formation in mid-air.

A layer of crimson flames immediately started to rage, swallowing the spell formation and the two soul fires within.

In the crimson flames, the spell formation that had originally been large and oversized shrunk down into little droplets that rolled around and disappeared into a soul crystal.

When the crimson flames had died out, all that was left was a red crystal the size of a fist.

At the heart of the crystal were two fine silver-white flames that intertwined, forming the strange shape of the Ouroboros.

‘Alright! The sensing technique has been set. I won’t need to go through the troublesome task of setting up a spell formation every single time in the future.’ Leylin looked relaxed as he kept the crystal properly. Immediately after, he felt the whole group come to a halt.

“What’s going on?” Furrowing his brows, Leylin opened the shell of the snail and went outside.

“Mister Ley, there’s a battle going on outside. The undulations

have already reached the Earth grade, hence I've ordered the group to stop!" A giant one-horned clansman came before Leylin, looking very respectful.

Initially, he had had qualms regarding Intellectual One's plans, but after Leylin had shown some tricks, the other party was immediately taken in. His gaze towards Leylin was full of deference.

"Oh? I didn't notice that just now." Leylin nodded, spreading a pair of large white wings from his back. A powerful strength flowed through them, allowing his body to fly into the air.

This expansive view immediately allowed him to view the scene far away.

Energy undulations were spread recklessly, and two figures moved to and fro in the lava, filling the whole sky with magma droplets.

"Indeed, energy at the Earth grade," Leylin nodded.

This world naturally did not have the same classification system as the Magus World, but several beings with extraordinary strength still existed here, though the differences in ranking were not as distinct.

From what Leylin knew, individuals who had exemplary abilities only had a few divisions. Exemplary, Earth, Sky, Star!

Based on Leylin's understanding, 'Exemplary' referred to knights and acolytes, and they were beings which possessed the slightest bit of extraordinary strength. They were the lowest stratum. Earth referred to the equivalents of official Magi, or perhaps those who could reach rank 2. Similarly, Sky were the strong ones, as strong as rank 3! And those of Star rank were beings who existed in legends and myths, and were on par with the Magus World's Morning Star Magi.

The classification of 'Stars' allowed Leylin to guess that Lava World definitely had been influenced by the Magus World. Or, at least, there had been a few Morning Star Magi that had paid attention to this world.

If not, the classification of Stars would not be so similar.

As for strength, the one-horned race that Leylin had seen up to this point depended completely on their body. Only the Intellectual One he saw that day seemed to have awakened some magical ability, which was rather decent.

The two beings of another race that were fighting in front of Leylin paled in comparison to the Intellectual One from before, whether in terms of the intensity of their energy or undulations.

However, after observing for a long while, Leylin made a discovery, "A summoning ability? And it's the power of a totem?"

These two were obviously not of the one-horned race. One of

them was extremely obese, to the point that their waist couldn't even be seen. A long nose hung from its face, making it look like an upright elephant, except that its skin was bright yellow.

The other was green, and from the big-headed race. It had an exceptionally small body and very nimble arms, with many runes and spell patterns rolling from its fingertips and being carved into the ground.

“Ignite!” With its voice, the image on the ground suddenly brightened, a layer of soil solidifying to form a berserk bear-like creature.

A pentagonal spell formation appeared on the elephant clansman, and in the next moment, the space seemed to shatter. A large double-headed cheetah descended from another space.

The two creatures looked each other face to face, and then began to tear at one another viciously, powerful energy undulations sweeping through the region.

‘There’s a shadow of the Magus World here! It seems that the ancient Magus World once took over many worlds and made use of the strengths of this place, giving rise to many strength-based systems. Looks like the rumours were real!’

Leylin watched on with interest, occasionally finding traces of some systems similar to that in the Magus World from their usage of energy.

However, his attitude of watching leisurely had clearly offended the two of them.

“You damned bird person. What are you looking at?” The elephant man roared, and it summoned a large goshawk, its sharp feathers and claws like steel as they emanated glints that inspired terror.

The goshawk cawed out and pounced towards Leylin, its large talons seemingly able to tear through anything.

The other opponent seemed to have slowed his movements, standing aside and waiting to watch a good show.

“Really...” Leylin couldn’t help but shake his head, watching the goshawk that was throwing itself at him speechlessly. Never did he expect that watching such a spectacle could cause trouble.

‘Summoning methods can technically be divided into elemental summoning, spatial summoning, bloodline summoning, all the way to the greatest, which is world summoning! The summoning methods here are probably those of the lowest level, spatial summoning. They can only instantly summon contracted beings of this world before the summoner...’

Leylin touched his chin, watching the goshawk that was pouncing over, and suddenly laughed.

For some reason, after seeing that smile, the elephant man on the

ground felt a chill, as if he had done something very wrong.

Soul force invaded the insides of the goshawk's mind. Leylin immediately found a spell formation that symbolised a contract. It was twinkling, and as if it had discovered the invasion of another being, it began to retaliate.

However, soul force was far too powerful. With just a sweep, the elephant man's low-grade spiritual force was utterly defeated, and the spiritual branding had also been erased. The large goshawk felt giddy and suddenly found the white-winged person in front of it favourable, circling around Leylin.

“Impossible!” The intense spiritual attack, as well as the erasing of his mark immediately caused the elephant man to be seriously injured.

He involuntarily cried out and spat a mouthful of fresh blood, crumbling down on the spot.

The other opponent seemed to be scared out of its wits and stayed rooted to the spot.

How could this summoning partner of his be defeated in such a straightforward manner? The green-skinned clansman felt like his thoughts came crashing down.

He was beginning to pity his opponent. Just a casual act had provoked such a terrifying existence. They had to be at least of the

Sky rank!

Chapter 547 - Woking City

“Mister Ley!” The rest of the Wooks celebrated upon Leylin’s return, worship in their eyes. There was a respect for power that was imprinted into their very bloodlines, and now it had shown itself.

“It’s all settled, let’s continue!” Leylin returned to the seat in the giant snail shell, looking calm.

Indeed, the two rank 1 Magi did not warrant Leylin’s attention. However, it had surprised Leylin how much the A.I. Chip had advanced after deriving the energy transformation formulas of the rank 1 Magi.

[Beep! Decoding of 15 rank 1 Fire element spells, 7 rank 2 spells and 3 rank 3 spells has been completed.]

Leylin’s face broke into a smile after hearing the notice from the A. I. Chip.

Due to the difference in the rules of the Lava World, spell models of the Magus world could not directly be used in it, and had to be slightly altered.

For other Magi to do such a thing would require a lot of research; something that was potentially troublesome. The spells had to each be studied and analysed individually.

However, Leylin had the ability to analyse the spells in batches and instantly managed to understand many of the spells.

‘In this case, I can recover most of my strength before we reach Woking...’ A streak of light flashed and he slowly closed his eyes.

The giant caravan started to move slowly after the short pause, the Wook clansmen at ease.

After all, with the almighty Mister Ley overseeing them, there was not much to worry about during the journey, be it the bandits of the wilderness or disasters of nature and beasts.

As a matter of fact, with Leylin around, they were rarely affected by natural disaster, and even avoided huge crises many times.

After some time, The one-horned race eventually worshipped Leylin like a god. They had never been at such ease before, usually losing more than half their merchants and consuming large amounts of supplies for every trip.

Their parting with Leylin was full of reluctance. The chief of the caravan tried his best to persuade Leylin not to leave, even hinting that he could stay even if the Intellectual One refused.

But how would Leylin agree? He left with a smile.

Woking City, the largest city in the Blazing Thorn Land.

The entire city was built in a huge barren desert, with raging winds roaring every once in a while. The place appeared desolate.

But Leylin knew that such living conditions were considered exemplary in the Lava World. In the Lava World, the intelligent creatures thrived best in the areas where there was no lava flow. Other than the pure fire elemental creatures, few species would enjoy living near the edge of the lava. In here, other than the shortcoming that the temperature was slightly higher, it wasn't very much different from that of the deserts in the Magus World, and hence was considered conditions that were good enough.

“Nevertheless, these nonhuman species are really...”

The dress code and appearances of the Magi in Woking City differed greatly from what he was used to. Leylin was a little speechless at the unique structure of the buildings and the large crowd of passersby, who were predominantly nonhuman.

To Leylin's surprise, the one-horned race whom he had encountered early were actually more human than most, at least they looked similar to normal humans.

With nonhumans who had numerous eyes and limbs were barely considered normal, Leylin was completely shocked when he saw a humongous green caterpillar, with hat and stick, in a store. It, ignorant of his gaze, was in a heated argument with the store's owner.

Despite his adventure experience in the Magus world, Leylin had mostly only been exposed to humans. Although the central continent held many nonhumans, humans were still the majority while the rest eked out an existence in the shadows, even if they were mixed bloods who looked human.

However, in this place, Leylin felt like he was the odd one out. This feeling of isolation was new to him, and interesting.

“No wonder the antique books say that the process of conquering a foreign world is actually a great challenge for Magi. It’s extremely difficult to even think of such a thing now, especially the act of going against the whole world by oneself. Truly, insane...”

Flames fumed in Leylin’s eyes as he mumbled under his breath, his eyes flashing with excitement. “I really wish to give it a try... The feeling of conquering a world...”

His exclamation was well and good, but time had arrived that he settle serious matters.

Leylin stopped a long-haired, two headed green being that was drooling out some unknown liquid.

“I need to get some information, is there any place can fulfil my needs? If u can bring me there, this will be yours!” Leylin took out a pinkish crystal and tossed it in front of the nonhuman, making his eyes brighten up.

“I– I’ll bring you there!” The sturdy man by the side of the two-headed being hemmed and hawed, as if he had to invest a lot of energy in speaking each and every word.

“Great! After you!” Leylin’s eyes flashed with a trace of a smile.

Clearly, the two headed being was pretty familiar with streets of Woking, every step of his long legs taking him a few meters ahead. He was originally worried that Leylin could not keep up with him, but after seeing Leylin at ease he sped up.

When they reached a remote alley, the two-headed fellow turned around and stammered, “Right– right here!”

“Is it?” Leylin looked around. The huge shadow of the building covered the region, blotting out the sun and leaving the entire place in darkness.

A tinge of a sombre mood was felt, and there was not a single person around.

“Hehehe, look, what Strap brought us!” A green, multi-limbed being who looked like a grasshopper climbed along the side of the wall. The pair of crimson eyes on top of its triangular head stared at Leylin with a malicious intent.

“Ant Tribe? Or Winged Tribe? Whatever, Old Hawk will surely pay a high price for his meat anyway...”

In concert with his voice, many other nonhumans climbed out of the corners, all looking bloodthirsty and ferocious.

“I knew it... I just knew it would turn out this way...” Leylin sighed helplessly, “Why do you want to force me to use violence when we can resolve this peacefully?”

Leylin’s puzzled look made the nonhumans tremble, feeling as if they had done something wrong.

“Just as well! In any case, I’m short on quite a few foreign specimens!”

Leylin played with the ring on his finger, gracefully taking out a silver surgical knife. He looked focused and devoted.

“Oh no! Please let me go! I don’t know anything, they forced me...”

Half an hour later, the alley was filled with the reek of blood. All the nonhumans had disappeared, leaving behind only the two headed being kneeling on the ground, begging for mercy.

However, it was a high-pitched female voice this time, coming

from the other head.

“Really?” Leylin wiped the silvery surgical knife, mirth in his eyes. It terrified the two-headed being, whose hair stood on ends.

“I can help! I know the best information broker in the city, it’s Old Jake. I’m telling the truth! He even knows things about other worlds! I can bring you there right now!” The being revealed its intelligence at the boundary between life and death, finally securing its life from the surgical knife Leylin had placed in front of it.

“Good! Bring me to him now!” The surgical knife stopped right before the being’s eyes, only a millimetre away.

“Yes, Master! I will bring you there now...” The creature wept, even wanting to die. If not for the fact that it was in its resting period and if it had let its younger brother go out instead, it would never have come near a malefic like Leylin.

It was useless to say anything now, though. It knew very well that it would end up like the scattered piles of flesh and bones if it did not bring Leylin to his destination and help him get what he wanted.

It was no doubt that he was the local tyrant. In a short while, he had brought Leylin to an extensive basement area.

Leylin got excited upon entering the place. This atmosphere of

this place was pervaded with feelings of passion, madness, and death, causing the darkness elemental particles to be very concentrated here.

‘It wouldn’t take too long for this kind of place to give normal humans a mental disorder...’ Leylin stroked his chin, followed after the two-headed being.

“What brings you here Strap? Do you wanna play some games?” A creature with the head of an ox patted the two headed creature’s shoulder with great strength. His right leg was missing, instead replaced with a giant metal limb.

Leylin smelled an odour similar to that of marijuana from the ox-head, coming from the crimson drink in his hand. It seemed to be an alcoholic drink of this world.

“No, I’m here for Old Jake! You see...” The two headed being pointed at Leylin and started to whisper to the ox-head with flattery.

“Off you go!” The Ox-head took another look at Leylin, perhaps it was the attractive thin figure of Leylin that set him off guard.

Chapter 548 - Underground Wrestling Match

Passing through a rusty metal door, Leylin entered a large underground arena.

There were cheers, howls, even berserk roars sounding incessantly. At times one could hear the sound of weapons clashing, at others the sound of a body being pierced.

The atmosphere was insane. The audience, who were composed of multiple races, waved pieces of paper in their hands as they yelled towards the middle of the arena.

“This...” Leylin looked down towards the centre with interest, and immediately made a discovery.

In a large cage made of steel was a were-lion with golden fur. It was matched against several large monsters.

These monsters looked like eight-legged crocodiles with mouths full of sharp teeth.

Their mouths actually looked like saws with all the sharp teeth, boasting a viciousness and frightening power that would cause weaker beings to faint.

Their opponent, the were-lion, was unarmed, and could only

fight these monsters with its own fists. Heaps of muscles bulged on its body, holding in store its formidable strength.

Just as Leylin glanced over, it mercilessly grabbed onto one of the crocodiles' tails and ruthlessly flung it onto a metal bar. A large number of metallic thorns stabbed into the creature's body, and blood gushed out. The injury looked fatal.

In exchange, the were-lion's back now had several bloody scratches that were dripping with blood.

"A place for underground wrestling, with bets and alcohol?" Leylin nodded, beginning to have some expectations towards Old Jake.

The heads of such underground organisations were usually the people who acquired intel the most effectively. He would definitely have a huge network.

After all, selling information was very profitable, and he would definitely not let this opportunity go.

"Come with me!" The ox-head limped as he led the way, guiding Leylin through several bar counters where many were raising their wine cups and roaring madly. He then opened a small wooden door.

This door truly was tiny. Leylin's physique would be considered slender among the races of this world, and even he had to lower his

head, half bowing before he could enter.

Boom! The sturdy wooden door closed, isolating the room from the clamour outside.

The moment before the door closed, Leylin vaguely saw the were-lion successfully taking care of two other monster crocodiles. Though it had paid a large price, it had still managed to keep its life.

Large numbers of bets failed, and those who had lost their money bellowed, the cacophony almost overturning the entire arena.

And still, when the wooden door closed, it was as if everything outside had no relation to this place.

“Serenity and insanity are only separated by a single door. Isn’t that feeling amazing, Mister Ley from the one-horned race’s territory?”

A dwarf that was around a metre tall walked out. It had on a long silver robe, the bottom dragging on the ground. It held the same wine cup as the rest, an excited blush on its face.

Its eyes, however, were cold. They were like a mass of ice, not a single ripple within them.

‘A rational lunatic!’ That was Leylin’s first impression of this dwarf. For it to be able to take control of such a large organisation,

it was evidently not a simple character.

“You know me?” Leylin had arrived at the Lava World a few days ago, and he had only made contact with the one-horned race. The knowledge that the other party had found information on him so quickly caused him to be delighted. In this case, there was a higher chance of his plans being realised.

“Of course! There are few who can defeat the summoner, Klito. A Sky ranked master is definitely worthy of my respect!” The dwarf bowed slightly, and Leylin was moved.

It must have been a member of the ant race with its brown skin and two little antennae. For some reason, it had broken away from its community and formed a large underground organisation in Woking City.

“Was it the merchants of the one-horned city?” Leylin pondered over it for a moment and immediately answered. Pretty much the only ones who knew him in the entirety of Woking City was that lot.

“Indeed, it was them! Since they were escorted by Mister Ley, I’ve already sent down orders that all their goods will be sold off at 10% higher than the market price!”

The dwarf of the ant race invited Leylin to take a seat, and personally poured a glass of something similar to red wine for him slowly.

The slight smell of alcohol, mixed with all kinds of fermented items that had anaesthetic effects immediately surrounded Leylin's nostrils.

"The alcohol of other races is really terrifying. They aren't even afraid of harming their bodies..."

Leylin shook his head, a little speechless. Though he was not afraid of these with the quality of his body, his tastes were well-developed. Such a crudely-made thing was not worthy of his attention, even if this alcohol was the best out of this dwarf's collection.

"Alright, respected guest! May I know your purpose in seeking out pitiful old Jake?" Seeing Leylin putting the wine cup down without taking a sip, Jake's expression did not change. He'd taken the initiative to bring up the topic, his eyes smiling.

"Everything!" Leylin chuckled lightly.

"Everything?!" Jake cried out involuntarily. "What do you mean by everything?"

"All the intelligence you have. Everything you know. That includes this region, as well as other areas. Whether it's a big or small issue, I want everything as long as it's valuable..." Leylin's voice was low, and had a unique charm to it.

"Hehe... Mr Ley, do you know how much this information will

cost?” Jake laughed, but his voice turned cold.

“I know, but I can definitely afford it!” Leylin answered without hesitation.

“What are you going to use to pay for it?” Jake had already assumed he’d met a lunatic, or someone with a screw loose.

“Your life. Is that enough?” Leylin spoke coldly.

“Crap!” Upon hearing Leylin’s words, Jake immediately bowed and retreated, throwing himself behind a study table with a jump. With a push of some mechanism, a defensive layer of energy appeared instantly.

Its movements were fluid, as if it had trained for this countless of times.

Only after the layer rose did its expression become calm. A sneer raised on its lips, “Mr Ley, don’t you think you’re going too far for a mere guest?”

“I’ve never felt that way towards the weak!” Leylin’s voice was dull, and that caused Jake’s face to flush.

As if Leylin’s words had touched on some nerve, Jake instantly grew furious.

“Get him!” It called out suddenly, and a pink mist filled the room. Two figures rushed out from within, emanating powerful energy undulations.

“The two mice finally dare show themselves. You’re only at the Sky rank, is that so amazing?” Leylin laughed slightly, a dark green layer of energy appearing from his body as a large hand grabbed forwards.

Boom! Space itself seemed to freeze in place, and the two fierce black figures halted abruptly. Leylin held each of them by the neck.

What appeared in his hands were two other dwarves that looked very similar to Jake. Energy undulations similar to that of a rank 3 Magus were continually emitted from them, but to Leylin this was far too weak. They were like a candle in a hurricane, a random wisp of wind enough to destroy them.

“Is this all you have to depend on? Any others?” Leylin opened his mouth, and a vortex appeared in the air. The pink mist that had pervaded the air was sucked into Leylin’s stomach.

One of those that Leylin was holding suddenly seemed to recall something, and even began to stutter, “This powerful? You–You’re a Star rank...”

He sent the two flying, and they fell with a thud, fainting from their injuries.

Swish! Seeing Leylin unravelling his trap and defeating two Sky ranks so easily, Jake, who was within the defensive layer, could only grit his teeth and remove it, kneeling before him.

“Revered Master Ley, please forgive the petty me for offending you unknowingly. Jake is willing to hand over all power and information to you...”

“You’re smart and understand the situation. Good, I like people like you!” A smile appeared on Leylin’s face, but to Jake it looked like that of a devil.

“I don’t want your organisation or anything like that. I just need some information from you. Because you’re tactful, I’ll only purge a portion of your memories. Don’t worry...”

Hearing Leylin’s words, Jake immediately knelt in gratitude, while forcing a laugh inside.

Just a Star rank was enough to destroy Woking City, and he had no means of fighting back.

A few hours later, Leylin who had obtained what he wanted, left the Underground Wrestling Arena, satisfied.

The atmosphere in the arena was still very heated. Now, however, there were great battles between various races. Leylin even saw a few one-horned clansmen who were mere cannon

fodder.

The soundproofing effects of the wooden door were superb. There seemed to be some spell formation, and even though Leylin had caused a mess inside, nobody outside found out.

Even that ox-headed person would not know that over the course of the past few hours, the leader of their organisation had thoroughly bowed down at the hands of this young being of a different race.

Of course, Leylin spurned the head of an underground organisation. After using methods of psychological hints to confirm that it had handed over all the information, he had immediately modified its memories and even created a fake experience. This completely concealed the happenings of the day.

After leaving the arena, Leylin found a random inn and, after paying with precious gems, received a large house.

Of course, this wealth had been obtained with the generous sponsorship of Old Jake.

Chapter 549 - Emberwing Race

The Lava World was vast, and a few hundred years would not be enough to traverse the entire world.

Based on the information he obtained from Jake, this continent that Leylin was on was the largest in the Lava World, called 'Blazing Crown'.

Around Blazing Crown, was an ocean formed of lava. Within this lava ocean were all kinds of terrifying high-energy beings, and it was a much more dangerous place than the oceans in the Magus World.

Hence, communication between Blazing Crown and the other continents was minimal. Even the most powerful extraordinary ones rarely left the continent.

To Jake's knowledge, Blazing Crown was the heart of the Lava World. The other 'continents' were merely slightly large islands.

'What an interesting world! An ocean formed of lava? If those fire-elemental Magi were to find out about this place, they would be willing to migrate over even if it cost them a fortune.' Leylin touched his chin, beginning to browse through the intelligence he had obtained from Jake.

Though the information was very complicated, the A.I. Chip had recorded everything and could quickly filter out the wrong and useless information, leaving behind the great amounts of valuable

intel. It then combined a few pieces that seemed to be linked.

Soon, Leylin managed to form an image of the true Lava World.

This was a world of flames. Fire elemental beings and lava creatures occupied over 80% of the area here. The one-horned race, as well as the ant race that Jake was a part of, could only somewhat survive at the edges of the continent.

On the complete map of the continent, there were no signs of the single-horned city. Woking City was merely a black dot at the edge, and was basically a remote and desolate place.

Three organisations stood at the apex of Blazing Crown.

There was the Divineflame Empire made entirely of fire elemental beings. The Atlan Union was made up of the Emberwing race, a life form similar to humans, and then the Allied Kingdom was made up of the rest. There weren't any others at the same level as them.

Of these three, the Divineflame Empire was the most powerful. The Atlan Union and Allied Kingdom had to collaborate to stave off their invasions.

Wars were incessantly fought as they tried to seize good territory from the lava and fire elemental beings. It was to the point that huge military campaigns were launched every few years.

As for the divisions in their ranks, it was the same as what he'd already encountered. The weakest was Exemplary, followed by Earth, Sky, and Star.

As for those above the Star rank, beings that possessed the strength of Radiant Moon Magi, he hadn't come across any such thing. Although it could just be that Jake's organisation hadn't acquired that level of information yet.

Even so, Leylin's current strength allowed him to do as he liked in the Lava World as long as the other Star ranks or Jupiter's Lightning didn't set their sights on him.

"If I were Gilbert and the others, I would either find a place and hide myself completely, or build an organisation in secret that would give off a distinct signal to the outside, letting any rescuers know where I am...."

Leylin's eyes flashed, and the A.I. Chip immediately began to search through the data.

Soon enough, a distinct heading attracted Leylin's attention. "Riot at Eastern City of Atlan Union. Rebel army 'Triserpent Sect' has taken responsibility for the event. There are conjectures that this could be a retaliation in response to the large-scaled attack of the Union..."

"Triserpent Sect?" This phrase that was full of meaning immediately got him to make a mental association.

“Isolate all information about the Triserpent Sect!” Leylin commanded. With the keyword found, the A.I. Chip’s search went more quickly. Almost instantly, information relating to the Triserpent Sect was projected in front of him.

Through reading this information, Leylin gained a deeper understanding of this organisation.

The Triserpent Sect, which was also called the Triserpent Resistance Army, was an up-and-coming organisation, and its development was rapid. With the goal of overthrowing the rule of the Atlan Union, their operations were unpredictable and very much supported by the lower class commoners.

It was said that there were three heads of the Triserpent Sect, and they were terribly powerful, the Atlan Union’s attempts at cornering and annihilating them were to no avail.

However, days ago, the Atlan Union had suddenly announced that they had achieved victory while trying to eliminate the Triserpent Sect. Not only had they destroyed many of its branches, they had even killed the head.

The news of rebellion that Leylin had seen was retaliation launched by the Triserpent Sect.

“Triserpent Sect? Interesting! Is it really the three dukes, or is this bait?” Leylin touched his chin, but it was obvious that in the Atlan Union, there were clues of the location of the two Morning Star dukes!

For this reason, Leylin had to go there no matter what.

‘I keep having this feeling that the Atlan Union is very suspicious.’ Leylin touched his chin and sank deep into thought.

The three dukes had no grudge against the Atlan Union. Why would they suddenly attack them? Unless... They had made some astounding discovery in the Atlan Union!

‘Come to think of it, Jupiter’s Lightning found this world first. It would be strange if they did not painstakingly manage it. Hence, if the ones working behind the scenes in the Atlan Union were Jupiter’s Lightning, that would explain everything...’

Leylin wondered as explored different possible solutions.

Compared to the Divineflame Empire that was against all foreigners and full of fire elementals, the Atlan Union formed of the Emberwing race similar to humans were easier to manipulate.

On top of that, their strength was only second to the Divineflame Empire in Blazing Crown, and was more suited to the needs of the Morning Star Magi of Jupiter’s Lightning.

However, while this made sense logically, Leylin believed things could not be so simple. The same intuition that had helped him obtain astonishing harvests during dangerous moments was blaring sirens at him.

‘No matter what it is, I need to go the Atlan Union! As for the Triserpent Sect, we’ll see...’ Leylin sighed.

Boiling lava and fiery red light formed the only luster of the Lava World. And yet, even under this dazzling redness, life was growing stubbornly.

This was a grassland, and little steel trees similar to the one Leylin had seen before and filled the area, along with vegetation whose leaves had jagged edges. A few slender channels of lava could be seen every once in a while, flowing past like little streams in the grasslands. Yet, they could not harm the area at all.

These plants that were like grass that had their roots firmly and deeply in the ground, even boring into the lava and absorbing its energy for their growth.

The stubbornness for life had Leylin feeling surprised.

“Uncle Ley! Why do you like watching this iron-thread grass?” A very fair girl cloaked in red darted over, the sparse red feathers covering her forehead bouncing up and down.

This girl was no different from an ordinary human child, if one disregarded the feathers on her forehead and on the back of her hand.

This was the Emberwing race. In the Lava World, besides fire elemental life forms, they were the largest racial group, and formed the largest group in the Atlan Union.

“I just like them for their resilience!” Leylin chuckled as he handed over a large piece of meat to her. “Take this! I’m afraid we’ll have to part here.”

“Uncle Ley, are you leaving?” The little girl sucked on her finger, looking reluctant.

Though they had met on the road, the powerful aura of this clansman even had her father in awe. Based on her father’s guesses, this Mister Ley must be at least an Earth rank working hard to temper oneself and fervently hoping to advance to a higher realm.

“Brother Ley, are you already leaving?” Not long after, another large man of the Emberwing race rushed over. He had obviously just heard the news, and looked anxious.

Leylin now had a few fine red feathers on his forehead. This was the appearance of the Emberwing race.

In the Atlan Union, it was much too eye-catching if he were to continue pretending to be of the winged race.

“Yes! Working hard in this world can’t stimulate my progress anymore. Hence, I’ve decided to join the army! Perhaps competing

against those evil fire elementals of the Divineflame Empire will help me advance to a higher level!”

Leylin’s expression was callous, “Besides, I’ve had a dream since I was young. I wanted to punish those flame bastards with my iron fist... Just in time for me to steel my skills in the upcoming battle at the Death Grand Canyon Battle!”

“D... Death Grand Canyon!” The large man’s eyeballs protruded. That was the frontlines of the battle between the Atlan Union and Divineflame Empire. That was also where the most casualties were.

“You...” The large man only moved his lips, but seeing the resolute look on Leylin’s face, he did not say more.

“My good brother, help me kill a few more fire elementals!” The large man could only pat Leylin’s shoulders as if wishing him luck, and he watched Leylin’s figure disappear into the horizon...

“Hah... I’ve finally arrived...” Leylin saw the outline of the Emberwing race in the distance, and let out a long breath.

The moment he had obtained intel on the Triserpent Sect, he had immediately set off and hurried here in secret.

However, as the Lava World was much too big, and Woking City was located in a very remote area, he had expended much time and effort to reach this place.

As for the large man and family of Emberwing race, they were only a few companions he had joined out of loneliness on the way here.

“Compared to the Magus World, many Exemplary ranks join the army directly in the Lava World and hold high rankings. If I want to obtain any information or intel, that would be the most convenient place.”

Chapter 550 - Testing And Passing

Compared to the Magi of the Magus World who liked to work behind the scenes, the strong in the Lava World were more willing to take the stage and take control of the organisations.

The kingships of large-scaled kingdoms were taken up by Star ranks. In that case, it was understandable for there to be a large number of Exemplaries in the higher ups of the Atlan Union's army.

Furthermore, the army was the quickest place to advance in status, especially during wartime. As long as one was capable, had outstanding results, and nobody obstructed them, people were usually promoted rapidly. This was a method that was much better than others, and also the way that Leylin liked the best.

“But... There's so much hardship in being a soldier. I don't want to be trampled on...” Leylin's eyes swivelled around as he had an idea.

Days later, in a special building within the city.

“Are you here to apply for the Special Task Force? Come with me!” A female Emberwing race member said. She was dressed in a military uniform and was expressionless, yet looked to be formidable. She carried a stack of documents and forms and turned to leave, leaving Leylin and the rest with a view of her elegant back.

“This doll is really...” A burly man beside Leylin began to complain.

“How callous. I like it...” Another pale young man’s eyes glowed green, leaving Leylin speechless.

Those with Leylin were all of the Emberwing race. However, what made them distinct from the rest of their clansmen, was the obvious energy undulations from their bodies.

Since this world had Exemplaries, it was obvious that they had special treatment and missions. Things like the Special Task Force were formed for this reason.

With enough strength, Emberwing clansmen were allowed to be selected into the Special Task Force. Not only would their positions be high, they had the best treatment in the army.

Leylin wanted to sneak in, and he obviously formed a fake identity and signed up successfully.

What Leylin cared about was that the Special Task Force often needed to deal with riots that had to do with Exemplaries. As long as he was there, he would definitely bump into the Triserpent Sect.

For this reason, he was in no hurry at all. He would swing in and sneak into the Special Task Force and hide away there while gathering more information.

After all, he was not quite sure about the background of the Triserpent Sect, and he needed to remain cautious.

If this was a trap and he still charged right in, wouldn't he be seeking death?

Leylin and the young male Emberwing looked just as nervous and excited as the rest while they followed the female soldier to a large square.

A middle-aged soldier in silver armour was already waiting there, his expression grim.

“We’re beginning the test now! Who’s first?” The middle-aged instructor’s voice was so loud that everyone’s eardrums seemed to have gone numb.

“Me!” That pale young man seemed to be too anxious to show off and darted to the front.

“Fine. Use all your strength and attack the black obelisk ahead!” The military instructor stepped aside and revealed a giant black crystal before everyone.

“Hah!” The young man took a deep breath, and a layer of fire-red light was emitted from his body. Streams of air were dispelled as dust filled the air.

Rumble! He threw a punch, and it landed on the black crystal.

While it did not budge the slightest, a dim layer of red light appeared on the surface.

Red light filled the obelisk with some difficulty, and fine rings appeared on the surface.

A total of five red rings appeared, before completely disappearing. Upon seeing this, a look of satisfaction flashed by the young man's expression.

"Mm! Fifth level of Emberwing Technique. Exemplary status. Pass!" The officer nodded, with no surprise in his expression.

"Next!" His voice was icy-cold, causing the young man's original complacency to disappear.

"Me!" The one who went up was plump, and similarly used Emberwing Technique. However, only three ringed runes appeared on the obelisk.

"Third level of Emberwing Technique. Fail!"

The officer's voice was callous, and two soldiers immediately went forward and dragged him out.

"Ah... Wait! Give me another chance, I can definitely..." From a distance, the sounds of his wails and pleas could be heard, causing great fear amongst the crowd in the square.

“Next!” The officer’s expression remained cold as he continued.

One young man after another went up, and most passed the test, though there were a few who failed. The officer was ruthless as he commanded the soldiers to chase them out.

Leylin watched this scene coolly from below.

Emberwing Technique! He had heard of it before, and knew that it was used by the Emberwing race. It could be said to be found everywhere, and practically everyone knew it.

There was nothing special about levels one to three of Emberwing Technique, and was similar to the breathing techniques of the Magus World. It could increase one’s vitality and endurance slightly, with some tolerance towards fire elements.

Once one got to the fourth level of Emberwing Technique, it would be similar to a meditation technique and allow the Emberwing clansmen to have a rapid increase in strength.

The fourth and fifth level was the strength of an Exemplary rank, while six and seven meant Earth rank. Eight and nine were considerably powerful existences and were comparable to the Sky rank. Once one advanced to the tenth level, of which there had been no precedent in history, that was the door to the Star realm!

Though the fundamental parts of Emberwing Technique could be

found everywhere, the fourth and fifth levels were kept somewhat secret, and were considered the essence of the race. As for the next few levels, they were kept secure, and could only be passed on in a few places. The reason why so many young people wanted to enter the Special Task Force was probably because they wanted information on the later levels of the technique.

As for the tenth level, that was something only the family of the head of Atlan Union possessed. Most had never even heard of it.

A grave, burly, middle-aged Emberwing clansman went forward. Extending a scarlet palm, six fire rings immediately appeared on the obelisk, and even the officer couldn't help but give the man a second look, "Sixth level of Emberwing Technique. Earth rank. Pass!"

"How amazing! It's someone at level 6, the Earth rank!"

"These sorts of people can survive anywhere. What is he doing here?"

"It must be for the information regarding the eighth and ninth level of the technique! It's only passed on in the army..." The appearance of what was the best results till now immediately gave rise to loud discussions in the queue.

The man from before stood expressionlessly aside in answer to the looks of curiosity or reverence, and the officer couldn't help but have an expression of approval.

“Next!” The officer yelled again, eyes scanning through the crowd that was beginning to thin.

‘I’m afraid that this burly man is the one with the best results in this batch. It’s not a bad harvest! At least one is passable!’ The officer was stuck in this train of thought, but then he saw another slender clansman stand up.

“Hm?” Though this above average looking man seemed frail, the officer’s eyes brightened as he lapsed into thought.

‘This little guy doesn’t seem to be simple!’

Leylin obviously cared little about what the officer thought. In actuality, he was now performing research and gathering information on the path of Emberwing Technique.

‘Interesting. Interesting! At the beginning, it’s Knight training, and after that, there seems to be content infused with some conscient runes...’

He was interested in such techniques.

“But I need to get through this!” Leylin shook his head at the ruckus in the crowd due to his being in a daze for too long.

A Morning Star Magus’ point mass was a minute dot that could contain the terrifying strength of a Morning Star without leaking any energy. With the A.I. Chip’s help, there was no issue with

simulating the energy belonging to Emberwing technique.

‘It’s a pity... The strongest person here is only the officer, who is at the Sky rank with the eighth level of Emberwing Technique. The next few levels, as well as that of the Star rank, can’t be obtained as of yet!’

Leylin slowly extended his palm. Yet, it seemed like a layer of melting flame came to life, spreading across its surface. This immediately silenced the crowd.

“Hah!” Leylin controlled his strength, looking as if he was attacking with all he had.

Rumble! The entire obelisk began to tremble as bright fiery runes appeared one after another.

One, two, three... The light from bright flames were dazzling, and spread till there were seven on the obelisk. There even seemed to be half a ring extra.

The officer’s eyes shone and he immediately asked, “Seventh level of Emberwing Technique. Peak Earth rank! Very good. What’s your name?”

“My name is ‘Ley’, my lord!” Leylin performed a military salute, something the officer immediately found pleasing.

At this moment, the silent crowd suddenly became boisterous,

hearts filled with jealousy that could not be suppressed while observing Leylin's handsome face.

As long as this young man did not die in battle, he would become the rising star of the Special Task Force, or even the entire union!

"Hm?" At this moment, Leylin acutely felt a gaze land on his back.

"It's the large man from before at the sixth level. This feeling of jealousy and hostility? Though it's normal, why is there killing intent?"

The corner of Leylin's lips rose in a cold smile. An enemy of this level was too boring.

When all those who had failed cleared out, the officer stood before Leylin and the rest, voice booming.

"Welcome to the Special Task Force! I am your officer, Schiker. You'll soon find that the Special Task Force is the best place to be. As long as you complete your missions, we can give you techniques, money, status or land..."

It had to be said that the officer was silver-tongued. In a short amount of time, he had incited the hot-bloodedness of the youths.

Leylin's expression was also one of excitement, though he found this all ridiculous on the inside.

“Now, follow me to participate in your first mission!”

Powerful undulations were emitted from Schiker’s body. Only then did the members realise that their officer was actually at the Sky rank!

Chapter 551 - Mobius

Different from ordinary troops, this elite group formed of Exemplaries needed to start on missions right away.

The Atlan Union had spent much manpower and physical resources on supporting the Special Task Force, and they were naturally not to be underestimated. However, this method of mentoring through fighting had resulted in the dissatisfaction of some members.

Of course, with Sky rank Schiker around suppressing them, it was as if nothing had happened.

“Hi, Ley! I’m Mies. This is our first time on the battlefield, how are you feeling? Nervous?”

The pale young man who had been the first for the testing leaned towards him, looking to fawn on him.

“Alright,” Leylin answered indifferently, and then pointed towards the burly man who had mastered the sixth level of Fireplume. “What’s his name?”

“Him? He’s Loke, and rumours have it that he was an expert at being a mercenary. Look at that pretentious display, as if all eyes are on him...”

Mies played the role of a lackey very well as he immediately stood

in line, his instinct now to help his boss beat down the number two.

“Oh!” Leylin said lightly, and did not continue inquiring.

As fresh recruits, they had gotten a set of new clothes that were very pliable, and could even protect against high temperatures and ordinary knife slashes. As far as this world’s treasures went, they were alright.

“Look at these clothes, how chic!” Mies looked at the completely black uniform, and could not help but be infatuated with it as he arranged his collar.

Watching him act so foolishly, Leylin had little to say, “We’re on a mission. Focus!”

Upon hearing this, Mies froze for a moment as he continued to move quickly. Immediately afterwards, he looked in the direction of Schiker guiltily. Seeing that the officer hadn’t been focusing in their direction, he relaxed and heaved a sigh of relief.

After the excitement, Mies calmed down. He looked uneasy, his slight nervousness apparent as he looked towards Leylin, “Ley, what kind of mission do you think we will be assigned to?”

In his eyes, this comrade was exceptionally mysterious, and had a calm that most lacked. Even just staying by his side gave him a feeling of security.

“Whatever it is, it won’t be easy,” Leylin spoke dully.

In actuality, he was guessing that the mission was a test for the recruits. There was no better proof than real battles. Through intense fights, the weak would fail and be eliminated, while the strong would survive and gain even more resources. This was the ruthless order of nature.

Leylin guessed that this operation might be tailored just for them. Were it not so, the difficulty would be too high. Most of the members, maybe even the entire squad, would be wiped out.

The Atlan had enough strength and backing. That was enough to attract numerous willing participants, and there was no fear of the lack of manpower.

‘But... Am I going to bump into the Triserpent Sect on the first mission?’ A trace of doubt streaked through Leylin’s mind.

He had yet to gain enough information and knew little of how things stood with the Triserpent Sect. It was not a good idea to make contact with them recklessly.

Thankfully, Schiker, who was standing in front, began to speak coldly, and dispelled Leylin’s doubts, “Our mission this time is to eliminate an extremely evil, bloody sect, a branch of the Mobius Organisation. Kill all members!”

They were now far away from the barracks and city, and had come to an open, desolate area. Large amounts of red lava reflected an orange splendour that even dyed the horizon crimson.

With the bonus from Fireplume, these Special Task Force members all maintained a vigorous physical strength, and were still in good condition even after running across a long distance.

“Mobius Organisation?” Mies immediately cried out in surprise, “That disgusting sect that likes blood sacrifices and dismemberment?”

“A disgusting sect that likes blood sacrifices and dismemberment?” Leylin’s brows furrowed, seeming having heard the large Emberwing man he had befriended previously speak.

The sect seemed to be very secretive, and the higher-ups held enormous strength. There were rumours that it was being spread even in the Divineflame Empire, and could not be destroyed.

Of course, with their extreme methods, they weren’t that welcome.

“That Mobius Organisation?” “Heavens! I hear that they’re insane. To avenge one of their bishops, they massacred a city...”

The members began to discuss this softly, the sounds of endless whispers mixing together.

Seeing this, red light emitted from Schiker's face. "Silence!" he shouted as tremendous sound waves covered the region. If not for having sensed a sound-proofing barrier being set up just prior, Leylin would have assumed that Schiker was a spy, intentionally notifying the Mobius Organisation.

"We're soldiers. It is our duty to obey orders. Isn't it just a Mobius Organisation? What are you afraid of? Don't forget, you're now Special Task Force members. The moment you disobey an order, I'll immediately execute you. Even if you can escape, you'll have to deal with being the target of a kill order from the union!"

Schiker's words were eerily cold, and with the powerful forcefield undulations of a Sky rank, the original tendency towards disorder was wiped out.

"Do you want to betray the union?" Schiker's dark words immediately had the Special Task Force members grow resolute as they answered in unison, "No, definitely not!"

"Good! These are the warriors our union needs!" Schiker seemed satisfied. "The organisation has only a few Earth ranks in charge. What does that count for? After succeeding, just the rewards alone are enough for you to spend for quite a few months! You might even accumulate points towards becoming nobility... Now, we'll allocate tasks..."

"Hm?!" While Schiker was immersed in his unceasing narrations, he had failed to realise the interesting change in Leylin's expression.

With a sweep of his soul force, the concealed undulations and even a full view of the structure below was presented in front of Leylin, and he laughed.

‘Looks like the union received relevant intelligence and know the military strength inside the stronghold like the back of their hands. Based on Schiker’s plans, our side should have had a large chance of success, but it’s a pity...’

With a scan of his soul force, Leylin found that there were quite a few Earth rank priests in the Mobius Organisations. On top of that, there even a few bishops wearing red religious attire, emitting the terrifying undulations of Sky ranks.

‘This is obviously a trap, though I don’t know if this is aimed specifically at Schiker. Whatever it is, he’s in trouble...’

Leylin’s expression held traces of pity.

“Good. This is the overall plan. Move!” Schiker obviously knew nothing of Leylin’s thoughts right now. On the contrary, he wanted to watch how Leylin, Loke and the rest performed and grade them.

Rumble! Along with a giant explosion, the barren land that was initially empty blew up, revealing a large building with a number of floors.

What first appeared was a glorious distorted black sculpture. The lines were simple and crude, and yet they gave Leylin a demonic impression.

Under the sculpture were many decorative designs that gave it a style similar of that of an altar. There were limbs and livers from living beings on it, and the blood had not dried yet. The fresh blood kept dripping and filling the spell formation.

The process of a sacrifice had obviously been interrupted, and a few low-ranked worshippers let loose roars of ire.

“Leave none alive. Crush them!” Schiker howled.

He didn’t actually need to yell. The Special Task Force members had long since seen red and pounced forward, boiling hot rays flickering on their bodies. Fireplume activated, giving them immense support.

Pu! A palm filled with flames extracted itself from the body of a worshipper, and the accompanying flames burnt this vicious-looking worshipper to ashes. “You must all die!”

Loke’s chilly voice swept through, voice spreading, and Schiker nodded unceasingly while watching in secret.

Meanwhile, Mies might seem cowardly, yet seemed to have had his thirst for blood kindled, especially after seeing his side winning all engagements. Many members were in high spirits as they went

deeper in.

“What is this Ley doing?”

Schiker nodded in satisfaction, but when his eyes were on Leylin, his face scrunched up in dissatisfaction.

Leylin, who he'd thought should rush to the frontlines, was wandering around within the group. Even when he did make a move, it looked like he was cowering and seemed listless, falling behind Loke by a large margin in terms of his kill count.

“Hm? That's not right. His way of moving forward implies he's having reservations about something. Has he discovered something?”

Schiker instantly became cool-headed, going through Leylin's actions and the information he had gotten previously. As he saw his troops continuously heading in after their victories, his pupils shrank as he realised that his members had lost their formation.

“Crap. Come back!”

Schiker shouted loudly, but it was much too late.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Large amounts of sparks exploded, forming a heat wave that wiped out most of the Special Task Force members. Even with the protection of Fireplume, the high temperature surpassed their limits caused them to turn into

charred corpses.

“Keke, Schiker, we meet again!”

A few figures wrapped in light stood before Schiker, accompanied by warriors and worshippers, donning garments of their sect.

“Sky rank! Two Sky ranks!” Mies, who was lucky to have survived, watched the two tall figures in the air and cried out in pain and despair.

“It’s you... So it was a trap.” Schiker remained collected.

“Yes. This is a trap specifically to deal with you! What happened fifteen years ago can be settled properly now!” The two bishops in red clothing held hatred in their eyes.

Chapter 552 - Hot-Blooded Breakthrough

“All members, break free from the encirclement!”

Schiker's shout after the momentary silence surprised the two bishops. Red flames surged from his body, even forming a giant phantom of a flying beast behind him.

This was a perfect creature like those in legends, bathed in fire like a god born of the flames!

“The eighth level of the Fireplume! Schiker, you've gotten this old, yet you still haven't made any progress!” The two bishops exchanged a glance and took a step forward together, a huge pressure dispersing in all directions and suppressing the phantom of the fire phoenix ahead.

As if night had fallen, great amounts of black mist bound Schiker to them. A great battle was about to happen!

“Kill them!”

Numerous members of Mobius Organisation yelled, and figures in dark robes with daggers or the like in their hands darted out of the shadows.

The sounds of shouts were unceasing. Most of the members of the Special Task Force were new, and the surprise attack resulted in heavy casualties. Their morale immediately fell, and there some

members who were outside who roared as they escaped into the distance.

Thud! Schiker was ruthlessly smashed to the ground by a fist, patterns that seemed to be multiple curses creeping up his body. Even the horrifying flames of the eighth level of the Fireplume was useless.

The large quantity of flames was even contaminated by the curse runes, and gradually died down.

Over time, even the fire phoenix behind Schiker's back was beginning to whine. Schiker was pale, a few large wounds appeared on his body, countless black runes digging their ways in like earthworms.

“Haha... Schiker, you're going to die today!” One of the bishops in red smiled relaxedly, “Let me...”

“Let the instructor go!”

The sudden yell interrupted the words of the bishop in red, and he furrowed his brows. What saw were two Emberwing clansmen with flames around their bodies charging over as if they had gone mad, looking frightened and worried.

“Keke... What hot-blooded young things! Schiker, you're still as capable at brainwashing as before!” The other bishop laughed coldly, “Let me slaughter them before I take care of you...”

The old man had a drunken look. Merely killing the other party was not enough to satisfy his interest. The hatred that had lasted over a decade gave him the urge to torture him for over a period of time and, just when Schiker had given up all hope, kill him. Such a method of revenge was the sweetest!

“You guys...” Schiker clutched his chest, twisting his head to watch the figures rushing over, touched but also anxious. “Leave! You aren’t a match for him! Try your best to break out!”

“Keke... You can’t escape!” The old man sneered, and got his partner to watch Schiker while he blocked the path of those two young Emberwing clansman.

“Instructor, hang on!” Leylin’s face was flushed as he called out, the Fireplume exhibiting its full strength at his hands. Terrifying flames burned, causing a few Earth rank worshippers to suffer. Expressions of dread appeared on their faces as they kept a distance.

‘This display would probably be similar to a hot-blooded lead character in my previous world, the kind who’ll have a breakthrough at the most crucial moments...’ Leylin made fun of himself while putting on his best act. At the same time, he ran his gaze across the surroundings.

Due to the ambush, the casualties the Special Task Force sustained were very serious and practically all the members had died in battle. That kid Mies, however, had smeared blood on his

face and collapsed, using some secret technique to hide his aura. This had allowed him to survive. He was much more fortunate than those who had escaped and been chased after and killed. He hadn't sustained many injuries, and was on a whole other level.

Noticing the look of gratitude on Schiker's face, Leylin grew speechless.

“If you knew that the two who seemed to be risking their lives to save you actually had other intentions, I wonder if you'll start vomiting blood...”

Leylin's shot a glance to the side. The cool burly man at the sixth level of the Fireplume was now fighting with all his might, looking enthusiastic and impulsive and seeming completely loyal.

In actuality, he was also someone harbouring malicious intentions. There was the obvious aura of another race on his body, but that had been concealed very well. If not for Leylin having probed him with his A.I. Chip and soul force, he might have been duped as well.

“Ley, I'll hold them down. You go and save the instructor!” Loke shouted after seeing Leylin looking in his direction. Large amounts of flames shot out of his body and surrounded the few Earth rank worshippers around him. The sounds of explosions could be heard unceasingly, and the battle was obviously fierce.

“Damn it! You found a bunch of low-levelled cannon fodder to protect yourself and gave me two Sky ranks!” Leylin rolled his eyes

but still rushed forward with a roar, throwing a fist at the bishop in red who was standing in the middle of the path.

Bang! Scree— The ear-piercing sound of an explosion sounded, seeming to be an enthusiastic call from a phoenix. A fire phoenix slightly smaller than that which had appeared behind Schiker emerged on Leylin's back, the bright red flames so splendid that they were like sunlight, giving Leylin a layer of golden armour.

“Hm?! The peak of the seventh level of the Fireplume!” The bishop, who was blocking the way, cried out in astonishment. Though the Fireplume was a compulsory technique for all Emberwing clansmen, with practically every adult having reached between the first to the third level, there were few who reached the fifth level or above that. The peak of the seventh level meant he was just one step away from the Sky rank! With how young this Emberwing clansman appeared to be, he was absolutely a rare talent.

“Little guy, you've got pretty bad luck to have met me.” The bishop in red snickered. Wiping talents off the face of his world was his guilty pleasure.

Even if these talents would have a boundless future, a dead talent was not even comparable to a dog.

Snap! Turbulent black streams of air surged through the air, forming a giant scorpion that blocked Leylin's path.

“Explode!” With a loud cry, the red force in Leylin's hands

became even more vigorous and seemed to turn into a bundle of flames, darting towards the scorpion.

The flames initiated by the Fireplume crackled as they scorched the surface of the scorpion's large black pincers. Parts of the black air dissipated.

However, that was all the flames could do. Pak! The black gas scorpion waved its other pincer around, and Leylin was sent flying, fresh blood spilling from the corner of his lips.

“AH! Let the instructor go!” Leylin collapsed and appeared ‘gravely injured’, but He crawled back up, charging forth again. The giant fire phoenix phantom was less imposing than before, but still let loose a booming cry.

Crash! Crash! Crash! Leylin was flung backwards time and time again, and it seemed the bishop in red wanted to make Leylin waste all his energy. This would agitate Schiker even more, which was why he had held back a little every time and allowed Leylin to struggle up again.

“Ley...” Seeing Leylin tenaciously struggling on and not giving up, even if Schiker's heart was as hard and cold as steel, he still felt a warmth boiling up from his chest. Hot air went up to his eye sockets, leaving him on the verge of tears.

“Give up, child. Leave!” Schiker yelled uselessly.

“No, I won’t ever give up!” Leylin yelled out words that made himself want to vomit while waving his fists, the fire spilling everywhere burning the ground till it was scarlet.

Crash! He was sent flying again, and the bishop in red took several steps forward, “I’m already getting tired of this game. I’ll take care of you the next time!”

Huala! The large black scorpion dissipated, and the streams of air converged before the bishop, terrifying energy undulations radiating.

“That Ley... Is he really a fool?” Meanwhile, Loke had just ‘happened to have’ finished dealing with a few of his opponents, and had crept closer.

‘Almost there. Once Ley dies, I can save Schiker with that and request a higher position...’ A determined look rose in Loke’s eyes. His hand already extended into his clothes, touching a round object.

‘Ley, you’re a good person with astounding talent, but it’s a pity. This is a dog eat dog world. Your enthusiasm will not give you anything in return and will only leave you dead. Rest in peace...’ Loke spoke in his heart, like a leopard waiting before a hunt as he hid in wait.

All of a sudden, his eyes widened, eyeballs protruding and almost popping out, mouth huge as he bawled in disbelief, “I... Goddamn! Does that even happen?!”

“For love and justice!” Leylin, who was bathed in flames, looked even more saintly. As he saw the bishop closing in, he had a holy look on his face.

Following that, with his yells, great golden flames surged out and healed all his wounds. Even the terrifying phantom of a phoenix that seemed omnipresent formed at his back.

If the phantom that Leylin had summoned before was a mere illusion, each feather of the phoenix floating behind him was undeniably real. It was as if a real ancient fire phoenix had descended.

The powerful undulations of Fireplume broke through the boundaries of the peak of the seventh level, and entered a much more powerful level!

‘Shit, he actually broke through!’ Loke cursed.

The eighth level of the Fireplume signified the Sky rank. In other words, Ley was now on the same level as the two bishops in red and Schiker!

“This... This actually happens?” Compared to Loke, the bishop who was the main lead felt as if he had received a huge blow.

How could a hot-blooded idiot actually have a breakthrough right before death? And he had even advanced and was on the same level

as himself? This did not make sense!

Schiker, on the other side, was filled with elation.

“Die!” Terrifying waves of heat of the eighth level of the Fireplume immediately shrouded Leylin as he charged before the old bishop in red. Boiling hot waves swept through and even broke through his opponent’s defence, causing the old man’s eyebrows and beard to start to burn.

Chapter 553 - Taking Root

Thud! The iron fist wreathed in scarlet flames ruthlessly struck the old bishop clothed in red, causing him to fall back while coughing blood. The large phantom phoenix at Leylin's back let loose a frightening cry. Pressing forward, Leylin immediately charged to the other bishop in red.

“Even if you're also a Sky rank, you've only just advanced. You definitely know too little about battles between Sky ranks. Kid, looks like I'll be the one to have to deal with you!” The bishop who was on his guard against Schiker yelled. The reason for the defeat of his ally before seemed to be an underestimation of his enemy, which was why Leylin's sneak attack had been successful.

“Let instructor Schiker go, and I can pardon you!” With a ferocious roar, Leylin and this bishop collided.

Rumble! A red blaze and a black storm intertwined as they engaged in battle. The soil was devastated, opening up to reveal the bedrock.

“Things... should be fine, right? Even if Ley suddenly broke through, those are two Sky ranks!” Loke touched the item in his hands, preparing to dash out.

He had come here with a mission. He was to gain Schiker's trust and successfully sneak into the higher ranks of the Special Task Force. However, with Leylin suddenly interfering, he was obviously annoyed.

Pu! A streak of fiery red rays broke through the storm and made a quick stop by the area Schiker was located. The man disappeared.

Whoosh! In the next moment, Leylin brought Schiker and appeared before Loke and pushed Schiker into Loke's arms, "Leave with the instructor!"

"..."

Though Leylin did not know what kind of expression Loke had on his face right now, he was sure that he wanted to curse him and his family.

Due to his escape, the storm which had initially lost its target was madly rushing in his direction. The bishop ahead who had been attacked by Leylin had already come rushing over to hunt him down with a grim expression.

'Damn, damn, DAMN! Ley was at the peak of the seventh level, so it made sense that he suddenly broke through, but I only showed power at the sixth level. It's no use breaking through.' Loke watched the two Sky rank red-robed bishops who were dashing over, and began to wail inside.

"I don't care anymore. I have to use this!" Loke gritted his teeth, and a black metal egg flew out.

Swish! Black light flashed, and a slender metal egg exploded in

the air. Large amounts of smoke flew out and a large construct appeared, blocking the area in front of the two red-robed bishops.

“A binding construct!” The bishops’ cries of surprise were transmitted into Leylin’s ears, and he grinned inside.

In front of Leylin, Loke’s little schemes were like children’s pranks that could be seen through by any adult, even forcing him to showcase his talents to this extent.

“This is... a spider model construct! So you’re...” Schiker looked weakly at the construct, eyes glinting as they held more kindness towards Loke.

“The family treasure that I inherited can hold them for at least 5 minutes. Let’s go!”

Loke displayed a smile that looked even more ugly than a crying face and carried Schiker on his back, a defensive layer from Fireplume emitting from his body.

“Wait-wait for me!”

Hearing they wanted to break out of the encirclement, one of the corpses on the floor leapt up, revealing Mies’ bloody face. “Big brother Ley, bring me along!”

“So there’s one more!” Loke rolled his eyes powerlessly, feeling that the number of unexpected situations he had met in his life

before this could not compare to this day.

“Good. Let’s go!” Leylin chuckled, surging flames brimming on his body. He opened up a path of flames through the encirclement by the Mobius cultists.

The two Sky ranks were temporarily out of the way. Leylin used his Fireplume at the eighth level and swept through the area immediately. Whether they were ordinary worshippers or crazed fanatics, none could withstand the attack of the crimson-golden flames. Most of the ordinary followers would begin to burn if even the smallest spark touched them, turning into giant human-shaped torches.

“Take a rest here. I need to go out and do something!”

After returning to the camp in the city, Schiker had pretty much recovered and could even move around freely. On the surface, it was hard to tell that he was injured at all, besides his slightly tattered clothing.

“Understood, instructor!” Leylin and the other two immediately puffed their chests out and shouted.

“Mm!” Schiker’s gaze now held gratitude towards Leylin and Loke. Before proceeding forward, he patted Leylin and Loke’s shoulders.

“Ley, you did well this time and even broke through to the Sky rank! I will recommend you for a promotion. And Loke... I hope to be able to speak with you tonight!”

“That would be my honour!” Loke immediately shouted. From his expression, Leylin guessed that it was anything but bad. It looked like the origins of that spider construct had attracted Schiker’s interest.

‘The organisation backing Loke has truly put in a lot of effort for him to sneak in...’ Leylin sighed inside, but little did he know that Loke was green with envy. If looks could kill, Leylin would probably long since have turned into a human torch.

“As for you...” Schiker’s eyes turned to Mies, immediately causing the young man’s face to turn as white as snow.

“I’d initially wanted to penalise you for escaping right in the face of battle, but this happened because of a lapse of judgement on my part. I’ll let you off.”

“Many thanks, instructor!” Mies answered loudly, his apprehension disappearing.

“But if there’s another instance of this happening, I’ll stuff your head up your arse. Do you hear me?” Schiker shouted, and Mies little face crumpled.

“Alright, you’re dismissed.” Schiker left in a hurry, and Leylin

was stuck deep in thought while watching his back.

Just from the murderous aura he had that was unafraid and not planning on backing down, Leylin knew that some people in this base were in trouble.

Schiker returned very quickly, and there were even some spots of blood on his collar and cuffs.

He swore constantly while throwing a gold badge and a set of new military uniforms in front of Leylin. “You’ve been promoted to be a captain of the Special Task Force. You’ve also obtained a second class medal of honour of the union, as well as points for a rank as nobility. You now have enough to pay for the lowest authentication as a knight. Wear the uniform for now. The real documents and procedures will come in a few days later.”

“Loke, while you haven’t been promoted, you’ve obtained a medal of honour from the union as well...”

“It is my honour!” Loke’s voice was full of spirit, to the point that there were faint tremors in his voice.

Seeing the fake look of excitement on his face, Leylin immediately realised the value of this medal of honour of the union thing.

However, this had little to do with him.

After this matter, Schiker would definitely place him in higher regard, and would allow him to look at some confidential information. That would be helpful.

The average temperature of the Lava World was at least 50 degrees and above. Astounding heat waves filled the air.

As a result, most of the outer walls of buildings were very thin and had the function of absorbing heat.

The buildings of the Emberwing race were of a different style than in Woking City. They were more similar to bamboo houses, and Leylin's residence used a rock that constantly emitted cold air, keeping his room always cool and refreshing.

The benefits of being in the Special Task Force were generous. Even normal members had their own residences and allowances of resources for their training. As the captain, Leylin had a villa of his own. This chilly stone was a very precious resource, and those who did not have the captain rank could not enjoy this.

Mies often found excuses to hang around at Leylin's, enjoying the cool air.

Leylin currently held something like a monitor in his hands, skimming over something. With his authority, much of the information of the Special Task Force was open to him, and he had also gathered much information on the Triserpent Sect.

The full view of this organisation appeared before Leylin's eyes.

“The Triserpent Sect! Looks like it really has a connection to the three dukes!” Leylin put down the monitor and rubbed the space between his eyebrows, unconsciously tapping at the table.

“From the intelligence, the Triserpent Sect seems to be trying to overthrow the government of the Atlan Union, allowing other races to have more space to survive. In actuality, they're a bunch of terrorists. They intend to attack the city of every Emberwing clansman and loot them. They don't have any special activity... Hm!”

Using the A.I. Chip, Leylin went through the cities that had been attacked. The data on the losses was arranged in a unique database, and the relationship was quickly found.

“This resource seems to be the favourite of the Triserpent Sect!” Leylin's eyes brightened. He'd found that the Triserpent bandits seemed to have a vested interest in a type of special ore. Perhaps the attacks on other cities were all in order to obtain the ores, but this target had been concealed well and not been discovered.

However, through the comparison of gargantuan amounts of information, the A.I. Chip had managed to accurately pinpoint this common ground from all the data on the destruction caused.

[Firasource Stone: A treasure said to be able to increase

progress in Fireplume, and a top-grade ingredient only possessed by the Atlan Union.]

Leylin touched his chin, observing the projected image given by the A.I. Chip as well as the explanation next to it. He sunk into thought.

The reason why the people of the Triserpent Sect liked this firasource stone this much must be because of something unusual.

Anything that would cause these Morning Star Magi to go so frantic had Leylin very interested as well.

“I remember that with my merits and status, I’m able to apply to purchase limited-grade resources. I can use this opportunity and get a sample for research...”

Leylin made his mind and commanded the A.I. Chip to scan and record the other books of the Emberwing race.

It was the accumulation of a civilised society in another world, and definitely held much research value for him.

Chapter 554 - Firasource Stone

“Time to go!” Leylin kicked Mies who had almost fallen asleep.

“Erm, where are we going?” Mies shrunk back a little, his vision blurred.

If there was a choice, he would still have preferred to sleep here as the weather outside was so hot that it could make him pass out.

“Hurry up!” Leylin raised his brows, Mies stood up immediately, feeling speechless.

“Okay! We shall go to the logistics department and check out the mission of the month. It’s almost time...”

“Alright, alright. You’re the boss.” Mies shrugged his shoulders.

Ever since the last incident, Leylin had gotten promoted and became a captain of the Special Task Force, while Mies was put in his unit, becoming one of his men.

As for Loke, he had his way around. Even though he was not promoted after the last mission, he soon achieved lots of merit for the following events and got promoted to be a captain like Leylin just a few days ago.

The logistics department of the Special Task Force was not far

from his residence. Every staff were as obese as pigs, they resembled nothing from the slender and good-looking traits of the Emberwing race. This had Leylin and his men shunning them.

“Hand me all of my special offerings of the month, and an exchange list,” Leylin spoke to a big fat guy with oily hair who was sitting behind the counter with glass windows.

“At your service, Captain Leylin.” The fat guy was full of smiles and had a gingerly look.

Leylin’s fame had long ago become widespread in the Special Task Force. He had been able to achieve level 8 in Fireplume at such a young age, becoming a Sky rank elite! His prospects were definitely boundless.

Moreover, he had saved Schiker’s life. This was someone who was known to have a powerful background, tactical brilliance, and more importantly a person that favoured his own men.

Thus, Leylin was assured to have a bright future.

Some people speculated that becoming a captain was not the end of his road. He could possibly become a Marshal of the union with one star.

This fatty wouldn’t dare to neglect such people, and he handed Leylin his complete set of supplies. These supplies were a benefit enjoyed by every member of the Special Task Force.

The Atlan Union depended largely on their supplies and nobility; they had attracted and recruited numerous unbounded extraordinary ones.

Leylin threw the supplies to Mies, who followed Leylin like a valet. He then opened the exchange list.

The contents of Fireplume were at the top of the list, the first eight levels being recorded. This included some practical experiences as well as the special techniques of different individuals. It was everything he needed, totally perfect. Except for one thing.

It had no record of techniques at the tenth level, the Morning Star realm. This caused him to furrow his brows.

Having stayed here for quite a period of time, Leylin had discovered that their Special Task Force actually had high clearance to access in the Atlan Union despite their infamous reputation. Even a captain like him was equivalent to a major general in the union.

Leylin grew a little discouraged at not being able to learn the tenth level of Fireplume even with his current status. He was keen to know the second half of this technique.

Currently, Fireplume was the only path to power Leylin knew that combined physique and the soul perfectly. In his own world, these two paths were separated into Knights and Magi.

Nonetheless, even with the help of Schiker and the others as specimens, the information the A.I. Chip could simulate only pulled Fireplume to the ninth level. A lot of time and power would be required to deduce the tenth level, the Morning Star realm.

‘Only when one reaches the Morning Star realm along a path will it become obvious. Levels 1 to 9 can be deemed creative, but I’m not sure what the real path to power is like...’

Rumour had it that the Emberwing race descended from the phoenix, but Leylin disagreed. He had already tried it out, and had hadn’t found any genetic segments related to the ancient bloodline.

Still, when Fireplume reached a certain level, it was clearly linked to the phoenix. This was what had Leylin confused.

“We can put aside doubts about Fireplume for now, let’s look for the firasource stone!”

Leylin flipped down the page and an image of a fiery ore appeared, “Firasource stone: Increases the rate of advancement, or even assists in breaking through to the next level of Fireplume. Top-grade treasure, valued at 100 nobility points for a gram. Only available for ranks Captain and above.”

“A hundred nobility rank points for a single gram?” Miles shouted exaggeratedly from beside Leylin before he could comment on anything.

“I don’t think I could afford such an expensive item even if I sold myself!” he stuck his tongue out.

Designation of nobles was very prestigious in the Atlan Union. Thus, audit was very strict. The only way for one to achieve a noble rank other than through the Special Task Force was to head to the Death Grand Canyon Battles.

Therefore, everyone in the force protected their nobility rank points like their own eyes. For example, Mies felt repulsed just looking at the incredulous price of the stone.

“Hehe...but this is a firasource stone. It’s exclusively supplied to top ranks like us in the union, with just one gram being able to get you through six levels of Fireplume.” The fatty laughed from behind the window, mockery in his eyes.

“Six levels?!” Mies’ eyes widened. It was very difficult to break through the latter stages of Fireplume. He had currently been stuck in the fifth level for a long time. Once he reached the sixth, he would become an Earth rank elite! The difference in position from now went without mentioning.

And yet, Mies glanced at the price tag, somewhat unwilling to give up his points. After all, being able to acquire nobility was a rare chance, and he could not bear to spend all the points he had earned.

“Yep, I’m exchanging all my points.” Leylin nodded.

Immediately, Mies shouted without a thought, “Captain! Have you gone mad?”

“Of course I haven’t! I’m very calm and know what I’m doing.” Leylin shook his head. After all, this was a foreign world. Nobility here meant nothing to me, and it was something he would have to think about even if offered for free. Thus, his points were better spent on resources.

“Ho– Hold on, Captain. Your transaction somewhat exceeds my authorisation limit.” The fatty behind the window found it hard to sit still, and beads of oily sweat trickled down his forehead. They were cleaned off along with his white handkerchief.

He could only exchange one or two grams of firasource stones at best, that was the limit of his authority. But this obviously did not satisfy Leylin’s needs.

Soon, another fat guy had received the notice, and he came to Leylin.

He had strong energy fluctuations of the Sky rank, at the boundary of Morning Star.

“Chief!” Leylin and Mies bowed down slightly. The one who had just arrived was the chief of the logistics department, and had a higher military rank as compared to Leylin.

“Hey, Ley, you have enough nobility rank points to earn you the

title of a Baron. Are you really going to trade them all away?” The fat chief looked at Leylin with pity, he’d thought highly of this genius.

“Yes!” Leylin was firm, “As compared to nobility, I would liked to focus on my abilities first. As long as I have what it takes, I’m going to get more valuables and higher positions!”

“Brilliant!” Someone at the side clapped loudly, Schiker had come beside Leylin without notice.

“Exchange for him!” Schiker nodded at the fatty, then exclaimed, “If I were to think like him while I was young, I would have gotten more achievements than I have now.”

“Alright then... as you wish...”

The fat chief wiped his sweats on his face using a gold handkerchief, “Follow me. The exchange of nobility rank point isn’t a simple affair, but it should be alright since Schiker is around...”

After settling on a series of authorisation documents, Leylin had finally gotten the firasource stone. He thanked Schiker and the Chief once more before he returned to his place.

“Firasource stone!” Leylin opened his palm, revealing a fiery ruby. It seemed to contain a large amount of liquefied ore.

The entire ore was only the size of Leylin's fingernail, this was all that Leylin's nobility rank points could be exchanged for.

Despite its petite size, the chief of the logistics department spent much efforts to gather it, even having to transfer some from other regions to barely make it enough for Leylin.

A phantom of a phoenix showed up behind Leylin, letting out whistles of excitement.

Leylin had the premonition that once he made use of the firasource stone, his level 8 Fireplume would advance greatly, even to the extent of breaking through level 9.

But it was not the strange phenomenon of the firasource stone that caught Leylin's attention, it was the notice from the A. I. Chip.

[Beep! Special object detected— Firasource stone! Gathering information.]

After a period of examination and simulation, the A.I. Chip sounded again.

[Special soul object— Firasource stone! Able to strengthen

Magus point mass, increases soul force to an unknown extent!]

Looking at the A. I. Chip's notice, Leylin's eyes widened.

It could increase soul force! Who knew this firsourc stone had such an effect?

The advancement of a Magus and the power of their spirit were inseparable. From ranks 1 through 3, one trained in spiritual force. Soul force came into the picture after one entered the Morning Star realm.

Soul force was the most mysterious amongst all. Even though there were many great meditation techniques, they could only result in a strengthening of the soul over a long period of time. One could not be sure of the pattern.

Even those great meditation techniques required at least hundreds of years to improve one's soul force, and it was even worse in Leylin's case.

Kemoyin's Pupil ended at rank 4, not giving him a single bit of information as to how to increase his soul force. Thus, he could only continuously try his luck.

Chapter 555 - The Organisation's Leader

Now, a wide golden path had appeared in front of Leylin.

As long as he gathered enough firasource stones, his soul force would increase greatly. Even the soul force of a Morning Star Magus who had thousands of years of experience using the top meditation techniques might not be as strong.

“If the Morning Star Magi in the Magus World learn about this, I’m afraid they will go mad over it!”

Leylin stroked his chin, finding it a little puzzling, “A precious source like this is a fatal attraction to Morning Star Magi. If so, why would Jupiter’s Lightning use this world to trap the Elders despite risking the exposure of the coordinates? This doesn’t make sense...”

At that moment, everything that had happened previously left Leylin confused.

“Maybe they had confidence in getting rid of the Elders, but did not expect that they could get away, which had them caught unprepared. Or maybe they didn’t even manage to find a source like the firasource stone? After all if they don’t have the help of the A. I. Chip, they will only know the amazing function of the firasource stone if they conduct an on-site inspection...”

All he could do was to speculate.

“Anyway, the reason the Triserpent Sect is so eager to get the firasource stone could very well be that their Morning Star Magus has already found out the function of it... Now I have to gather as many firasource stones as possible.”

The fourth level of Kemoyin’s Pupil already had little effect on Leylin. It had helped his advancement for quite a while already, but there was no change to his soul force at all.

In actual fact, many Morning Star Magi faced the same difficulty. It was very hard to improve their soul force, even with top-grade meditation techniques.

“This trip to the Lava World was such a great decision!”

Leylin held his grid tightly, his eyes were filled with excitement.

.....

In the capital of the Atlan Union, a huge and prosperous place.

A void was created deep underground, a massive flame ball staying in the middle of it like a sun, showing the vague figure of a phoenix.

A continuous high-pitched whistling of the phoenix was transmitted through the flame ball, the entire ball breathing in

and out as if it was alive.

There was a huge pentagram-shaped spell formation there, in the middle of which rays of crimson light were been drawn out and immersed into the flame ball.

The Phoenix inside was extremely excited, just like it had benefited greatly from the rays.

There were some remaining crimson light rays dropped down at the side of the spell formation, they solidified over sometime and turned into Fire stones!

Moments later, the Phoenix in the flame ball stopped the flame. It transformed into a human bathed in a stunning golden light.

This was a handsome male, he had scarlet hair and brows, his aura filled with surging waves of power.

Even the void around him fluctuated, an aura of the peak power of a Radiant Moon Magus surrounded him.

The scarlet-haired man had a regal crimson robe draping over his shoulders, fully dressed on the inside. He went to the other basement which was empty save for a giant mirror, leaving only large amounts of binding runes appearing regularly.

“...We meet again, my dear President of Atlan Union, Your Highness Durut!”

A hologram of someone in Radiant Moon Magus robe with a crescent mark on his forehead appeared in the mirror. Weird dark power was released strangely, his aura somewhat able to compare to Durut's.

The Magus who appeared in the mirror was the leader of Jupiter's Lightning, a rank 5 Magus!

"Hello, my guest from a foreign world!" Durut smiled, his crimson feathers radiating lust.

The Magus in the mirror turned silent for a while, as if he had sensed something. Moments later, he opened his eyes and smiled, "It seemed like you have accepted my suggestion! How is the effect?"

"It was great, my friend! Just some improvements to be made..." Durut nodded his head.

"This requires me to put in more time and effort. Most importantly, I was unable to get enough on-site information. Unless you allow me to go over...." The Radiant Moon Magus in the mirror shook his head.

"Of course not! My friend, we are both the elites above the Morning Star realm, and this world needs protection!"

Durut rejected immediately. Welcoming a foreign world's elite

was definitely a trouble for himself. Durut had only thought of making use of the Magus with caution, never had he thought of other possibilities.

“Alright! Then next let’s talk about the deal.” The leader of Jupiter’s Lightning in the mirror said helplessly.

A Morning Star Magus was like a little stone on a beach in the world, a little hard to recognise without careful inspection. A Radiant Moon Magus like him, on the other hand, was more obvious, an elephant in the room. The moment he tried to cross over, Durut would attack him mercilessly.

On this matter, Durut was able to gain the support from the world’s will, which made him way more powerful than any ordinary rank 5 Magus.

Thus, despite being a similar rank 5, the man in the mirror had never thought of getting himself into trouble. He could only send some of his man over to run errands for him in secret.

“That’s right, my friend, as long you keep your promise, we of the Emberwing race will show great hospitality!” Durut smiled.

The Magus opposite rolled his eyes, “Since you are very satisfied with the Energy Withdrawing spell formation, I have quite a few others you can try it out... In return, I want 500 grams of Morning Star Gold, arcane ore, paradian feathers and also firasource stones...”

He continued with the names of numerous resources, and Durut agreed without any hesitation, “Sure. As long your spell formations work, I will transfer them right away...”

.....

After Durut had left the chamber, he sneered, “You think I wouldn’t know what you are really up to just by hiding the firasource stone among the long list of sources? How naive!”

Upon reaching the study room had some documents viewed, he was outraged, “ The Triserpent Sect! And the Mobius Organisation! These foreign tribes are way too much! I have to warn them and give them a lesson!”

Immediately he took a device from the table which looked like a telephone, strings of letters appearing from his fingers and vanishing into the speaker.

“All Special Task Force units in action, destroy every base of the Triserpent Sect and the Mobius Organisation in the Union’s territories!”

Durut recalled something after he had put down the phone, and he passed down another urgent order, “Schiker, take charge of the East region!”

“That little pup should be back now after the contribution!”

Durut’s face finally showed rare tinge of gentleness.

.....

“The increasing of soul force feels really amazing...” Leylin was far from the capital, therefore he was not aware of the silent undercurrents that developed throughout the Atlan Union. He was still indulged in the joy of the advancement of his soul force.

The feeling of using the firasource stone was utterly fantastic, making him feel giddy as if he was drunk. Once the effect ended, his body was much more vigilant than before, and his soul force much more active than usual.

Leylin took a look at his stats:

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 4 Warlock Bloodline: Kemoyin’s Serpent(complete form) Strength: 50 Agility: 45 Vitality: 65 Spiritual Force: 539.7 Magic Power: 539(Magic power in synchronisation with spiritual force) Soul force:???

“Even though the soul force is not shown, the spiritual force had increased by 30 plus units, it’s probably a side effect of the increase in soul force!” Leylin was over the moon. This advancement in soul force was comparable to the process of those Morning Star Magi having had to practice top-grade meditation techniques at least 10 years.

With how things looked, as long as he had enough firasource stones, his soul force would continue to increase at an incredible rate.

“How is this firasource stone related to Fireplume? How is this produced?”

Leylin’s eyes brightened. He had even put behind the rescue mission, and finding and gathering of enough firasource stone had become his top priority.

“Boss! Boss!” At the same time, Mies’s call sounded from outside, making Leylin frown.

“What is it? Didn’t I tell you not to disturb me?” Leylin pulled opened the door, displeased.

“Not me, it’s Instructor Schiker. We’ve got a big mission now!” Mies’s face reddened due to agitation, and he was still panting.

“Big mission?” Leylin remained calm before Mies, “Look at how you’re behaving! All those trainings went down the drain...”

However, a weird premonition had taken shape in his heart.

“Is it related to the Triserpent Sect?”

He was not too confident in handling this organisation for now,

despite there being a huge possibility that it was established by the three Elders. Now that the firasource stone had popped up, however, there were a lot of variables.

Because it was very likely that those Morning Star Magi under Jupiter's Lightning to found out about the secret of the firasource stone. Thus, they were forming connections underground and gathering them.

“Oh! And Instructor Schiker wants to see you now in his office!” Mies finally caught his breath and finished the message.

“Got it. Wait for me here.” Leylin closed the door and left Mies, dumbfounded, standing outside the room.

He did not have to wait long. Minutes later, Leylin had changed into his military outfit and shown up in Schiker's office.

“Ley! Here are your orders. Clear out these bases with your squad.” Schiker signed some documents before handing them over to Leylin.

Chapter 556 - Orders Given

“What mission is it?” Leylin took the document that was labelled ‘top secret’ on the cover, and unconsciously furrowed his brows.

“The union has ordered that our Special Task Force is to attack the Triserpent Sect and Mobius Organisation within the territory of the state. I am the person in charge of the eastern region!”

Schiker’s voice was that of a hardened war veteran.

“Your squadron is in charge of a few strongholds of the Triserpent Sect that have been discovered recently. I will personally take care of the Mobius Organisation’s side!”

It was obvious that their trap had thoroughly enraged Schiker. Now, he wanted to exact revenge properly!

“The Triserpent Sect?” A look of interest appeared on Leylin’s face, though he was sighing inside.

His intention in coming to the Atlan Union was to obtain some information regarding the Triserpent Sect, but so many things had happened, especially with the appearance of the firasource stone. That one resource had dispelled all other thoughts.

However, just when he was hoping to continue concealing himself, this matter had suddenly cropped up, and it just so happened that he was involved. This left him not knowing

whether to laugh or cry.

“The order this time was personally signed by the head of the state. The garrisons from all regions will coordinate with our operation. In other words, once we succeed, we will appear in front of the head immediately. Chances like these are hard to come by!”

Schiker seemed to be reminding him.

“Understood.” Leylin saluted, his back ramrod straight, though he began making some guesses. It seemed that Schiker had an unusual relationship with the union head, to the point that he could obtain the position of the person in charge of such a vital operation. He must have a very powerful backing, no wonder that Loke wanted to get close to him no matter what.

“Good, you may leave. Get Loke to come in!” Schiker nodded in satisfaction.

“Yes!” Leylin saluted and left. Every movement was like a textbook example and seasoned as a soldier. Schiker nodded inside after seeing this.

“Captain Loke, the instructor is calling you!”

After walking out, Leylin found that Loke was already waiting aside. Compared to before, there was more calm and steadfastness on his expression, and he had ‘unwittingly’ broken through the

sixth level and reached the seventh level of Fireplume. He could now be considered an Earth rank.

Of course, this was all a facade. Leylin believed he was at least at the Sky rank, but he had somehow snuck in for some unknown reason and gained Schiker's trust.

In the operation this time, Leylin was in charge of dealing with the Triserpent Sect, while Loke was to follow Schiker and was in charge of the matters of the Mobius Organisation. Just this point made it clear to Leylin that Schiker trusted Loke more.

In the Special Task Force, there had long since been rumours spreading that Ley and Loke were Schiker's left and right-hand men, and Schiker himself did not deny this directly.

'It's a pity... When you find out the two subordinates you'd thought were your helpers were actually enemies sneaking in as spies, I wonder what expression you'd have? Whatever it is, I'm sure it'll be amusing!' Leylin touched his chin, a smile on his face as he ruminated.

"Leader Ley, is there anything else?" Loke observed Leylin who was acting in this manner. For some reason, he felt a chill in his heart, and seemed to have a bad premonition.

"Oh, nothing much. I was just thinking about the scene from our previous mission. Quick, get in!" Leylin patted Loke on the shoulder, and calmly sauntered away.

Loke kept drawing back and stared at Leylin's back. Though he seemed to be sending Leylin off respectfully, there was a strange glint that flashed in his eyes.

“Soon... things will be different...”

A flicker of jealousy and hatred appeared in Loke's eyes. Though both Leylin and he were captains, one was a Sky rank while the other was only at the Earth rank. That naturally gave rise to criticism.

Though Loke was considerably powerful and was on good terms with Schiker, he seemed to be a level below Leylin in many aspects.

He might not seem bothered on the surface, but that was because he was trying to be conceal himself. He wasn't preparing for a life in the Union anyway, but he still somehow felt strange.

Of course, this was hidden well, and even the person closest to him had not realised it.

“Loke, what are you waiting for?” Schiker's dissatisfied voice travelled from within the room. Loke was startled and immediately returned his expression to the original honesty with a trace of shrewdness and admiration, nodding and bowing as he entered the office. “Reporting in!”

.....

Back in his residence, Leylin was carefully browsing over some information in the documents. Only after some time did he put it down and sigh.

The information within was so detailed that it was excessive. They even knew the strength of the leaders there, and it seemed that the Atlan Union definitely had hidden some spies and the like inside.

“The Triserpent Sect will probably suffer heavy losses this time...”

Leylin stroked his chin. He still could not confirm if the Triserpent Sect was an organisation formed by the three Giant Kemoyin Serpent Dukes, and he was not prepared to make a move.

They were a few branches and strongholds anyway. Nothing would be missed even if everyone died, and with this, he could even gain a higher standing and more trust from the Union. That would make it convenient to pry into the secrets of the firasource stone!

With this thought, the light in Leylin’s eyes gradually dimmed, a bone-chilling iciness within.

“B...Boss... Wha-What’s going on...”

Mies chose this moment to push the door open and met Leylin’s gaze. Instantly, he collapsed, cold sweat pouring, and was left

stuttering.

“It’s nothing. Our official mission has been handed down. Take a look!”

Leylin chuckled, and it was as if all that ice had melted with the smile. Warm sunlight shone down, and Mies was no longer limp on the ground, and could struggle to take a hold the document.

However, while looking through it, his hands were still trembling slightly. Mies swore that he’d never have imagined that when Boss Ley’s expression was grim, it would be so frightening!

That bone-piercing chilliness was something he had never experienced before. Swearing in the name of the honour of the Emberwings, he never wanted to meet that sort of gaze ever again. Heavens! He now felt that even the sweltering heat outside was more comfortable than staying in this room.

“How is it? Have you finished looking through it? Tell me your thoughts!” Seeing Mies in this state, Leylin smiled gently and crossed his arms, body half leaning on the chair as he appeared to be at ease.

“This... Since it’s an order from the headquarters and the head of state, we can only obey. However, the members of our squadron don’t have enough strength, and I’m afraid we will need to mobilise and coordinate with the garrison!”

Mies was no fool to have been able to survive up to this point. With some slight reflection, things immediately became clear to him, and he even had a contingency plan in mind already.

But... Mies stealthily peeked at Leylin, who was expressionless, and decided that before he could understand the man's thoughts it was best not to speak his mind.

That bit of bloodthirst earlier had frightened him.

"Mm, very good! I'll leave contacting the local garrison to you. Don't disappoint me!"

Unexpectedly, Leylin did not ask about his plans and instead gave him a task.

Though Leylin did not explicitly state the consequences of not completing the task, Mies could somewhat guess that it was something he absolutely did not want to bear.

"Understood, Captain!" As a long-term habit, while Leylin was issuing the command, Mies subconsciously stuck out his chest and saluted, expression full of respect.

Ever since he had entered Leylin's unit, he was completely convinced by Leylin and understood how he worked. It was consistently simple and crude, and he did not allow for retorts. Mies was naturally tactful.

“Mm, send down the order that I want our unit to assemble!” Leylin waved his arms, and Mies immediately escaped as if he was faced with a huge enemy.

Though Leylin was usually very easy-going, to the point that Mies could get benefits like stealing some cool air here, the Leylin in missions was very resolute about killing. He was not going to make things bad for himself now.

After sending down the order, their unit assembled quickly.

On a field, Leylin wore military attire and walked past the orderly line, looking satisfied.

The Lava World was a world with Exemplaries. Their individual abilities far surpassed their collective strength, which was why this group was very small, with only ten or so members. However, every single one of them was at or above the fifth level of Fuming Wings, meaning they were at the peak of the Exemplary rank. He had three Earth ranks, and all had been forced to submission by him in missions. This was unthinkable in the eyes of many people.

After all, Earth ranks were considered top-rated strengths even in the Atlan Union. They could take on important roles in the corps, so how could they be the subordinates of a little captain?

However, Leylin had done it, and many were in awe.

In reality, Leylin's methods were simple. He had achieved victory with strength, and forcefully suppressed them.

Even so, he had not intentionally taken in these three. They were an unexpected harvest.

For him, Earth Ranks were comparable to rank 1 or 2 Magi or Warlocks in the Magus World. He could kill a large number of those who possessed this level of strength with just a breath, and he did not even need to spend much energy on it.

Even Sky ranks, who were comparable to rank 3 Magi, were nothing much.

The ones able to affect Leylin were Star ranks, who were of a similar strength! The attention of a Morning Star would forever be focused on enemies of the same level!

“Based on the intel, the commanders of the few Atlan military districts are all Star ranks! Rumours have it that the head of the union far exceeds the Star rank, and could be at rank 5, the Radiant Moon Realm...”

Learn touched his chin, a look of anticipation flashing in his eyes...

Chapter 557 - Lava Base

“I really want to try my hand at fighting an enemy of this level of strength...” A fierce desire for battle burned in Leylin’s eyes, but was quickly withdrawn.

Though he was looking forward to the Radiant Moon Realm, he was no fool. Power at rank 5 was still far from him as he was now. Before he himself became a rank 5 Warlock, he was not going to fight with any Radiant Moon Magus, no matter who they were.

Leylin currently had his arms behind his back and after inspecting these members, he shouted, “Everyone, the head has issued our newest mission, which is an order for elimination! With us the Special Task Force taking the lead, the garrison troops will coordinate with us to uproot the Triserpent Sect strongholds that are throughout the Atlan Union!”

“Long live Atlan!” Many members yelled together, an agitated flush on their cheeks.

Compared to those troops formed with regular people, they were mostly people who were enlisted in a hurry and had not experienced much hardships so it was expected if they had unrealistic delusions. Furthermore, this time, it was clear that union was serious, and since the head had issued the command himself, it meant multiple opportunities to perform meritorious deeds.

And those meritorious deeds would net them higher level

techniques, large amounts of information, and even the status and glory of nobility quite easily. How would they not be riled up?

“Good!” Leylin obviously knew what these people were thinking; On the contrary, he was no saint. Hence, he did not destroy their hopes right now.

“There are a total of fifteen strongholds in the eastern region that belong to the Triserpent Sect. I will now hand down the assignments...”

In actuality, Leylin had not even told them how to choose their targets. In his perspective, only he and the three Earth ranks were mildly useful in his group.

The others would probably only be useful running errands outside, or providing moral support.

It didn’t matter, since they were only destroying the branches of the Triserpent Sect, and the most powerful people there would probably be only at the Sky rank.

.....

Within a large desert, boiling-hot temperatures caused slight distortions in the sky. Heat waves surged, causing the scenery in the distance to seem blurred.

“One of the branches of the Triserpent Sect is here! General

Gilfah, your mission is to seal off this region and not let any suspicious characters escape. Any questions?”

In a simply constructed tent, Leylin pointed at a large map on the table and spoke to a white-haired Emberwing.

This Emberwing was obviously not young, and even his mottled red feathers were falling down. However, the tenacity was as strong as ever. What had Leylin raising his eyebrows in surprise was that this old man was a Sky rank.

“No problem!” Gilfah nodded matter-of-factly. “I will order the army to surround the area. Even a bug will not be able to escape!”

This high-ranking officer by the name of Gilfah was in charge of this region. He had been contacted by Mies.

While he had control over the troops by order of the head, Leylin had gotten this general’s support after displaying his strength.

“I hope you can destroy this nest in one go. A lot of disappearances in my jurisdiction are related to it,” The general brought up.

“I understand. Let’s go!” Leylin nodded and left the camp, suddenly waving his arms.

Rumble! His body turning into a tornado, he charged into the depths of the desert with a few similarly powerful pillars of light.

“This stronghold of the Triserpent Sect is really covert. If not for the vast network of spies controlled by the union, it would have been unlikely that I’d find this place...” Light flickered in Leylin’s eyes.

The Atlan Union was much too vast. Even if he had his bloodline and soul fire crystal and searched from city to city or even ran through the outskirts, it would still take several decades to cover the country. Even then, he could end up not even finding a trace of the Triserpent Sect.

They had long since been chased by the union, and their actions had always been secretive. Leylin had no confidence that he would coincidentally bump into them.

With the map, however, all the branches of the Triserpent Sect were bared before Leylin. There was no difficulty in finding them now.

“But... Did the three dukes really create the Triserpent Sect?” A giant, fire-red lake had appeared before Leylin’s eyes. At the heart of it, flames were vaguely seen. Based on the intel, the branch of the Triserpent Sect was under the lava lake.

Soul force surged through the lava and the desert to scan below, and it resulted in a marvellous expression on Leylin’s face.

“This...” With his soul force, Leylin could clearly see the many experiments in the laboratories of the Triserpent Sect branch, as

well as the modified Emberwings.

“Bloodline modification experiments?” As a Warlock himself, he was no stranger to this, and could even be said to be a subject matter expert.

With just a look, he could find many traces of what the Magus World, even the Ouroboros Clan, were used to operative procedures.

“Could it be... that the Triserpent Sect really is an organisation set up by the three dukes?” Leylin’s eyes flashed, a crimson crystal already appearing his hands, two threads of pale soul flames twining around each other.

“No reaction... The two dukes aren’t here.” Leylin shook his head.

Though the range of bloodline and soul sensing was already quite vast, it was still too small in comparison to the whole Atlan Union, let alone the entire Lava World.

“Attack!” Thoughts whirling in his mind, Leylin unhesitatingly gave the order. A gigantic phantom phoenix made of fire appeared behind him. Bathed in pure golden flames, it was as if the real ancient phoenix had been reborn!

This was the pinnacle of the eighth level of Fireplume. Seeing this display, nobody would believe it even if Leylin himself

admitted to not being an Emberwing.

The point mass of a Morning Star was incomparably tiny, and massive strength could be held within this tiny point. It would not cause any clashes with other energies.

Leylin had the A.I. Chip to analyse and perform simulations for him. In reality, he had secretly already practised up to the peak of the ninth level of Fireplume. In other words, the limit of rank 3!

However, as he lacked the training technique for the tenth level, he had been unable to progress further. Even if the A.I. Chip could simulate it, too much time would be spent on it and Leylin had thus lost his patience.

Hence, he had focused on Schiker. He was sure that with Schiker's status, it was very possible for him to have access to the tenth level of Fireplume!

To Leylin's knowledge, there were ten levels to Fireplume. The first three were for regular people, but the fourth and fifth, it would begin to touch on exemplary strength. The sixth and seventh were comparable to rank 1 and 2 Magi, while the eighth and ninth meant being able to battle rank 3 Magi! As long as he entered the tenth level, he would be a Star rank, which was comparable to a Morning Star Magus in the Magus World!

Leylin did not have much interest in the first nine levels of the technique, and was only invested in the tenth level.

After advancing to Morning Star, it meant that he had already chosen a path for himself. While Leylin had no plans of giving it up, other paths to power still had a lot of useful experience to give him.

Fireplume was one of the most advanced techniques among those of foreign origin. It could combine both physical and spiritual aspects, and this train of thought was a breath of fresh air for him.

If he could obtain the tenth level of Fireplume and gain clarity on the Emberwings' path and system, it would definitely be of much use to him.

"Come out!" Leylin shouted, and an ear-piercing explosion sounded behind him, like a high-spirited phoenix cry filled with heat and excitement.

Amidst the cry, Leylin abruptly made his move. The flames that filled the sky were as splendid as the wings of a phoenix as they swept through the ground and shaved a layer of soil off the earth.

The ground kept trembling, and rocks and dirt were scattered everywhere. As if a geyser of water, the lava from the lake shot upwards as its surface emptied out, revealing a giant secret base underneath.

Many members of the Triserpent Sect raised their heads. Upon seeing the dazzling phantom phoenix, they yelled in alarm, "It's Atlan's Special Task Force! Those black leather dogs have caught up to us."

The members of the Special Task Force were usually ruthless in their methods, possessed extraordinary power and dressed in black leather uniforms. That had netted them this title.

“Aren’t you wearing black robes too? What about it?” Leylin, who was in mid-air, grew speechless as he observed the followers who wore black, wide robes with an image of three black snakes intertwining on the surface.

While he was quibbling, a few streaks of powerful undulations rose, and two black-clothed people who were obviously the leaders blocked his way, dressed in luxurious robes. The sounds of members of the Triserpent Sect howling could be heard from within the stronghold.

“Take care of that trash as soon as possible!” Leylin’s brows furrowed. He could not sense any special aura from these two black-clothed people.

If they were higher-ups within the Triserpent Sect and had made contact with Morning Star, there should be some radiation residue or the like on their bodies, but there were no traces at all on these two leaders. This led to Leylin’s disappointment.

“Understood, leader!” A few streaks of red flames shot out, and Leylin’s Earth ranks immediately began their massacre, doing as they liked amongst the ordinary followers.

Crimson flames flashed, turning the region into a sea of fire.

Facing this attack that was at the Earth rank, these ordinary disciples were mowed down like grass. Under the prowess of the Exemplaries that he led, no matter how much battle intent the ordinary followers had, it all proved futile. That was the main reason why Leylin had brought a small team of only ten or so people, and dared to forcefully attack the enemy's large-scaled base!

Chapter 558 - Developments

“You’re Ley, the genius of the Special Task Force in the eastern region? One of the dogs that Schiker’s raising?” The black-clothed person opposite him spoke with a hint of scorn.

“You’re looking for death!” Leylin’s eyes opened suddenly, as if two balls of flames were being launched from them.

Shua! His entire body seemed to transform into a thread of flames, boring through his opponent’s forehead and coming out through the back before turning back into a humanoid figure.

Crackle! The black-clothed person who had not been the least bit modest with his words had a dazed look on his face. Seconds later, he turned into a torch of fire and began to incinerate fiercely.

“Whorf! Whorf!” The other person in black was clearly stunned, before beginning to shout. The voice was lovely, and evidently belonged to a woman.

“You dare... You dare kill him...” The woman raised her head, eyes full of hatred as she glared at Leylin, itching to hack him to pieces.

Leylin merely hummed coldly as if he did not care. If looks could kill, what was power for anyway?

These two heads were Sky ranks, but they had obviously used

some secret potion or taboo techniques to forcefully break through. Their auras were rather unstable, and were at most comparable to the peak of the Earth rank. Perhaps any expert at the eighth level of Fireplume could dispose of them easily.

Of course, this was understandable. If the three dukes had created the Triserpent Sect, they could not have gathered many techniques given the difference in the flow of time between Lava World and the Magus World. Support for advancement and methods that would result in instant benefits were necessary things.

The woman did not rush over to fight with all her might. Instead, she ordered something into her communicative device in her hand, “Activate the Berserk Legion!”

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! A steel door in the base opened, and many Emberwings with dazed expressions walked out.

Their crimson eyes radiated a feeling of indifference. Their bodies were filled with strange runes, and parts of their bodies had obviously been strengthened and altered. Many of the Special Task Force members had difficulty even telling that they were Emberwings.

After being let out, the lost look in their eyes was replaced by viciousness as they let loose howls that were similar to those of beasts.

Boom! A researcher nearby was immediately beaten to the point

that blood splattered everywhere.

A crimson rain fell on this berserk legion, causing them to appear even more malicious and terrifying.

The legion that had already gone insane began to destroy things without distinction. Whether it was the Special Task Force members or their own people, all were attacked. Due to the differences in numbers, the berserk legion landed the most critical attack on the followers of the Triserpent Sect. Leylin, who saw this scene, could not help but shake his head. This woman was obviously treating these modified people who were as of yet unable to control their bloodlines as her trump cards and weapon for revenge.

“Ahaha... Whorf’s dead. I want all of you to die with him.” The woman shouted maniacally, her voice so sharp that it could pierce through eardrums.

“This woman’s gone crazy! Or she wasn’t mentally sound in the first place...” Leylin shook his head.

Watching her with pity, Leylin did not hold back. An enormous fire phoenix soared across the sky, its giant wings sweeping across the woman. It sent her retreating, coughing up blood.

“Boss, what do we do?” Watching the berserk legion, especially whose members consisted of Emberwings, Mies was caught in a dilemma.

Not only were those of the berserk legion insane, their battle might was astounding. On top of that, they were his fellow clansmen, so Mies found it difficult to attack.

“It doesn’t matter, I’ll take care of it. Their blood might be infectious, so be careful not to make contact with them!”

Leylin’s voice travelled over faintly, but Mies suddenly had a bad premonition. “Boss! You’re not going to...”

But it was too late. Mies raised his head and saw Leylin turning into a streak of golden light, as if fusing with the phantom phoenix on his back.

The phoenix’s cries were even louder than before, practically piercing through the clouds. Golden flames were emitted from its body.

In that moment, the phantom image of the phoenix had turned into a giant, blazing bird!

“The apex of Fireplume— Undead Aves!” Mies’ eyes grew wide as he muttered to himself.

He had only heard of this killing technique in legends. Based on the rumours, only those who had trained in Fireplume up to the Sky rank and above, and only ones with incomparably pure bloodlines could exhibit this ultimate technique, restricted to the Emberwing Royal Family!

‘Could it be that Ley is a member of the esteemed Emberwing Royal Family?’ Mies watched the Flaming Undead Aves soaring in the skies, suddenly feeling as if his brain had short-circuited.

Rumble! With a shake of the flaming bird’s feathers, large amounts of fiery-red light shone down on the region. A spark fell onto the shoulder of one of the members of the berserk legion, and he immediately began to burn up fiercely, turning into a torch.

With elated cries, the gigantic Undead Aves dived towards the ground!

“Crap, get away! Drop down!” The other Special Task Force members’ voices, distorted due to their nervousness, travelled into Mies’ ears, but he could not manage to process it.

He wore a stupefied expression as he stared ahead.

The terrifying giant flaming bird was like a falling meteor descending upon the ground, bringing with it horrifying tremendous waves of flames. All Mies could do was hug his head and crouch down.

In the face of this strength that was like a natural disaster, he felt as tiny as an ant.

The flaming bird descended into the heart of the berserk legion, and the flames swallowed them in an instant.

Moments later, the flames gradually went out and revealed a tall figure.

“Boss... Is actually this strong?” Mies mumbled, hot blood rushing to his brain as he darted forward, glancing through the remains on the ground, eyes filled with tears, “Captain! They... They were also...”

“There are only enemies on the battlefield!” Leylin’s voice was icy cold, and the heat in Mies’ body went cold.

“I’m very disappointed in you!” Leylin had his arms behind his back as he left this hell slowly, leaving Mies in a daze.

“He’s right, child!” At some point, the general from before was at Mies’ side.

“If we don’t do this, if the legion or any of these contaminated bodies escape, there could be a terrifying plague in the surrounding cities...”

“Furthermore, with Ley’s efforts, we’ve successfully destroyed this stronghold. No fire-feathered clansmen will have to be ruined by it anymore...”

The general patted Mies’ shoulders, “Cheer up, little guy!”

.....

“There seems to be some change in this little thing. I hope I haven’t ruined his outlook on the world...”

Watching his bloodshot eyes as he darted to the frontlines, a smile of rumination shot up on his lips.

The desert branch of the Triserpent Sect had been destroyed, but there were still many other branches and organisations remaining in the eastern region of the union.

They were now within a giant Emberwing city.

The members of the Triserpent Sect had actually set up a secret base within a city, something that only managed to increase Leylin’s respect for them.

To be able to come up and make use of this meant they were absolute geniuses. It was a pity that in a time when physical strength was of utmost importance, intelligence automatically decreased in value to the point that it was negligible.

The army surrounded the area, while the Special Task Force rushed in. Leylin had long since gotten used to arranging things like these.

After that matter the other day, Mies had seemed depressed for a few days, but seemed to become mature immediately after. In the

next few battles, he was in an unusual state where he would charge to the frontlines, and was ruthless in his attacks.

It was as if he believed that the more he killed, the lesser the number of his clansmen that would be oppressed by the enemy, or something to that effect. It was a certain level of maturity, although still naive.

“It’s good to be young...” Leylin observed the hot-blooded Mies, and could not help but get emotional.

His real age had long since surpassed 200, and he was even older than his grandfather’s grandfather in his previous world. Watching Mies now was like looking at a child.

“Captain, the stronghold has been purged. No enemy was caught.” Mies reported to Leylin with indifference, blood on his body.

“Good! Go back and reorganise yourselves, the spoils of battle won’t reduce!” Leylin’s arms were tucked together as he nodded.

At this moment, a female soldier rushed over in a hurry, holding a communicative device similar to a handset, “Captain Ley, a call from Lord Schiker!”

“Instructor!” Taking the handset, he immediately heard the sounds within.

Though the principle of this thing's operation was different, it was still like the cellphones of his previous world.

“I know everything you've done. Very good!” Schiker's voice sounded from within the handset, praise in his tone. Evidently, he had heard of the results of Leylin's battles.

However, Leylin had astutely realised the trace of fury hidden in his voice. That was obviously not aimed at him.

“Looks like Schiker met with some trouble during his operation at destroying the Mobius Organisation!”

Leylin thought. As expected, Schiker mentioned this right after, “Captain Ley, I now command you to bring all your members and hurry to Wox City and meet me!”

“Understood!” Leylin answered loudly. After waiting for a moment, he lowered his voice and asked, “ Did anything happen there?”

“Yes. There's are some issues!” Schiker answered vaguely after a brief silence. It was obvious he did not want to touch on it.

“Alright, I'll hurry there now!” Leylin obviously knew what to say in this situation.

After putting down the handset and sending away the female communications officer whose expression was full of admiration,

Leylin sank into deep thought, his hand finding his chin.

“Mobius Organisation... Is this organisation more difficult to deal with than the Triserpent Sect?”

Chapter 559 - Tingling Senses

There were many rebellious organisations in the Atlan Union, as well as various sects. However, the union leader had only chosen to act against the Triserpent Sect and Mobius Organisations, which led Leylin to make a mental association.

If the Triserpent Sect was targeted because of its three foreign Morning Star Warlocks, what about the Mobius Organisation? What did they have?

A trace of a smile appeared about Leylin's lips. "Interesting! It's getting increasingly interesting!"

He abruptly turned back and shouted, "All members, assemble..."

As Leylin had very few subordinates, he could act swiftly and decisively, bringing his unit to the Wox City Schiker had spoken of the very next afternoon.

After entering the city, Leylin sensed that the level of security was much higher than before. Even Leylin and the others were checked over once before being allowed entry. Uneasiness seemed to permeate the air.

'Could the Mobius Organisation have caused a huge ruckus? Curious!' Leylin touched his chin as he arrived at the area Schiker had spoken of, which was also the current station of the Special Task Force.

“Ley!” Loke welcomed him, pleasantly surprised. “It’s great that you could come so quickly!”

“What’s going on?” Leylin’s brows furrowed in feigned concern.

“We might have found the Mobius Organisation’s headquarters. The attack that Instructor led was met with a violent counterattack from the other side. It’s best that you personally take a look...”

Loke smiled wryly as he got out of the way. There was a gloom between his brows that would not disappear easily. It was so well-feigned that Leylin cheered for him on the inside. It was rare to find actors of this calibre.

As he opened the door and found Schiker inside, Leylin displayed an expression of ‘alarm’. “Instructor, how did you...”

The Schiker in front of him now was in a pitiful state, wrapped up to the point that he seemed like a mummy. His right arm was hung in front of his chest.

“Ley, you did well!” Seeing the worry on Leylin’s face, Schiker looked gratified, “You only took a day to get here...”

“It’s my honour to serve my lord!” Leylin looked devoted. After all, the other party had connections in the capital, and was his best route to getting firasource stones. He could not give him up so

easily.

“What exactly happened?” Leylin clenched his fists, sparks emitting from his body.

“This level... It means your Fireplume is about to break through to the ninth level, entering the peak Sky rank...” Schiker watched Leylin, eyes full of an unspeakable radiance. “In terms of training, you’ll probably surpass me soon enough...”

“Not at all! It’s all thanks to Instructor’s nurture!” Leylin bowed slightly to show his respect.

“Mm! We underestimated our opponent this time. I’d assumed it was an ordinary branch of the enemy, but never could I have expected that we’d found their headquarters...”

Leylin listened closely. Schiker, with Loke and the rest as well as the support he garnered from the army, should have been able to complete the operation of destroying the Mobius Organisation smoothly. However, while wiping out one of the branches nearby, they’d found quite a few red-clothed bishops!

Schiker, who had realised he had found a big opportunity, was obviously excited as he gathered quite a few Sky rank generals and prepared to eliminate these bishops at one go.

However, when the time came for the actual attack, Schiker found out he had completely wrong.

There had been a mistake in his calculations. This wasn't some branch of the Mobius Organisation, but their headquarters!

They had astounding harvests under the joint effort of the Sky ranks at first, and had even seized much of the resources the Mobius Organisation had stocked up on. Suddenly, Schiker was unwilling to say more, a hint of fear appearing on his expression.

This expression immediately alarmed Leylin. For the fearless Schiker to become this way, the matter could not be simple.

"I've gathered you only so that you can take over the next operations of the Special Task Force, especially since I'm in this state!" Schiker raised his arm and laughed bitterly.

"As for the issues there, there will be people coming in from the capital to take care of it. Don't worry!"

Leylin came out, still baffled, and went to look for Loke. Under the questioning of this new 'superior', Loke narrated all the parts Schiker had failed to explain clearly.

As it turned out, while transporting the resources back, Schiker and the rest had been met with an ambush, resulting in total annihilation. Even the resources had been lost, and a few Sky rank generals had perished on the spot. Only Schiker had somehow managed to survive.

“Oh? How many people were there?” Leylin had some conjectures, and asked curiously.

“Ju– Just one, but he was more terrifying than thousands of troops and horses, because... that was a Star rank!”

Loke’s voice was low, as if afraid to alarm anyone. There was an obvious hint of joy in the fact that he was weak and useless in a battle between Sky ranks, and had thus not participated in that operation. Otherwise, he’d be dead right now.

“A Star rank?!” Leylin seemed to breathe in sharply, although his mind was actually working quickly.

Star ranks were the most powerful members of the Lava World. They were on the same level as Morning Star Magi of the Magus World, and were absolutely certain of their cultivation path. They were existences who had already generated a core.

Every single one of these existences was celebrated. Their achievements would be written in history books or even as legends, passed down for eternity.

Facing such an expert, Sky ranks would only be courting death unless there were other Star ranks suppressing them.

If Schiker had met one, it meant he had incredibly bad luck.

‘On top of that...’ Leylin touched his chin, deep in thought,

‘Schiker’s backing must be quite firm for even a Morning Star Magus to have qualms about killing him and leave him alive!’

Leylin, who was also a Morning Star, naturally knew the terror of rank 4s. For Morning Star Magi, Sky ranks were just like slightly large ants.

The generals, who were also at the Sky rank, had all died, leaving only Schiker behind. Leylin did not think that this Morning Star Magus had a good heart and let Schiker go. It was very likely that the real reason was because he feared the person backing Schiker.

‘Looks like Schiker’s background is very mysterious! I’ll need to pay more attention and take advantage of that!’ Leylin decided resolutely.

“That’s the basic situation... With the motivation from this event, many branches of the Mobius Organisation that had begun to disperse seem to be congregating again...”

Loke shrugged his shoulders, the wry smile not diminishing at all, “But we only need to push through during this period of time. The Northern Duke will reach this place soon, and when that happens, we can...”

‘Just continue acting!’ Leylin rolled his eyes inside, while he looked to be in favour of his words.

“The Northern Duke? That’s a famous Star rank of the Union!

With him around, the Mobius Organisation won't be able to settle down and have a peaceful time!" he exclaimed in admiration.

At the same time, he now understood the reason for Schiker's listless look. Since someone with a higher status was taking over, his own position was dispensable, and his achievements would be wrested away from him.

Though the Northern Duke might not think much of these merits, Schiker would not want to accept charity from others. Leylin knew very well what type of person he was, and he was not one to admit defeat.

"In that case, I should return and quickly take over the defence of the Special Task Force, preparing for the counterattack!"

Leylin and Loke hastily bid farewell.

Leylin did not like this idea. The Mobius Organisation had Star ranks, as well as many helpers and followers. After noticing something, they would definitely retreat, and by the time that Northern Duke reached, he would only see an empty nest.

However, all this was none of Leylin's business. What he focused on was the resources that had been stolen by the mysterious Star rank.

"To be able to get a Star rank dispatched after them, these resources must be especially precious. There might even be

firasource stones inside...” Leylin’s eyes flashed. He was in dire need of these stones, but he did not have that many points to exchange them. Since the proper way wasn’t working, he would need to think of other methods.

Not long after Loke left, Leylin’s expression changed.

He came to his room and took out the crimson gemstone from before.

Rays of brilliance were twinkling, the two threads of pale flames beginning to increase in intensity at the middle.

Seeing this, a smile showed on Leylin’s face, “They’ve come together...”

.....

At the bottom of the lava not far from the city, in a secret space that had been opened. Two figures were facing each other, sitting cross-legged.

All of a sudden, a bald male with no eyebrows or a beard opened his eyes, eyes full of doubt, “I felt a trace of my soul flames! Which Warlock has arrived here?”

“I had the same feeling!” Opposite him was a young girl in blood-red robes. Her eyes were strange vertical pupils that would make people shudder in fear.

“Is this a trap?” Gilbert muttered to himself and asked slowly.

“It doesn’t seem like it, unless the Ouroboros Clan was completely breached and Freya and the rest have all died.” Blood Duchess Emma was very confident in the loyalty of her students.

“Then... Have the reinforcements from the Warlock Union arrived?” Excitement appeared in Gilbert’s tone.

“Hmph! If they were reliable, we wouldn’t be in this situation!” In contrast, Emma’s retort showed that she did not have a good impression of the Warlock Union.

Chapter 560 - Meeting

“It’s not for us to decide anyway, since they’ve already taken the initiative to come here!”

Crimson flames flashed on Emma’s body as she appeared in mid-air, Gilbert right behind her. Eventually, the two came to a stop, standing side by side.

“The soul flames are closing in very quickly, and the other party’s aura is very powerful! It’s a Morning Star, but... This bloodline undulation... How is it possible...” Gilbert turned to Emma in disbelief, only to be met with Emma’s eyes filled with similar astonishment and suspicion.

From the incoming person, they felt the purest Kemoyin bloodline aura. But how was that possible?

There had always only been three Morning Star Warlocks in the Ouroboros Clan.

‘Did the First Elder come back to life?’ An idea rose in Gilbert’s mind, but was quickly extinguished. He had personally seen the death of the First Elder, and his point mass had even returned to the astral plane.

From the thickness of the bloodline, the purity of the other party’s Kemoyin bloodline was even above that of themselves, even that of the First Elder!

“Who is it?” Gilbert and Emma watched the red rays that were shooting over from the distance, filled with curiosity.

Sou! The light rays dissipated, revealing the appearance of a handsome young man.

A bright smile on his face, and he rushed to bow towards Gilbert. “Mentor... I’ve arrived!”

In the next moment, Gilbert and Emma’s mouths were just as wide, their eyeballs almost popping out. “Leylin? How’s that possible?”

.....

A good while later, while Gilbert and Emma seemed to have accepted Leylin’s promotion to Morning Star as reality, there was still a shock that could not be concealed in their eyes.

“... This is how it happened. I advanced to Morning Star just when Phosphorescence Swamp was about to be breached, and then killed Demon Hunter Cyril. The allied forces withdrew, and both sides are restraining themselves. The situation has now stabilised...”

Leylin gave a brief overview of what he had experienced in the Magus World. Of course, anything that touched upon his secrets, such as the A.I. Chip, the Lamia fingerbone and all that, was

obviously hidden and not discussed. Gilbert and Emma had not asked either.

Of those who had reached the realm of Morning Star, who did not have their own secrets? Even the two of them had many fortuitous meetings while at rank 3, and received inheritances from ruins and the like, which had allowed them to thankfully advance to rank 4.

“In that case... That guy, Cyril, is really dead...” Emma’s eyes were filled with astonishment as she sized up Leylin. Compared to her own age, Leylin was much too young right now.

However, it was this adolescent Warlock who had caused Demon Hunter Cyril’s fall?

Emma couldn’t help but recall Cyril’s terrifying demonic spells, as well as his power and abundant experience. Her opinion of this young man raised immensely.

“Alright! Well then... Are the two of you willing to return to the Magus World now?” Leylin took off the silver-white necklace on his neck that was emanating the rays of stars. Gilbert and Emma’s breaths immediately became heavier.

This was the projection of the coordinates of Leylin’s astral gate. It could open the astral gate and allow them to return to the Ouroboros Clan.

However, Gilbert and Emma exchanged a wry smile, and did not speak. Instead, the area turned strangely silent.

“I understand. It seems like Your Graces still have very important things to do in the Lava World!” Leylin laughed, not minding the least.

“Yes!” In the end, it was Emma who spoke up. “Leylin, you’re a Morning Star just like us, so you don’t have to call us ‘Your Grace’. Just call us by our names...”

“Alright, my Lords!” Leylin looked solemn as he began to make guesses. “Is it because of the firasource stones?”

The moment the words left his mouth, Leylin noticed the change in Gilbert’s expression, while Emma cried out in alarm.

“You’ve actually found out!”

“Of course! It’s a treasure that can strengthen the soul and even the point mass. Any Morning Star would go crazy over it!” Leylin nodded as he admitted.

“Alright. In that case, we don’t have to keep hiding it from you like before.” Emma immediately threw away all hesitation, “Although Jupiter’s Lightning had duped us, we were much stronger than they had anticipated. This was especially so in another world, where their Radiant Moon could not intrude. While we did suffer a bit, we managed to break out, and while

searching for the road back we found out about the firasource stones.”

Emma sounded emotional, “How can we let go of this treasure that can amplify soul force? We three Morning Star Warlocks thus led the way and took in a few oppressed races within the Atlan Union, creating the organisation, the Triserpent Sect. On the surface, we want to overthrow the government of Atlan, but in reality, we prioritise gathering firasource stones!”

Leylin nodded. In this meeting, he had found that the two Dukes’ soul undulations were obviously much more powerful than in the Magus World. It seemed to be the effect from the firasource stones!

“Then... where’s the First Elder?” Leylin asked, and the atmosphere immediately became gloomy. A long while later, Gilbert spoke, his voice hoarse.

“There are many powerful beings in the Lava World. At the peak are a few who have a strength similar to Radiant Moon Magi. At the beginning, with the three of us working together, everything went smoothly, and we even seized quite a lot of firasource stones. However, the organisation Jupiter’s Lightning set up here was obviously much larger, and even had relations with the higher ups in Atlan. The head of their union was one who had trained up to the thirteenth level of the Fireplume technique, which was unheard of in history. He was a peak Radiant Moon Magus! Under his assault along with many other Magi, the First Elder fell... while trying to protect us...”

Though Gilbert explained it in a simplified manner, Leylin could

tell how desperate that battle had been. He could keenly tell that Gilbert had concealed some things.

Whatever it was, he would never believe the First Elder was so selfless, but Gilbert and Emma had not asked why Leylin had not come here right after the battle and instead done so only now. Leylin thus would not make his opinion known.

“This means Mentor and Madam Emma are preparing to stay here for a period of time and conspire to obtain more firasource stones? In that case, we can collaborate!” Leylin touched his chin. He held the same thoughts as these two Morning Star Warlocks. With two Morning Star helpers, he had more confidence.

“That’s great. With you joining us, Leylin, our strength will increase by a large amount, and we will even have a way to retreat!” Emma and Gilbert exchanged a glance, the elation obvious in their eyes.

It looked like they had been planning to cause a huge ruckus before leaving this world.

Leylin could not help but feel his scalp tingle. The unrestrained attacks of three Morning Star Warlocks would definitely throw the entire Atlan Union into chaos.

However, this was none of his business. As long as he could obtain enough firasource stones, he didn’t mind pushing the union into the abyss, or breaking it into smithereens.

Leylin patted his head, suddenly remembering something as he spoke. “Right! I’m lying low in the Special Task Force in Atlan for now. In order to obtain their trust, I destroyed a few of Triserpent Sect’s strongholds...”

“It doesn’t matter. Those are just the surrounding organisations. We can just create a few more soon. To really obtain their full trust, it doesn’t matter even if we hand over the whole Triserpent Sect.”

Gilbert waved his arms, not minding the least.

“In actuality, we’ve also been keeping a low profile in the Atlan Union and even obtained titles. Most of the intel regarding the Triserpent Sect was intentionally divulged by us!” Emma laughed, a layer of sparkling red feathers appearing on her body.

“The Emberwings and Fireplume,” Leylin chuckled. Morning Star Warlocks were all grandmasters at remodelling bloodlines. With Emma and Gilbert’s experience, passing off an identity as an Emberwing was way too easy.

On top of that, these two were ruthless and had even sold away their organisation just to obtain trust. That was probably how they gained their titles, and why they did not mind Leylin’s actions.

Leylin was rather speechless at that, feeling like he still needed to learn much more from his seniors in these dark areas. If the followers of the Triserpent Sect found out they had been betrayed by their leaders, they would probably just break down.

Leylin could not help but begin to pity them.

“Do you have any intel?” Leylin asked. These two Warlocks had been laying low here for longer than he had, and definitely knew more secrets.

“Of course!” Gilbert laughed proudly.

“Based on our sources, there is only one place where the firasource stones are being generated, and that’s the capital of the Atlan Union— Tylasus! It only comes from the head himself, which means the source is being controlled by him. There are very few reserves outside!”

“The head who is at the thirteenth level of Fireplume, the peak of Radiant Moon?” Leylin sighed lightly, knowing things were going to get troublesome.

Three Morning Stars cooperating was still not enough to snatch something from this opponent.

That was not all. Fighting in another world, foreign beings like them obviously had a disadvantage compared to the people of this land. The World’s Will itself would also have a bias and help its own people, and even if a peak Radiant Moon were to head over, they might not be able to deal with this opponent.

“Gilbert and I have already set up a plan. We’re planning to sneak

into Tylasus two months later, on the Holy Solar Day. You're just in time!" Emma exclaimed.

Leylin touched his chin. Holy Solar Day was a very important festival of the Emberwings. During that time, the head would have to make a speech, participate in the feast and whatnot. There were more than enough opportunities to sneak into his residence.

Chapter 561 - Setting A Plan

“Good! I’ll be there then!” Leylin nodded.

“Of course you will, because you’ll have the greatest chance!” Gilbert chuckled.

“Oh? Why’s that?” Leylin’s thoughts were lightning quick as he immediately came up with a reason. “Could it be...”

“Hehe... that’s right. Lord Schiker is the illegitimate child of the head of Atlan. With this connection, and you yourself as part of the Special Task Force, you’ll get the most opportunities to sneak into his residence.” Emma revealed.

“No wonder I’ve been thinking Schiker has a very solid backing and very powerful connections. So he’s the illegitimate child of the head of the union...” Leylin spoke in understanding.

“Hehe... This is called an opportune moment. We’d wanted to sneak into the Special Task Force too, but the bloodline scanning there is very strict. We can only imitate up to the seventh level of Fireplume, which is pretty much useless. Even if we got in, we’d only be at the bottommost level. You’re different. Not only is your Emberwing aura unbelievably pure, you’ve even improved in Fireplume up to the ninth level. What a genius!”

Gilbert praised. He was now feeling he’d been blind not to have noticed a super talent like Leylin. However, he had managed to take Leylin under his wing, which was a huge relief.

“Alright! I’ll do my best and follow Schiker back to the capital!” Leylin nodded, watching these two Kemoyin Dukes. Before heading to the Lava World, he’d been worried that they were injured or something like that, but now, it looked like there was nothing to worry about.

What was difficult for Morning Stars to heal from were injuries to the soul, but as long as firasource stones were in their possession, even the most troublesome soul injuries could be healed quickly.

In actuality, Leylin guessed that these two Kemoyin Dukes had used all their firasource stone reserves to heal the injuries from breaking away from the attack. If not, they would not have had just this slight improvement to their aura.

“By the way, there’s someone called Loke under Schiker. Is he also someone you arranged for to be there?” Leylin suddenly thought of something and asked.

“Loke?!” Suspicion flashed on Emma and Gilbert’s expression as they exchanged a glance. Even Leylin, who had been observing their facial expressions, could not tell if these expressions were genuine.

“No, I don’t know him! He’s not a spy we sent out. Is there something wrong?”

“A little. I suspect he’s from another race who feigned an identity

to enter the Special Task Force!” Leylin casually brought this up.

“In that case...” Gilbert rubbed his shiny bald head, “You’ll need to be more wary of him. He’s most likely someone from the Mobius Organisation!”

“Mobius Organisation? Do you know that organisation well?” Leylin’s interest was piqued at this. Or rather, at the large amount of resources and firasource stones that this organisation had stolen.

“Though this is just a guess, we are almost certain that it’s Jupiter’s Lightning’s organisation here!”

Emma looked grim, “Due to the suppression from Atlan, Zegna of Jupiter’s Lightning does not dare come to this world. He’s only dispatched a few Morning Star Magi here to secretly build up an organisation!”

“Zegna?” Leylin touched his chin. It was only now that he found out the name of this rank 5 Magus who had been opposing him.

“In this case, Loke is probably a spy or something to that effect sent out by Zegna?” Leylin chuckled.

“Just a mere pawn. It doesn’t matter even if that’s true. As long as he’s not a Morning Star, he won’t be that vital in this game here...”

Ruthlessness flashed in Gilbert's expression, "If you really think he's annoying, then dispose of him. If it's not convenient for you, just tell us, and we'll handle it..."

Though Gilbert and Emma seemed to be nobles in the Atlan Union, they were actually one of the three wicked leaders of the Triserpent Sect. It was obvious that they would seek trouble with the Special Task Force, and Loke's death wouldn't be that significant anyway.

"Let's keep him around for now and not alarm the Mobius Organisation. By the way, is that Morning Star who had caused major casualties and stole a lot of resources still around?"

"Why? You want to know where he is?" Emma and Gilbert both had on something that seemed like a smile.

"Of course! I don't really care about other resources, but I must get those firasource stones!"

Leylin answered decisively, "Besides, I can gain more of Schiker's trust with his help. Think about it, if I give Schiker news of the Morning Star who landed him in his current state, what would happen?"

"Actually, we've been trying to track him down and seem to have found some trails..."

Emma exclaimed, "Just as well! That is Collins of Jupiter's

Lightning. Neither of us is certain we can kill him, but with you around, we have enough strength. We shall divide the firasource stones equally though!”

“That’s fine!” Leylin immediately thought of Collins, who he’d disciplined at his ceremony, and the corner of his lips quirked up in a smile.

.....

Rumble!

The earth split open, the sky falling. Space was constantly being destroyed, causing turbulence. Silver storms wreaked havoc and ravaged the region.

At the very centre, three phantoms in the form of indistinct giant black serpents streaked across the horizon, surrounding a figure.

“Collins, hand over everything you have on you, and we can let you off!” Gilbert yelled loudly.

Trapped in the middle was Collins, who Leylin had seen once before. Now, bloody wounds were all over his body, and it was obvious that his injuries were not mild.

His own strength lost to even Leylin. Under the joint attack of three Morning Star Warlocks, he was actually pretty good to have survived so far.

“Lord Zegna won’t let you off...” The energy undulations from Collin’s body were all over the place. The battle with Morning Star Arcane Arts had already landed him in a critical state.

“Zegna? Hmph! Even if he doesn’t look for us, we’ll look for him. We can’t just forget about what happened with the First Elder.” Emma snorted coldly.

Collins could only whine about the situation inside his mind. Though his strength surpassed that of Demon Hunter Cyril, he was still no match for three Morning Star Warlocks working together.

Unfortunately, Jupiter’s Lightning was huge, and needed many Morning Stars taking charge in the Magus World. There were few Morning Star Magi in the Lava World, and he was the strongest of all those sent over, having committed a serious sin that he had to make up for.

But now? He first had to think about how to save himself!

“Alright! I can give you all the firasource stones, but you’ll need to swear on the astral plane that you won’t harm or imprison me!”

Collins shouted. This was usually what happened in battles between Morning Star Magi. It might be easy to define the winner, but killing the opponent was difficult and often not worth it. That was why after being defeated, it was common to agree to an unfair contract and concede to a huge compensation.

“You don’t have any leeway to bargain over this!” Leylin’s tone was firm. With his opponent’s life in the palm of his hands and unable to escape, there was no space for negotiation.

“Alright. In that case...” Collins seemed to acknowledge his fate and placed his hands on his waist. All of a sudden, his expression turned sinister.

Berserk black lightning closed in with him in the middle.

Above his right hand, a simple leather scroll was slowly opening, revealing the phantom image of a Magus with a black moon rune on the forehead.

“It’s a rank 5 magic scroll!” Emma’s expression instantly changed, countless blood-red rays exploding forth.

A giant black snake that spanned across the horizon appeared, charging in his direction.

“Kemoyin Serpent Transformation!” Gilbert and Leylin, who were trailing behind, immediately acted as well. The power of a rank 5 spell was not to be underestimated, and they had to go all out.

On top of that, since this was another world, there was no danger even if they destroyed anything. Their methods were frenzied and cruel, not considering the destruction of the environment.

“Hissss...” A giant black phantom snake collided with the lightning, and the energy undulations created could be felt even hundreds of kilometers away.

Boom! A human figure was sent flying, Collins’ figure. Black blood shot out of the corner of his mouth, and there were traces of rot that continuously penetrated deeper within. Even his Morning Star body was full of bloody holes.

While he flew backwards, he flung large amounts of fiery-red ores, and even some other precious resources and treasures of his collection. They flew in all directions, emitting brilliant light.

“The firasource stones are all here, as well as my collection. Don’t go too far!” he yelled, his figure turning into a streak of light and disappearing into the horizon.

Swish! The fog dissipated, and three black figures floated down, gathering the many firasource stones.

“What do you think of this?” Leylin spoke first.

“Since we’re acting, we need to seem genuine. I’m going to chase him for a while longer...” Gilbert nodded, before dashing towards the black streak.

“Well then, Madam Emma, I’ll head back now!” After keeping the portion of firasource stones that belonged to him, Leylin was in

an exceptionally good mood and bowed to Emma.

“Mm! Take care of yourself. I don’t want Freya to become a widow at such a young age,” Emma hummed, though there were hints of concern in her tone.

“I understand!” Leylin was slightly touched, nodding as he turned back into Ley the Emberwing. He returned to the Special Task Force encampment in Wox City.

“Boss, the energy undulations just now?” The moment he entered, Mies rushed over hurriedly, his expression grim.

“It’s probably a fight between Star ranks!” Leylin obviously knew the reason for the change in his expression.

Chapter 562 - Leaking Intel

To Mies' knowledge, Star ranks were the most powerful existences in the Lava World.

He, who had not seen much in the world, was not aware there was an even more powerful realm after the Star rank.

However, just one Star rank was enough to cause their leader, Schiker, to be heavily injured, and Sky ranked experts to die in large numbers. If another one had appeared? Mies didn't even want to consider that.

"Has his Grace, the Northern Duke, arrived?" he guessed.

Well aware of all that was going on and actually the main offender himself, Leylin had a serious expression, "I'm afraid not! I'll need to see the instructor!"

On the way, Leylin met Loke again. However, the man seemed to have much on his shoulders, and he could not tell if this was real or a pretence.

"Reporting in!" Leylin and Loke shouted outside the door.

"Come in!" Schiker's slightly weary voice sounded from within. After entering the room, Leylin's nose twitched, the smell of disinfectant and ointment filling his nostrils.

Schiker was still looking like a mummy, but looked to be in a better mental state. He could now perform simple actions.

“Did you feel those undulations too?” Schiker asked with his eyes unfocused, watching a gigantic white tree whose light yellow flowers were blossoming.

The undulations from a Star rank battle were as dazzling and bright as a torch in the dark night. Most likely, all the Earth ranks in a 500km radius around them had sensed it as well. Leylin and Loke nodded.

“Sigh... Looks like one more powerful person has appeared apart from the previous Morning Star... The situation does not look good. Ley, send down the directive. Our Special Task Force is to wait for orders. Do not act recklessly!”

“I know!” Leylin apprehensively did as he was asked, but seemed hesitant.

“What is it?” Schiker asked. Seeing Leylin this way, he found it funny.

“Actually, instructor, I actually went into the battlefield in secret...” Leylin mumbled.

“What...” Schiker’s mouth went wide, as if he had just seen a rare beast.

Just a single stray wave from a Star rank battle could easily cause serious injuries or even death to Sky ranks. And this fearless fool had actually rushed in?

It was not only Schiker. Loke who was at the side was also stunned, feeling like he had to refamiliarize himself with this 'Ley'.

“Hehe...” Leylin touched his head, looking embarrassed.

“I heard about what happened to Instructor and went to take a look and search for trails of that Star rank. It was in preparation for the arrival of His Grace, the Northern Duke...” With Leylin’s hot-headed displays in the past, this was a very plausible situation. Hence, Schiker merely nodded, not doubting anything at all.

“You...” Schiker had no idea what to say. “He must have thought little of a Sky ranked kid like you. On top of that, you must have had enough luck to come back safely. If not, we’d only be seeing your corpse now. No, we wouldn’t even have seen your corpse...”

“Your courage is really one of a kind...” Schiker nodded. “Well then, what did you see?”

“This is the report I prepared. Sir, take a look!”

Leylin immediately produced a sketch with two faces on it. The first sketch was someone Schiker did not recognise, because it was a portrait Leylin had drawn of nobody in particular. The other

image, however, had Schiker's eyes turning red, his throat letting loose a roar, "It's him! He's the one who attacked me!"

"Quick! Tell me everything you saw!" Schiker's remaining arm held Leylin's tightly, eyes hopeful.

"Alright. I..."

Leylin narrated the story he had come up with previously. All of it was the truth, though he took himself out of the equation.

"In that case, the Star rank who attacked me was defeated, and you remember which direction he fled in? You did well!"

The ruthlessness was apparent in Schiker's eyes. He could sense that this could be his only chance at taking revenge.

Thud! A stack of documents fell to the ground, and Loke who was at the side cried out in surprise.

"What's wrong?" Leylin watched Loke, who had panicked, and found the situation hilarious as he went forward and asked in concern.

"N-Nothing. I was just shocked!" Concealing the panic and anxiety well, Loke regained his previous demeanour.

"Oh, is that so." Leylin nodded. He could now confirm that Loke

was most likely a spy sent in from the Mobius Organisation, and his superior might very well be Collins.

He obviously knew where Collins was hiding, because he had done something to Collins' body. Only Leylin, who had the A.I. Chip, was able to place an imprint that would determine Collins' location without arousing suspicion.

Of course, he wouldn't be so stupid as to reveal he had placed some symbol on the other party's body. He just needed to point in a direction, and with this important clue, finding Collins was a simple matter with the entire Atlan Union working on it.

"Calm down, calm down!" Schiker stood and began to pace around the room. His face was flushed as he cursed.

After standing straight for a long while, Schiker lay back down, disappointed.

"No! Even a heavily injured Star rank isn't someone we can just walk up to!" After calculating the power he had at hand, Schiker announced that he was giving up. Only his tightly-clenched fists signified unwillingness and desire for revenge.

"Sir, are we going to let him off like this?" Leylin seemed to be extremely impulsive as he yelled.

"Yes! Instructor, we can't just let them off like this!" Loke relaxed inside, but shouted along as well.

“I know, but...” Schiker smiled bitterly.

“There’s no ‘but’s!” A resolute voice sounded from outside, and the door was pushed open. A tall, sturdy Emberwing walk in, dressed in military uniform. “Schiker, I will help you take your revenge.”

An intense aura took over the room, and the atmosphere grew as heavy as lead.

“Thank you so much, Uncle Martin!” Schiker’s eyes turned, looking ready to cry. This was the first time Leylin and Loke had seen such an expression on him, and their eyes grew wide as they watched on in surprise. When would they see Schiker, who had gained repute for his tenacity, having such an expression?

If not for pinching himself firmly, Loke would think he was dreaming.

Compared to Loke, Leylin was more focused on the energy undulations. “Fireplume, the tenth level of Fireplume! He must be the special commissioner, the Star rank Northern Duke!”

This was the first time Leylin had seen an Emberwing at the Star realm. He did not dare let down his guard and hid his point mass and soul energy completely and leaving only Fireplume operating outside.

“You must be Ley, right? Not bad! You’re brave! If you ever go to the Thunderroll Legion, remember to look for me!”

Martin extended a large hand that was like steel and patted Leylin’s shoulders, eyes full of praise. “Now, bring me to the place where they battled...”

A surging bloodlust was present in his eyes.

“Understood, sir!” Leylin sounded excited as he yelled, though he was actually giving a long sigh inside. “Luckily, he didn’t see through my pretence. Looks like a high-levelled Fireplume and the concealed strength of my point mass is enough for me to get away with this situation even in front of a Star rank Emberwing...”

Having ascertained this, Leylin now had more confidence in sneaking into the Atlan capital, Tylasus.

“Let’s go!” Fiery-red flames lit up, and Martin and Leylin left before Loke could come back to himself.

“In-Instructor, he’s...” Loke was tongue-tied.

“Haha, he’s the Northern Duke. A Star rank who once killed 18 fire elemental commanders in the Death Grand Canyon!”

A flush appeared on Schiker’s face from his elation; he was extremely excited.

“I heard from Father that even among Star ranks, Uncle Martin is still the best. The other party is now injured, and if Uncle Martin finds him, he definitely won’t be able to escape!”

He ferociously punched forward, hope and carefreeness in his expression, “My revenge will be taken quickly...”

Schiker went on and on excitedly, not noticing the hint of concern in Loke’s eyes.

.....

Days later, a piece of shocking news spread through the eastern region of the Atlan Union. There were even indicators that this news would be spread to other countries. A patriarch of the Mobius Organisation, who was a terrifying being at the Star rank, had been killed by the union’s Northern Duke, Martin!

In that instant, the Northern Duke Martin’s reputation spread throughout the eastern region, causing many rebelling organisations to be panic-stricken. However, few knew that Leylin and two others had been adding fuel to the flames.

The fall of a Star rank was a huge blow to the Mobius Organisation. Ever since Collins’ death, the progress of the purging operation in the eastern region was lightning quick.

The squadron that Leylin led showed no mercy as they uprooted

all organisations and strongholds that had anything to do with the Mobius Organisation. Such a fierce method instantly netted a favourable evaluation from Schiker, and with the intel from before, Leylin sensed that Schiker now treated him as a trusted aide.

As for Loke? That kid had been restless nowadays, and was not as enthusiastic in his missions. This had resulted in Schiker's dissatisfaction. Of course, Leylin knew the reason, but he would not make it known.

A month had passed by in a flash after the large-scaled purging missions were over. The most magnificent and important festival of the Emberwings was now fast approaching — Holy Solar Festival!

Chapter 563 - Formal Visit

A fleet of vehicles slowly drove out of Wox City. Leylin turned to look at the city, a ruminating smile about his lips.

The Atlan Union's operation had dealt a huge blow to both the Mobius Organisation and the Triserpent Sect.

As he had found the opponent's headquarters and killed a Star rank, the eastern line that Schiker was in charge of was instantly rewarded by the leader. Now, they were heading back to the headquarters of the Atlan Union to have their merits evaluated after giving their reports.

Within another vehicle, Schiker's injuries had pretty much healed and he watched Martin, deep in thought and sitting upright. He restrained himself for a while, before he could not help himself and asked, "Uncle Martin, what are you thinking about?"

"Oh, it's nothing." Martin seemed to recover from his daze and looked tired.

"I'm letting my imagination run wild in my old age," he laughed, mocking himself. "The opponent this time is from another world. I keep having a feeling that if not for his being injured, I might just have..."

"Hss..." Schiker sucked in deeply, "Someone as powerful as Uncle Martin! How about the person who injured him?"

“Exactly! The mysterious person who exchanged blows with him is a giant threat, but no matter how hard I tried to find them, I couldn’t find any traces...” Martin rubbed his brows.

What worried him more was that with his intuition as a Star rank, he had a feeling that something big was going to happen at the Holy Solar Festival. However, there seemed to be a veil that he could not see through.

“With the head around, who else could create trouble? I’m thinking too much into this...” Martin chuckled, and closed his eyes to get more rest, not realising there was someone watching him from the outside.

“Tsk tsk... Tenth level of Fireplume! I really want to use him as a guinea pig and do some research...” Leylin withdrew his gaze.

Martin was obviously an existence that had broken through to the Star rank, and in Leylin’s eyes, was like a specimen with very high research value.

If he were to make a move on the sly, he had a very good chance of taking him down and obtaining the secret of the tenth level of Fireplume.

However, for the greater benefits, Leylin restrained himself.

Besides, even regular contact throughout the day was enough for

the A.I. Chip to gather data on the energy undulations and forcefield of the Emberwing, speeding up the simulation of the tenth level.

.....

The sacred land of the Emberwings that was also the capital of the Atlan Union— Tylasus City appeared before Leylin.

As the Holy Solar Festival was fast approaching, the whole city was in a state of merriment, with multicoloured streamers everywhere.

In Leylin's eyes, Tylasus City was not that vast, but since it was constructed on cliffs and precipices, it gave one the feeling of it being a boundless city in the sky.

Red floating feathery cotton-like items floated down into the city like snow.

Schiker and Martin parted ways at the entrance to the city, and brought Leylin and Loke to another area.

Passing through a large square and a commemorative forest full of large stone sculptures, Schiker arrived at a building as large and as majestic as a palace, the whole body made of some sort of white jade.

“This is the leader's residence?” Loke's voice trembled, as if

extremely emotional. Leylin, however, shot him a discreet glance. This spy from the Mobius Organisation, which was also Jupiter's Lightning, was probably targeting this place. That excitement was probably not feigned.

Leylin, on the contrary, had a change in expression when looking over this residence, as a trace of solemnness appeared in his eyes.

In his line of sight, there were powerful energy lights all over the residence, as well as many probing spells and the like. This was a normal sight.

However, there seemed to be a terrifying feeling emanating from within the residence. This aura was scalding hot and dense, where the radiation from powerful fire elemental particles was felt.

A humming sound pervaded the area as the world seemed to come to a standstill in Leylin's eyes. Everything was monochrome, and there were distortions in the lines of the building. Eye-piercing red lights constantly leaked out to form an ancient fire phoenix that faced the sky and gave a long cry.

Chirp! This fire phoenix was almost alive, eyes filled with wit as it glanced in Leylin's direction.

Surprised, Leylin immediately curbed all the undulations from his body, where his soul force holed up within his point mass.

A great heat wave swept past, and red rays of light flashed in

Leylin's eyes, causing him to momentarily be dazed.

“What's wrong, Ley?” Schiker immediately noticed him acting oddly and turned around, looking concerned.

After all that had happened, he now treated Leylin as his trusted aide, and even depended on him more than Loke. They had a very good relationship.

“Oh, it's nothing. I was just thinking about how we're going to see the magnificent leader of the state, so I was somehow lost in thought!” Leylin still looked slightly distracted but had obviously regained his senses. It seemed that only Schiker had seen him in that state.

“Haha!” Schiker patted Leylin in understanding, causing a trace of jealousy to arise in Loke's expression.

“Lord Schiker!” The guards at both sides of the residence saluted with their bodies straight, not hindering Leylin and his group. It was obvious that they had known of Schiker's identity beforehand.

“Instructor, so you're the son of the leader! It's truly an honour to be able to serve you...” Loke entered the resistance, so stirred up that he seemed about to spit foam.

In order to get these two talents to submit more wholeheartedly, Schiker had revealed his identity as the leader's son on the way to

Tylasus.

In actuality, while he'd assumed that his identity was kept secret, Loke and Leylin had long since found out. However, they obviously appeared to be shocked, and were only one step short of grovelling at Schiker's feet.

"I'm going to bring you to see Father. Remember to be cautious with your words!"

There was no excitement on Schiker's expression, and his expression instead turning darker. This evidently had to do with his status as the illegitimate child, and Leylin and Loke naturally did not say more.

There was a second wall after they entered the residence. Schiker did not enter directly, but instead brought Leylin and Loke to another area similar to a duty room.

Leylin glanced at the inscriptions beside the room. There was a line of small wording written in black on a red base: Military Office.

'Could this be the Atlan Union leader's personal force?' Leylin could sense the Emberwing undulations from outside the place.

He found that the auras of all the soldiers inside the office were immensely powerful, and none were below the eighth level of Fireplume. He could feel powerful crimson flames in a few other

directions, causing his Fireplume at the peak of the ninth level to turn somewhat sluggish.

‘Star ranks! Perhaps only the leader of the Atlan Union will be able to order Star ranks around. He’s probably a rank 5 Magus...’ Leylin wondered.

“I am Schiker, bringing two of my subordinates to see the leader. I’ve made an appointment,” Schiker spoke to a staff member at the military office, passing an emblem-like item over.

The staff member had a stern expression. From the undulations from the ninth level of Fireplume, he was also a peak Sky rank.

Taking Schiker’s emblem, he placed it on a piece of apparatus and scanned it.

Beep! The screen on the apparatus leapt up, and showed information on Schiker’s appearance and some other basic details.

He stood up, performing a military salute, “Officer Schiker, you can bring two subordinates inside.”

“Thanks” Ever since Schiker entered the residence, he had spoken sparingly, to the point that every single word was as precious as gold. Leylin and Loke struggled to suppress the excitement in their hearts and followed behind him as a military official led the way.

‘A.I. Chip! Record information on the structure, as well as powerful energy responses. Whether it’s heat, electrons, radiation or chemical reactions, record everything!’ Leylin was inwardly communicating with the A.I. Chip, making the most of his time and creating a topographic map of this residence.

‘The moment those two Kemoyin dukes found out about my status, they immediately threw this job at me while they relaxed. Sigh...’ Leylin rolled his eyes inside, but knew that they had already prepared this operation for a long time. Coming in mid-way of their plans meant he had lucked out, so he did not take this to heart.

‘Firasource stones... This soul treasure is only distributed from the residence of the leader. There’s definitely something wrong!’ A glint flashed in Leylin’s eyes and withdrew again as he lowered his head and followed the official in front. They passed through several sentries and corners one after another. These security measures were all shown on the surface, and there were probably many more in the unknown.

In actuality, Leylin disapproved of these measures. For the leader, they were probably a burden, and at crucial moments, only his rank 5 strength could suppress everything.

However, this was the anguish of a person occupying the top seat. Even if it was impractical, it was needed for a person befitting his status.

“His Highness, the leader, is inside. You have half an hour!” The official brought Leylin and the others before a large red door and gave a deep bow before retreating.

Schiker took in a deep breath and held the brass handle of the door, “Father!”

“Come in!” The voice was gentle, yet held within an irrefutable intent. Even the air seemed to distort, obstructing the usual operation of rules and physics.

‘There’s a rank 5 inside, but I have the A.I. Chip, as well as Fireplume at the peak of the ninth level as a cover. That’s enough to conceal my original strength!’

Leylin, who had faith in his strength, followed him in.

Chapter 564 - Infiltration

Leylin was clear that this was a huge test for him.

If his disguise did not get through the leader of the Emberwings, everything was over. He could forget gaining his trust and the entire plan would have to be revised.

Hence, he had to go through with this, but it wasn't as if he was entirely unprepared.

At least, the two Giant Kemoyin Serpent Dukes had stealthily entered as well and were constantly on the watch outside the residence. If the leader noticed anything, Leylin would immediately use his Kemoyin Serpent Transformation and attack. With three Morning Star Warlocks together, it would probably be enough to escape.

After all, the three Kemoyin Elders from before had the record of fighting evenly with a rank 5 Radiant Moon Magus. Though the most powerful First Elder had already fallen, Leylin believed he was no less powerful than him.

With three Giant Kemoyin Warlocks working together, it was enough for them to escape even if they could not win. That was what the three of them had counted on before daring to draw up this plan.

“A.I. Chip!” Leylin called out in a low voice.

[Beep! Beginning to conceal energy undulations.]

The A.I. Chip intoned loyally, causing the aura on Leylin's body to become more obvious as if he was a pure Emberwing.

The hidden strength of the point mass of a Morning Star, the secret technique to hide bloodlines as well as the support of the A.I. Chip gave Leylin the confidence that he could get away with all this under the rank 5's nose!

Taking a deep breath, Leylin followed Schiker into the room, bowing to the figure at the middle.

This was a large study room. Simple armour, oil paintings and the like filled it with a history that changed the atmosphere. What surprised Leylin was the feeling that a domain had automatically been created in the study room.

This was not the domain of Morning Star, but a special space that had been formed due to the long period of time it had existed.

"Schiker, you're here!" The head's voice was gentle as he watched Schiker and the rest enter.

"Father!" Schiker called out after he went through a thousand different expressions.

“It’s been hard on you, get up. Are these your two subordinates? Excellent!” When the sound fell, Leylin felt his heart squeeze, and entire self get nervous. Immediately after, he felt something like a boiling hot gaze sweep at his body, causing him to tremble.

When the gaze was on his body, his point mass shuddered, as if his soul force defences were being forced to the surface, but Leylin firmly stopped it.

Meanwhile, his Fireplume, which had reached the peak of the ninth level, formed a giant energy tide that kept the point mass within. Terrifying flame energy began to revolve spontaneously, resisting the spying from outside.

“Hm?” The head made a light sound of surprise. “You must be Ley, right? Raise your head.”

Though the voice was gentle, it held the hint of an irrefutable command. Almost at the very moment the voice was heard, Leylin raised his head like it was a conditioned reflex.

Following that, he saw a handsome young man with red hair and eyebrows, looks slightly similar to that of Schiker. He wore a loose white robe, and his eyes seemed to hold... praise, within them?

“Pretty good strength, and a pure flame energy.” The red-haired young man nodded, and turned in the other direction.

Loke's body shivered, but the head said nothing. It was no surprise either, though. Just a soldier at the seventh level of the fire feathered technique was not enough to attract the leader's notice.

"I've already looked through your achievements in detail. I hope you will continue to work hard in the future and protect our Union..." The handsome head encouraged them and waved his arms.

Leylin and Loke immediately retreated with expressions of reverence.

Thud! The door to the room closed, leaving only Schiker and the head inside. The head's aura changed once more, and his expression while watching Schiker turned emotional, "It's been hard on you these past few years!"

"It's service for the union!" Schiker had a taut expression while speaking, but his clenched fists displayed the dissatisfaction in his heart right now.

"Forget it. I know you care nothing for using my name and working, so I'll let things move according to the usual procedure. Your contributions are enough for you to be promoted to be an admiral. Make some preparations, you will work at the Tylasus garrison!"

The leader's voice was gentle.

“Understood!” Schiker answered coldly. Seeing this expression, the leader’s brows furrowed slightly.

“One more thing. There’s something off about your two subordinates, Ley and Loke.”

“What’s wrong? I don’t need to say more about Ley’s loyalty, and as for Loke, he’s a descendant of the Eiffel family...”

The muscles on Schiker’s face tensed. He cared quite a lot for these two subordinates.

“There’s not a large issue with Ley. He’s long since broken through to the ninth level of the fire feathered technique, but he’s been concealing it and only revealing the strength of level eight. It’s probably on purpose,” the red-haired head commented.

“He must have a pretty high potential to reach this level at such a young age, and you can definitely consider roping him in. His intentions are too complex... Give him the tenth level of Fireplume later, I’m sure he’ll definitely be even more loyal to you after that...”

“So he’s already reached level nine?” Schiker ducked his head, slightly ashamed. From his point of view, Leylin had probably hidden his strength because Schiker had yet to advance himself. He did not want to pressure his superior.

He raised his head to look at his father, the number one genius of

the Emberwings, and could not help but let his head hang down, defeated. He did not seem to have inherited even an ounce of talent from his father, and no matter how hard he worked, he still could not measure up to those geniuses. This was why he had been discouraged and left Tylasus City.

“I understand.” Schiker huffed out a long breath and nodded.

The head’s next words caused Schiker’s brows to raise. “Loke, however, is a very serious problem.”

“His appearance is a pretence. I’m afraid the real Loke has already died, and the one in front of you is of another race!”

“Another race?” Schiker cried out in alarm.

“Yes! I can’t tell if he’s from the Triserpent Sect or Mobius Organisation, but he probably has his eyes on the Holy Solar Festival.” A sneer appeared about the leader’s lips.

“I’ll seize him immediately!” Schiker got up, understanding the situation. His heart was filled with fury from the betrayal.

Never had he expected that Loke— the man who usually worked hard, was responsible, and very much to his tastes— was a spy from the enemy. The shame from not realising this hovered in his mind.

The leader stopped Schiker, “There’s no hurry. They’re just a

few bugs, what do they matter? What you need to do now is...”

.....

After leaving the residence, Leylin bade Loke farewell and found an inn to stay in.

Though the Special Task Force members had a station in Tylasus City with many unoccupied rooms and better facilities, Leylin was obviously not going to choose to stay there. He would perhaps go there later, but for now, it was better to find a place that would not attract attention.

After sending the maid away, Leylin locked the door, and the light in the room dimmed.

“How is it? Are things going well?” Two translucent figures emerged from the dark corners of the room. They were Gilbert and Emma.

“Is this place safe? Make sure it’s secure!” Leylin’s brows furrowed.

Emma replied, “Don’t worry. We’ve long since set up a concealing spell formations and boundaries. Even the staff and guests of the inn have been \hypnotised, and we’ve also used some spiritual force pressure...”

Leylin did not ask more and began to narrate the happenings of the day slowly, “Things are going well on my end. I’ve obtained part of the map of the building, and even met the leader successfully...”

“So he didn’t suspect you? Tsk tsk! So that leader is a pretty boy!” Emma giggled.

“Probably not, but he did notice my faked Fireplume, something I intentional revealed,” Leylin laughed. He had long since gotten used to how these female Warlocks jumped from subject to subject so suddenly.

“How powerful is he?” Gilbert’s focus on his power more than his appearance was only expected. They had exchanged blows with the leader before, but wanted to know Leylin’s opinion.

“I can’t tell...” Leylin looked absent-minded, as if he was recalling the scene from the meeting. “But I can confirm that his soul strength is very powerful. It’s probably the strongest out of all the Radiant Moons I’ve seen!”

“He is the best of another world. He’s trained up to the thirteenth level of Fireplume, so he’s probably not any weaker than Radiant Moon Magi with level 5 meditation techniques in the Magus World. Not to mention he’s been using firasource stones and supplementing his soul...”

Gilbert sighed, recalling the scene when he had fought with their opponent, and his body involuntarily trembled.

“In our operation this time, we’ll try our best not to make contact with him, and all should be fine...”

Leylin’s heart sank but he continued and asked Emma, “How’s your preparation going?”

“It’s smooth-sailing. Hehe... From now, you need to call us Viscount Flower and Earl Violet...” Emma giggled. It looked like she was doing well.

Leylin was rather speechless. The Atlan Union had actually let outsiders do so well that they became earls. He had no idea how Emma had gotten through the nobility examination.

“Also, we’ve found traces of activity of several Jupiter’s Lightning Morning Stars in Tylasus!”

Gilbert’s other piece of information immediately had Leylin’s attention, “Are they here to take revenge on us?” he asked as he touched his chin. After all, Collins was slain by them.

Gilbert shook his head. “I’m afraid not. Their target should be the same as ours.”

“Is that so? Then the difficulty of our operation should increase by a large amount. Of course, things might also become more convenient for us...” Leylin’s eyes glinted profoundly.

Chapter 565 - Fire Phoenix

Leylin walked out of the inn, with the hypnotised boss and attendants left behind.

After he left, these people would forget his appearance and him having been there at all, and would not even doubt their memories. This was a spiritual force intent planted deep in their minds.

He had learnt this technique from the Spirit Circle Warlock, Paul.

He returned to the station to find Schiker waiting for him, having come in secret. After a lengthy conversation with him, Leylin was left wanting to both laugh and cry as he looked at the item on the table.

This was a little book with a fiery-red cover. Within was the information on the tenth level of the fire feathered technique!

Schiker had come over just to give him this. The tenth level of Fireplume that had been on Leylin's mind had landed in his possession quite easily.

"I don't know how to react..." Leylin commanded the A.I. Chip to destroy the book after recording the thing down. "But it looks like he has gotten rid of all suspicion towards me..."

On top of that, the item he had been desiring had landed in his palms. Leylin was in a pretty good mood.

[Beep! Recording of tenth level of Fireplume complete. Beginning analysis...]

The A.I. Chip's voice sounded, and Leylin carefully looked through the contents in his memory bank.

Compared to the ninth level, the tenth touched on the Morning Star Realm, and was a path that focused on strength. Given that this had the unique characteristics of a foreign world, Leylin believed it would have very high research value.

Many ancient Magi were all-embracing, incorporating these paths from other worlds into their own systems to advance. By making use of others' strengths to make up for their own weak points, they had been able to achieve the splendour of the ancient era. And Leylin, too, wanted to do the same!

"The tenth level of Fireplume!" Leylin's expression gradually became solemn.

The more he watched on, the more he felt that the person who had created this technique had a talent that was off the charts. This was definitely a powerful technique that could contend against many other top-grade meditation techniques!

As the A.I. Chip's analysis progressed, Leylin's aura gradually changed.

Within his body, the boiling hot energy from the ninth level of Fireplume gradually purified and turned transparent, emanating a frightening might.

Large amounts of fire elemental crystals appeared, and even seemed to turn into a whirlpool.

Skreee A high-pitched phoenix cry sounded by Leylin's ear. It felt as if his spiritual and soul force had made a connection with some unique existence!

At the bottom of an abyssal starry river, a giant, terrifying beast with a body that spanned several worlds suddenly opened its eyes, gazing at Leylin coldly.

"Could this be the legendary ancient fire phoenix? With this aura, it's probably the king or even primogenitor of fire phoenixes!"

Leylin knew very well that even if what he saw was merely a phantom, such an ancient existence was mysterious and difficult to fathom. It could perhaps even use its phantom to display its strength.

The rage in the phoenix's eyes caused Leylin to feel a biting cold.

‘Crap, it’s realised that I’ve been wearing a disguise!’ A thought flashed in Leylin’s mind, and immediately after he sensed a tremendous crimson current flooding towards him.

Rumble! The sound of shattering was heard in Leylin’s lower abdomen, and he immediately turned pale, spitting out a mouthful of blood. His expression, however, was that of rejoicement.

“Luckily, I’ve already condensed my point mass!” Leylin could still feel fear as he looked into his body.

His point mass, which had already turned silent, had suddenly appeared when Fireplume was writhing, ready to break through to the tenth level. That had shaken the crimson energy essence that had gathered and broken the process of the advancement to the tenth level of Fireplume, the Star rank. For this reason, Leylin had been pulled out of that dream-like fantasy, or else the consequences would be dire.

“That fire phoenix that was like a world itself... Could it be the ancient lord of phoenixes?”

Leylin recalled that terrifying giant fire phoenix. In his mind, it could only be compared with existences such as the Snake Dowager, Trial’s Eye, and a few others.

“It looks like Fireplume and the fire phoenix have a relationship, and the tenth level of Fireplume requires connecting with the fire phoenix, and even withstanding the corruptive power radiating from it. Of course, the Emberwings would call that power an

additional boost”

The true body of the tremendous fire phoenix was obviously not here, but with sacrificial rites, or other techniques absorbing some sort of energy, disseminating power was a method used by many existences to traverse worlds.

If not for Leylin having already reached Morning Star and having his own path, forcefully interrupting the advancement of Fireplume might have immediately caused his death at its hands!

‘So Fireplume at the Morning Star rank is a path of sacrifice! By offering sacrifices up to the ancient fire phoenix or even changing one’s bloodline, one will ultimately become part of its family...’ Leylin touched his chin. These methods were similar to the belief in various gods, but was still different. Gods focused on quantity, while the path of sacrifice was passed on on a large scale, but then focused only on the elites. It was more like a chosen community of its own.

Leylin’s expression grew grim, as he thought of something, ‘These methods, this feeling of being suppressed...it’s very similar to the rule of the Snake Dowager...’

“A.I. Chip, begin modification of Fireplume. Moderate the force of point mass and simulate fusion of the two, eliminating the possibility of being controlled via sacrifice...”

Since he would attract attention from the fire phoenix after reaching the higher levels of Fireplume, Leylin obviously would

not persist. However, he was rather interested in modifying the technique and fusing it into the Magus World system.

In the ancient era, these thoughts had been proven countless times to be workable. On top of that, the element he had the second most affinity with was the fire element, and in this area he had a natural advantage.

This led to an even more insane thought.

‘Since all this has to do with the bloodline, meditation techniques and controlling cultivation pathways, I can probably make use of this Fireplume and find ways to deal with the Snake Dowager...’

Leylin’s eyes turned darker. He was unwilling to serve beneath anyone, and while he had not gained the attention of the Snake Dowager yet, he could not tolerate the idea of being manipulated. He was already preparing for the day that will eventually come.

Whether it was attempting to break through bloodline shackles or abandoning the bloodline restraints from meditation techniques, it was all for this cause.

‘Where is the fun in having immortality at the peak yet being under the oppression of another?’ A trace of profound thought flashed in Leylin’s eyes.

[Beep! Beginning fusion simulation, mobilising 80% of task

resources. Tenth level of Fireplume, meditation technique Kemoyin's Pupil... Estimated time: 16 days, 14 hours, 34 minutes and 56 seconds...]

The A.I. Chip loyally intoned.

After Leylin had entered the Morning Star realm, its calculations and simulation techniques had been reinforced, and the time limit set was now precise to the second. This was a rare occurrence while simulating techniques in the past.

“16 days? It will be completed right before the Holy Solar Festival. That’s not bad!” Leylin touched his chin, rather satisfied with this outcome.

.....

In the residence of the leader, at the deepest part underground.

Boiling heatwaves of hot lava expanded and withdrew, but were unable to advance due to an isolated maroon spell formation.

Within the maroon spell formation, there were many crowded buildings that formed a large number of private rooms.

In one of them, the leader, with his red brows and hair and young looks, was now meeting the gaze of another black figure in a mirror on the ground.

The figure in the mirror donned loose, majestic Magus robes, with a moon rune on his forehead. Those eyes were now filled with fury.

Zegna's voice was low. "Scarlet Eye! You obviously knew that the Mobius Organisation was mine, and yet you still made a move? On top of that, there's the fall of Collins as well. You need to take responsibility for it..."

The leader of the Atlan Union, Scarlet Eye, snorted. "When we last communicated, I reiterated many times that the Atlan Union is my territory, and I won't let any outsiders spy on us, particularly Magi from other worlds. You seem to have forgotten that, my friend."

Zegna, who was in the mirror, sighed lightly as if finding this a pity. He obviously knew what was taboo to the other party, but how could he have a large world right there but not do anything about it?

"But a Morning Star from our end has fallen! Do you know how much resources we would need to compensate that?" Zegna's voice became sharp.

"Based on the intel from my subordinates, he was already seriously injured and on the verge of perishing when we found him. Those three enemies of yours had attacked him..." There was a hint of schadenfreude in Scarlet Eye's voice.

Zegna's voice was stilted, and he was slightly regretful.

When he had used this world and set a trap, he had been absolutely confident in taking care of the three dukes. That was why he had not minded the leaking of this world's coordinates. However, he had grossly underestimated his opponents' abilities, and they had used quite a few bloodline treasures to break free from their trap forcefully and descended down to this world. That had made things very troublesome for him.

If he could turn back time, he would probably not do the same thing.

“Besides... you have not kept to your word. Trading between us needs to be halted for a period of time...” Scarlet Eye tossed him a heavyweight bomb.

“No!” Zegna immediately cried out, and instantly saw the mocking smile on the other person.

He lowered his head unwillingly, but said little more. The other party did not mind losing the support of his technology, but he could not let go of the firsource stones. That was his only hope at having a glimpse into the Breaking Dawn throne!

Hence, he had no choice but to duck his head and gentle his tone. “Revered leader, I'm afraid we both have to take some responsibility, but this shouldn't affect our friendship...”

“That’s right, my friend! As a cost of you violating the promise between us first, you will need to halve the price of the secondary element balancing spell formation you promised the last time!”

“Alright!” Zegna was practically gritting his teeth as he agreed.

When the communication was closed off, he stood up while roaring. The black throne under him continuously creaked, terrifying air waves dissipating in all directions.

“I’ll definitely kill that Scarlet Eye someday and roast his soul above my Magus Tower for ten thousand years!”

Chapter 566 - Shadowing

A Morning Star Magus would not dare face the wrath of a Radiant Moon.

Outside the elegant palace, a few Morning Star Magi looked at each other and kept their distance, leaving the low-level servants hugging their heads and trembling at the side.

A reckless energy wave swept across the area near the throne, and soon there was not a single living thing in the area.

“Rage is the natural enemy of all Magi! Don’t tell me, you’re a bloodline Warlock as well?” A soothing gentle laugh sounded in the air like a clear spring, mocking at Zegna.

Shockingly, upon hearing the voice, Zegna calmed a little. Besides slightly heavy breathing, he showed no significant difference from before the contact.

“You are right! But soon or later I’m going to wipe out the bloodline of those damn Kemoyin Warlocks!”

Zegna returned to his throne, and the moon on his forehead glowed with bright light, brightening up the entire palace.

“In your current state, you might not be able to deal with Scarlet Eye even if you use a large amount of firasource stones to increase your soul force. Unless you can lure him out of the Lava World, or

find a way to eliminate the resistance of the world's will..." The woman said in a cold voice.

"You're still pestering me to use that?" Zegna replied in the same tone.

"Yes! I am the most experienced in the tests of secondary clones. I can reduce the percentage of error such that it's lower than one out of a million, and the best method for you to go to Lava World..."

The female voice seemed to analyse the situation in a very composed manner, sounding very charming.

"If you want to use rank 5 strength in the Lava World, this is the only way. Furthermore, you won't be detected as an enemy by the foreign world through some cleansing of the mind of the clone."

Zegna fell into complete silence upon hearing the last sentence. A foreign world's will was the biggest hindrance to any Magus, and once it worked to support that world's inhabitant, even a Radiant Moon would not dare to defy its terrifying power.

Perhaps, only those who were at the peak of the Breaking Dawn Realm would have the power to destroy the world's will.

Zegna's face turned solemn and gloomy all of a sudden. "Pass down my order. All Magi of Jupiter's Thunder are to return and assist in the preparation of a pathway to the Lava World. All proposals and backups are to be effective immediately. Let's give

Scarlet Eye's Holy Solar Festival a big gift!"

Zegna's voice lowered gradually as his facial expression turned malevolent.

In the Lava World, Leylin had not noticed any of this. He had reached the head's place with Loke And Schiker.

"You guys are really lucky. I was transferred to the central garrison. Since you lot were from the Special Task Force, I recommended all of you to enter the Martial Officer Department of the head."

Schiker was wearing the uniform of an Emberwing general as he brought the rest to the Martial Officer Department.

"I am truly honoured and thankful for your recommendation!" Both Leylin and Loke showed gratitude towards Schiker.

With them being allocated here, they would hold high positions wherever they went in the future. It was also obvious that they would have the benefit of getting closer to the head.

As for Leylin and Loke, they both had unspeakable secrets, so the main reason why they got close to Schiker was to use him as a stepping stone towards the head. Since that dream of theirs had come true, they were both thrilled.

"Good! So long as you know I mean well!" Schiker patted Leylin's

shoulder. He did not wish to spare a second glance at Loke, but he still gave Loke a smile as he recalled his father's words.

“It's different here, completely unlike being in the Special Task Force. You have to be extra careful. Once you violate law and order, I won't be able to help you...”

While Schiker was giving them reminders, he walked them into a small office, “This is Bowens, and he'll be in charge of you in the future.”

A blond-haired middle-aged man in the office got off from his seat and came up to welcome them when he saw Schiker. He seemed to be rather easy going, “Haha, Schiker! You haven't been here in quite some time. So these are the ones? Don't worry, I'll take good care of them.”

But Leylin and Loke dared not ignore him. Not only would Bowens be their superior in future, his aura was somewhat similar to the Duke they had encountered previously.

This new superior of Leylin's was also an impressive elite, a Morning Star Magus that had already reached level 10 of Fireplume.

‘This familiar aura! He was one of the elite Morning Star Magi I sensed earlier!’

The red progress bar was currently already halfway full. The A.I.

Chip had already begun to smoothly merge the essence of the tenth level of Fireplume into his Morning Star point mass, which would greatly increase his power.power.

‘I’m not sure how the modified tenth level of Fireplume will be... How will it compare to these true Emberwing elites? I can’t wait to find out...’ Leylin curled his lips in a subtle movement, showing great interest.

Bowens was totally oblivious to the decision of his new subordinate, who was planning on getting rid of him after completing the new Fireplume. He instead found this Ley quite genial and amiable, instantly growing fond of him.

“There are specific duty rooms and bedrooms in the Martial Officer Department, you guys cannot stay in the Special Task Force anymore, you have to move in from now on. You do have any missions yet, I want you two to join the night patrol team and attend trainings during the daytime for now, any questions? ”

After Schiker had left, Bowens turned and looked at them, his tone was less courteous, his aura full of dignity.

“Yes, Sir!” Leylin and Loke bowed together.

Night arrived.

“Something is just not right...” Leylin straightened up his body, feeling good that everyone had their individual bedrooms despite

the limited area.

“Schiker has always treated us as his trusted aides... Now that he’s going to the central garrison, why didn’t he bring us with him?”

Leylin rugged his chin, “Even though being in the Martial Officer Department means to have a very promising future, it is also considered as being his father’s bodyguards. It’s unlikely that he put both of us in here, unless... someone got exposed...”

Leylin had full confidence in himself, but Loke could not even fool him much less a rank 5 elite.

“Now it seems that they’re not as cautious about me anymore, even sending me the tenth level of Fireplume. However, I’m obviously here under observation. It seems like they don’t trust me unconditionally yet...”

“As for Loke, he’s basically bait. They’re ready to net the entire organisation behind him...”

Leylin grew more assured of his assumptions as he thought it through. Suddenly, a red light glowed from the ring on his finger.

Leylin was shocked for a second, but then he lifted a map written on pale yellow parchment from the top of the table.

A little black dot was moving slowly on the map.

“I knew you couldn’t wait, but I never expected you to be this impatient.” Leylin smiled and laid down.

A thin black string drifted swiftly out of his body and emerged from the darkness.

Hidden in the shadows, Leylin made use of his fine manipulation and the perception of the A.I. Chip, carefully avoiding numerous sentry devices and traps in the leader’s area as he followed the other party.

That person was holding onto a black pearl, which had helped him get through many detection formations and the like. It seemed to be recording something.

‘Collecting information, eh? It seems like Jupiter’s Lightning wants to get rid of the leader of Atlan too...’

Leylin smiled, discovering the other figure who had also secretly followed after Loke. He shook his head and hid himself further.

He was here in his real body, while inside the room was a mere shadow puppet. Still, with the A.I. Chip’s abilities, it was not a problem for the puppet to cover his absence for a short period of time.

‘This fellow didn’t even realise he was being followed. He only has himself to blame...’

Since Leylin already knew that this was a setup, he wanted to return to his bedroom, and hence he hid in silence.

Just when he was about to leave, a horrifying ferocious energy wave fluctuation in the air caused his body to come to a violent stop.

‘What’s this fluctuation?’

He raised his head, gazing at the sky nearby, ‘Morning Star Arcane Art? No, not that! It’s more like another path to power. It seems like magic, but it’s actually a combination of fire elemental spell formations, not an Arcane Art.’

Together with strong fluctuations, a point of scarlet fire lit up the sky. The heavens rumbled as if they contained muffled thunder.

A rain of lava dripped down, spreading over a vast range and almost covering up the entirety of the head’s residence.

‘He dares to attack this place directly?’ Leylin felt at a loss for words, unsure as to how he should praise that person’s bravery.

The ghastly lava rain had wrapped up the entire place, every single drop containing a power of over a thousand degrees. If they were allowed to hit the ground, all the officers except the head and a few elite Star ranks would die, and the whole place would be razed to the ground. The leader would turn into a huge

laughingstock.

“Stop!” “How dare you!!”

A few ferocious and reckless voices sounded around the whole place, and dazzling energy light pillars shot up forming into a light shield that covered the whole place within.

“Kekeke! How many can you save?” A quirky voice sounded in the midst of sky, followed by a huge amount of lava rain, it extended fiercely, covering the entire city of Tylasus.

A drop of the lava rain could kill all the normal citizens easily. Were this to happen before the Holy Solar Festival, the head of the union would land in deep trouble.

Thus, Leylin judged that that person would surely take action.

“Screeee!”

Just then, a ferocious bird, huge scarlet body complemented with a stunning tail that was covered by flames flew out of the residence, the high-pitched whistle of a phoenix sounding out...

Chapter 567 - Gaia's Disc

Skree! The gigantic bird of fire dashed out of the building. It opened up its wings in a flash of light, and glorious flames shot out from its body as it enlarged in the blink of an eye. Its humongous wings closed, wrapping up the entire city of Tylasus.

The drops of lava with over a thousand degrees of power fell onto its wings, being absorbed by the flames.

When the lava storm passed, the city had emerged unscathed.

A bright light flashed across Leylin's eyes as he looked at the scene, 'Such a transformation is very similar to that of an ancient Warlock. It looks like the body of this Emberwing Morning Star has the bloodline of the fire phoenix.'

Warlocks were always fond of high-level bloodlines. As for the fire phoenix, Leylin had already seen its incredible power when he'd been trapped in the illusion previously. It was likely at least as strong as the Snake Dowager.

This bloodline posed an irresistible attraction to Warlocks even if it was diluted through sacrifices and projections.

'Before we launch our plan, I should try to get some of the bloodline of a Morning Star Emberwing. It would be even better if I manage to get it from their leader, Scarlet Eye.'

Just as Leylin's eyes brightened, the phoenix soared down from the clouds in the sky, revealing several gigantic, hundred meter long silhouettes made of flames.

The fire elementals were the most powerful living beings in the Lava World, and the most populous. They did not have blood or flesh, and instead had bodies covered in fuming flames and rocks. Their eyes were like deathly white flames that arose from the very soul.

“Divineflame Empire! It seems like you lot didn't learn your lesson at Death Grand Canyon!” Scarlet Eye's voice boomed across the sky, and the humongous wings wrapped up the giant fire elementals, flinging them away.

Its body rumbled as explosions erupted all over it, but it did not seem bothered at all.

By the time the phoenix vanished, half the flames in the sky had subsided. Leylin widened his eyes.

‘They even have such a method? Are there still people undercover in the leader's residence? And does that mean this was a ploy to lure the tiger out of its den?’

Hidden in front of him was Loke. He sighed in relief and pulled out a circular disk as he saw the phoenix leave.

On the surface of this disk were weird runes with countless

interconnected crimson lines that formed a vertical pupil.

‘Haven’t I seen something like this before?’ Puzzlement crossed his eyes as he immediately checked with the A.I. Chip’s database. The answer showed up within a second. ‘A copy of Gaia’s Disc? Such a technique actually exists...’

Loke stopped at an empty ground in the building. He placed the replica on the ground as he showed a tinge of excitement.

Sssh! The very moment the disc touched the ground, a large amount of sand split apart like it was a stream, revealing a pitch dark tunnel that led underground.

“Here it is! Now I’m at the weakest part of the entire building. Together with the power of Gaia’s Disc...” Loke’s eyes grew impassioned. He had endured a lot of humiliation during this mission, and now he could finally succeed in his task!

‘That was good cooperation, but I’m afraid it won’t be of help.’ Leylin saw the agitated Loke enter the underground tunnel, soon to be followed by a gloomy Bowens. This was the superior they had just met that day.

It seemed like Loke’s luck was at an end.

However, Leylin had one more doubt, ‘Since they wanted to coordinate between the inside and outside, why don’t they just send a Morning Star Magus in, isn’t that much simpler? They

already sent so many just to attract attention, one more wouldn't be too hard...'

He did not think much of it since that was a question that wouldn't see an answer soon. Instead, he followed the two and entered just as the tunnel closed up...

Boom! Schiker entered Leylin's room.

"Instructor!" 'Leylin' got up from the bed, bowing even with blurry sight.

Schiker first looked around with a cautious gaze, and he looked relieved that Leylin was still around. Soon, he reprimanded the boy, "You're still asleep under such circumstances?"

"Master Bowens and so many of his colleagues are around right now. If they can't solve the problem, what can I do? I might as well just continue sleeping..."

'Leylin' threw his hands up, seemingly helpless. With the support of the A.I. Chip, every action of this puppet was a perfect copy of Leylin's behaviour, even its character was flawless. Forget Schiker, even Gilbert was unlikely to be able to notice the difference.

"You..." Schiker was dumbfounded, but the waves in his heart secretly calmed down...

Inside the underground tunnel, Leylin followed closely after Bowens. He had weakened his breath to the maximum, and not a single energy wave fluctuation broke out. Additionally, Bowens seemed to have put his full focus on Loke, and he did not realise he was being shadowed.

“Gaia’s Disc was used by the Hero Moncordol of the Emberwings’ legend to lift open the stratum, it is also the powerful weapon which slew the demon king Falsace; this can easily crack open a huge underground tunnel even if it’s just a replica.”

Loke’s voice trembled in agitation, “The organisation possessed such a precious weapon that let me avoid triggering numerous traps. Truly, this is...”

As he reached the bottom, blood vessels popped out from under Loke’s skin, his aura growing berserk.

“The final layer of defence!” Loke was frantic in excitement as he saw a crimson defensive membrane.

He suddenly attacked, and a huge amount of fire exploded forth from his hands, rushing into the spell formation.

Crackling sounds rang out as the spell formation shook. A terrifying wave of energy was returned in counter, and surged through Loke’s body. His skin peeled off, revealing the flames burning within.

Loke's body had been completely shredded by the formation's counterattack, revealing a two-meter tall fire elemental, composed of flames and rocks.

The flame surged in all directions, and Loke's aura rose to the pinnacle of the Sky rank, the equivalent of a peak rank 3 in the Magus World.

‘Hmmm? Loke is a fire elemental?’

Leylin was rather surprised. He had always thought that Loke was an undercover agent of the Mobius Organisation, Jupiter's Lightning's operations here, but now it seemed like he did not know the length of it. Jupiter's Lightning had also approached the Divineflame Empire, and had signed some terms of agreement with each other.

After recovering his original appearance, Loke marched up to the scarlet spell formation.

A dot of a golden flame shot out of his body, burning a round opening in the spell formation's light shield.

Loke turned into a ball of flames, entering from that tiny opening in the spell formation and soon returning to his normal form.

“Hahahaha... All of Scarlet Eye's treasures and secrets are mine for the taking!” As Loke laughed, he explored the chamber. His flaming legs left a black burn mark with every step he took.

He seemed rather familiar with this area, running straight towards the chamber in the centre.

The gigantic chamber was spacious, with nothing around except a large spell formation. Strings of runes interlocked with the energy circuit. It was so refined that a Magus would go dizzy simply by staring at it for a length of time.

In the middle of the formation was a weak red light, its energy as it flickered causing Leylin's heart to palpitate.

'This aura is so familiar... Yes, the firsources stones! Wait... it's a living creature?' The A.I. Chip had made a judgement that threw Leylin into confusion.

"Found it!" Loke celebrated in his excitement. He took out a big black key, walking towards the spell formation.

Just then, a membrane of light blocked his path of return, the surging wave of energy sweeping him onto the ground in an instant.

The gigantic fire elemental fell flat to the ground with a thud, causing the chamber to shake a little.

"What happened? Doesn't this place just have a single defensive layer?" Loke touched his head, puzzled.

“Obviously it is used to guard against people like you.” Bowens sneered, exiting stealth and walking out from the dark.

“B–Master Bowens?” Loke was totally taken aback.

“Hmm! The leader knew long ago that there was something wrong with you. It seems you hid quite a lot from us.”

The fuming lava hand dropped onto the ground, and the black key was snatched from his hands.

“You are a very important captive. The leader and Schiker will take great interest in you.” Bowens spoke coldly as the flame on his hands turned into ropes which tied Loke up.

Loke could not fight back against the power of a Star rank. Rather, he was so flabbergasted that he did not even struggle or otherwise resist.

While both of them were unaware of their surroundings, Leylin snuck close to the membrane of light. The A.I. Chip scanned the formation, revealing the entry condition, [Aura of level 10 Fireplume required for access.]

Watching Loke being taken away by Bowens, Leylin followed them out of the basement. He recalled the shadow puppet after returning to his bedroom.

He had lots of questions, ‘What was that red orb in the middle of

the spell formation? Bowens settled Loke so quickly, and obviously he wasn't used as bait. Was it merely for Gaia's Disc and that black bronze key?'

Chapter 568 - Holy Solar Day

“Gilbert, Emma; the tides have turned. The Mobius Organisation might be colluding with the Divineflame Empire. Be very careful!”

Unable to come up with anything even after a long time, Leylin specially informed Gilbert and Emma about the situation. He then returned immediately to the leader’s residence. His actions were not in the least bit unusual.

Yesterday, Scarlet Eye had returned to the mansion right after Leylin followed Bowens out, making Leylin secretly heave a sigh of relief.

If he had chosen to take action then, it was likely that even after he tackled Bowens, he would have bumped into Scarlet Eye who was rushing back. That would have spelt trouble.

Furthermore, he didn’t want to make a move before understanding the situation.

“Officer Schiker! Where’s Loke? Why haven’t I seen him around recently?” Leylin questioned ‘curiously’. Upon the mention of this name, Schiker’s facial muscles twitched, and he was silent for a long while before he spoke. “He has been assigned to a top-secret mission, and will be away for some time!”

“I see!” Leylin seemed to have gained some understanding. He moved closer to Schiker and asked, “Instructor, about that night... what happened in the end?”

“What else? The leader emerged victorious of course! He struck two of the masters from the other party who were at the Star rank. He took one of them prisoner, and the foreign affairs department will negotiate with the Divineflame Empire!” A look of admiration flashed across Schiker’s eyes, but Leylin’s heart sank.

‘They paid such a high price, yet ended up with nothing. Those people from the Divineflame Empire definitely will not take things lying down. Furthermore, the trap they set previously that caused the loss of the combat abilities of the Morning Stars was not very wise. What is the truth behind all of this?’

Combining that line of thought with the intelligence given by Emma and Gilbert in the past two days, Leylin suddenly felt as though the future was shrouded in a dense fog.

‘I’m afraid I’ll have to modify my previous plan. This Holy Solar Day will not pass in peace. Divineflame Empire, Jupiter’s Thunder, and even the Ouroboros Clan will take action. When that time comes, this place will be plunged into chaos...

‘Well, at least there’s this to look forward to!’ Leylin saw that the progress bar on the A.I. Chip was quickly filling up, and couldn’t help but smile.

The tenth level of Fireplume was the gateway to the Star rank. Leylin’s energy had already been condensed to form a point mass, and if these two systems could be fused successfully the formidable power produced would definitely not just be additive. There would

be a horrifying qualitative change in him, amplifying his powers to a great extent.

Additionally, Leylin had long since used up all the firasource stones he had earned from Collins, something that caused his soul force to improve by leaps and bounds. His strength after all this would surely give many enemies a surprise.

His eyes glowed crimson as the corners of his lips rose to form a wicked smile.

The bloodline of the apex predator, the Giant Kemoyin Serpent, was pressing him to slaughter! He wanted to destroy everything, to bring it all to flaming ruin!

The emotional instability that was common to bloodline Warlocks had begun to act up. After he advanced to the Morning Star realm, the Giant Kemoyin Serpent's soul had fused with Leylin's own, causing him to inherit these violent moods. These were no longer an external thing, but instead part of his own nature.

Once such an illness acted up, it would have a far-reaching effect on the Warlock's personality.

Previously, Leylin had always made a conscious effort to restrain himself, preventing his feelings from eroding his character away. Now that war was upon them, he was facing unprecedented pressure, and some strange emotions managed to worm their way out...

No matter what others thought, time was still ticking by. Finally, the day of the Emberwings' festival— the Holy Solar Day— had arrived.

During his recent trips, Leylin saw the streets and markets starting to bustle with activity. Many teenage Emberwings now went against the taboo, playing on the road. The atmosphere was filled with clamour.

The various district representatives from the Atlan Union and the other tourists who came on their own accord arrived at Tylasus City one by one. The place was packed to the brim, even overcrowded, resulting in multiple cases of breaches in public security. Even Leylin, a martial officer from the Military Office, had to step in at times, something more than evident of how thin the security had been stretched.

According to the information given by Gilbert and Emma in private, many of the elites from the Mobius organisation and Triserpent Sect had also snuck into Tylasus City. They were the ones who stirred up trouble here, making the place chaotic.

Additionally, the arch-enemy of the Atlan Union, the Divineflame Empire, had also sent a large team of ambassadors, causing more trouble.

“It just seems like things will get relatively more troublesome!” Leylin lamented. He donned the dashing uniform of a military official, and stood tall and straight. He and his colleagues lined

along both sides, while Scarlet Eye stood in front of a huge fitting room mirror, adjusting the butterfly-shaped necktie on his collar.

“Your Highness! Your schedule for today is as follows: first up will be the parliament lecture, followed by welcoming the envoy from the Divineflame Empire. The banquet in the afternoon...” Standing next to Scarlet Eye were a few secretaries with pen and paper in hand, chattering away. There were also a few maids who were tidying up the creases on the coattails of his dinner suit.

Schiker, Bowens and the others were also dressed neatly and stood at the side. Outside the window, lots of fireworks and gun salutes could be seen. Colourful confetti filled the sky, and the place was filled with a festive atmosphere.

“Alright! I have my own plans for today’s matters!” Scarlet Eye furrowed his brows and waved his hand, sending away the secretaries who were still chattering endlessly.

“Schiker, you shall accompany me today.” These words seemed to move the leader’s son to tears.

Seeing his odd mix of being both moved and apprehensive, Leylin felt at a loss for words.

‘The private life of this state leader is quite confusing. His previous marriage did not produce a heir, and now that he only has Schiker, his illegitimate child, does he hope for him to inherit his political legacy and even become the next leader of the union?’

If the other officials knew that Leylin was silently cursing their almighty leader, they might have come together to tear him apart, and the outcome wouldn't be pleasant.

“Let's go!” After quite some time, Scarlet Eye finished his preparations and took the lead as he mounted a chariot that was drawn by numerous scarlet birds. Schiker followed closely behind.

Bowens walked behind everyone. He suddenly glanced at Leylin and commanded, “Ley, you come too!”

“But... The duty of a humble servant is to stay behind and guard the residence!” Leylin appeared to be hesitating, but he was secretly cursing in his heart.

His duty for today was to stand guard at the residence. This was perfectly normal as he lacked the proper qualifications, and thus could not show his face at the parliament. However, this was what he wanted. After all, the places that Scarlet Eye would go to today would not be tranquil, and there would not be any advantages from following him out. How would that be more enjoyable than being able to hide in the residence and unearth treasures the minute he discovered that something was off?

What did he stand to gain from going out with Scarlet Eye anyway? That one casual sentence from Bowens disrupted his plans for the day.

Leylin felt a little gloomy as he looked at Bowens. Maybe Bowens sensed that something was amiss, or maybe he just found Leylin an

eyesore, but he had been causing a lot of trouble for Leylin on the sly.

“ .. Yes, Sir!” To the others, it seemed that Leylin only hesitated for a while before agreeing immediately in a loud voice, ecstasy spreading across his face. This made many of the officials who were staying behind envy him, yet they did not know that Leylin was secretly rolling his eyes.

Bowens was his superior after all, and Leylin could not do much even if he disagreed.

Leylin stood at the back of the fleet and reflected, ‘Might as well! When the moment comes, I’ll join Gilbert and Emma directly. Once something is amiss, we will immediately activate the coordinates and return. I don’t believe that Scarlet Eye will give chase and follow us back to the Magus World.’

Gilbert and Emma had first found their way into the ranks of feudal nobility through a small noble family by disguise and strength. They then wantonly betrayed the secrets of the Triserpent Sect against their interests, and attained the positions of Earl and Viscount, allowing them to attend today’s celebration.

If the three Giant Kemoyin Warlocks were together, even Scarlet Eye would find it hard to capture them successfully, so there was at least some form of assurance in terms of safety.

‘Bowens, however, has to be killed! He better not run into me today, or else...’ Leylin lowered his head slightly, hiding the brutal

crimson radiance in his pupils.

Leylin kept Scarlet Eye company at the parliament while listening to an illogical and boring speech. Afterwards, he tagged along with the leader of the state and the other major ministers as they proceeded to the plaza where people pledged oaths and celebrated their victories. They were preparing to welcome the emissary from the Divineflame Empire.

Positioned behind Scarlet Eye were the delegates from several major districts, as well as a large number of high-ranking officials and influential ministers.

Boom! Boom!

it was as though there was an earthquake. Fire flashed in the distance, and Leylin noticed the arrival of copious amounts of fire elementals.

These fire elementals existed in various sizes, and some were not even humanoid. There were quite a number of beasts, bodies constituted of flames and lava, burning at temperatures that could scorch anything.

Although they moved as a delegation, they left two long burn tracks on the ground. The temperature of the entire plaza started to rise steadily.

It was fortunate that most of the Emberwings practised

Fireplume. The high-ranking officials and nobility present in the plaza had all mastered at least three levels of the technique, and thus didn't find it hard to bear.

Creatures that were able to survive in the Lava World had a powerful resistance towards high temperatures.

The officials who were specially put in charge of diplomacy appeared, and engaged in a series of complicated rites and etiquette, something so boring that Leylin yawned multiple times in succession.

Regardless of as a scientist in his previous life or a Magus now, he did not have an ounce of interest in such rituals.

In contrast, he was more willing to perform a few more experiments in his laboratory, or expound upon a few hypotheses, or even meditate!

This was a common understanding between an overwhelming majority of Magi in the Magus World.

In the Lava World, the circumstances were evidently different. As compared to Magi who were much like researchers, the Emberwings who studied Fireplume were more similar to knights. They had a great thirst for the secular benefits of various territories.

The Magi of the Magus World often withdrew to the second line

of duty, and manipulated the countries from behind the scenes. Those who held authority in the Lava World, however, were different. They liked to handle things personally, and preferred to take control of the entire system in the foreground.

Chapter 569 - The Opening

Leylin obviously did not think that everything done in the Magus World was right, but he did not approve of the methods in Lava World because they were too time-consuming.

Of course, that might have to do with him being a Magus, since he consciously wanted to protect his own interests.

“Greetings to the Atlan Union Leader. I am Saka, the envoy of the Divineflame Empire!”

Walking ahead of the diplomatic mission was a flaming giant who was over ten metres tall, looking like a fire demon from myths. Him bowing down to a tiny Emberwing seemed rather laughable, but nobody would actually dare to do so.

Scarlet Eye merely stood there like an eternal mountain, a sky which people could only look up to.

“Also... Our empire seriously condemns the leader, Scarlet Eye, for killing one of our personnel without reason.” Saka’s next words caused the atmosphere to turn chilly.

“Condemn?” Scarlet Eye chuckled lightly. “Anything else?”

“The leader has to take responsibility for this matter, apologise and resign! If not, the Holy Solar Festival that is a celebration for the Emberwings will mark the beginning of a war between us!”

“What?” There was a clamour amongst the audience, and even Leylin’s pupils shrunk. Never had he imagined that the Divineflame Empire’s purpose in coming here was to declare war!

Scarlet Eye’s personality was quite open. Was it possible to get him to apologise and resign?

When those words exited the envoy’s mouth, Leylin felt a chill down his spine, as if a vicious ancient beast was staring him down. This was the imposing aura that the strong unwittingly gave off, filled with a sense of danger.

“Is that so?” Scarlet Eye narrowed his eyes, and the fire elemental giant opposite him took quite a few steps back. The terrifying energy emitting from his body reached the Morning Star realm.

This member of the diplomatic mission was actually a Star rank, and that was not all. A few of the other fire elementals behind him had an abrupt change in their physiques, their bodies emanating powerful energy undulations.

“With just a few Star ranks? That’s hardly enough!” Scarlet Eye’s half-closed eyes opened slightly, as if he was stating a fact.

However, all the Emberwings knew that their leader was already at the brink of fury.

“How could we inconvenience the leader to make a move against them? Uncle Bowens!” Schiker was so frustrated that he had flushed red, suddenly standing up.

“The Military Office does not permit anyone humiliating our leader!” Bowens stood up, crimson energy covering his entire body. With a wave of his hand, military officials charged out and surrounded the diplomatic mission.

Seeing Bowens taking the initiative, Scarlet Eye’s brows lifted. “Bowens, you should first...”

At this moment, he suddenly turned his gaze north-west. Rumble! An immense blast sounded from that area.

The earth swished along like a metal plank that floated on water, drifting up and down. Giant waves rippled, and a large number of cracks appeared, spewing crimson lava and scorching flames.

It was as if there was a large flame demon underground. The cracks that formed were like a spiderweb that extended in the direction of Tylasus City.

The moment these cracks closed in, the tremendous mountain that the city stood on would completely sink, and the city itself would not be spared.

“Haha... Scarlet Eye, do you feel touched that this emperor came to congratulate you personally?” The earth split open, and a large

arm that could cover the sky emerged from within, filled with flames and red lava.

Scarlet Eye's expression was the most stern it had ever been. "Archibald..."

Accompanying the large hand was the frightening suppression of power at rank 5, causing the many Emberwings to feel suffocated.

'A rank 5! Could this be the Divineflame Empire's emperor?'

Leylin took a few steps backwards, making use of the shadows from a few buildings to hide. Amidst the terror caused by rank 5 might, his little actions remained undiscovered.

Scarlet Eye's expression was somewhat dark. He knew that if the other party's attack was successful, the entirety of Tylasus City would suffer great losses, and many high-ranked officials and nobles would die. Hence, he had no choice but to make a move!

A high-pitched cry appeared as a phoenix abruptly appeared in the sky, brilliant flames surrounding its body as its scarlet wings collided with the arm.

Boom! The earth and sky seemed to disappear in that instant, and everyone fell into a daze. When their eyes could finally see again, they saw the giant fire phoenix that Scarlet Eye had turned into circling a flame giant that seemed able to support the skies. The two battled further into the distance, but the residual energy

undulations still inspired fear.

“Go!” Bowens’ expression was grim as he cried out. Flames with energy at the Star rank blazed on his body.

Swish! The military officials seemed to act on a conditioned reflex as they headed straight for the diplomatic mission from the Divineflame Empire, with some soldiers and nobles following behind.

Among the Emberwings of the Atlan Union, true nobles trained up to at least the eighth level of Fireplume, the Sky rank. None of them was weak. There were even a few Star rank experts keeping watch, but not revealing their strength.

However, the diplomatic mission of the Divineflame Empire was not a pushover either. There were a few fire elementals who had already broken through the Star rank, and in that instant the two sides had reached a deadlock. Flames and lava flew everywhere, destroying the square where pledges of peace and victory were to be made beyond recognition.

Leylin hid under a gigantic sculpture of the founder of the country. The people nearby had yet to realise there was a military official breaking away from the formation and escaping.

At this moment, the sound of Gilbert’s questioning voice sounded in his ear, “What should we do?”

Leylin transmitted back calmly, “Watch the changes in the situation, but don’t make a move. Only the fire elementals of the Divineflame Empire have appeared, but there isn’t news of the Mobius Organisation which Jupiter’s Lightning controls.”

He had a feeling that this situation probably had more to it than met the eye. Scarlet Eye was not someone so shallow, and wouldn’t have made no preparations. Hence, there could very well be a dramatic change in this situation later on.

In this spectacle, three Morning Star Warlocks like them were not considered top strengths, and definitely needed to conceal themselves and wait for a chance to go in for the kill.

‘Besides...’ Leylin looked at the screen that showed the A.I. Chip’s status.

The bar that signified the progress of fusing Fireplume’s concepts with his point mass had reached 99.9%. Only a tiny bit was left.

A large amount of energy from Fireplume condensed within his body, but this time it was being contaminated by great amounts of darkness elemental energy particles. The energy turned darker than its original scarlet red, now tending towards black.

His point mass, as well as the nebula surrounding it had appeared as well, beginning to take in large amounts of the dark red energy from the modified Fireplume, constantly condensing and assimilating it.

With the point mass' purification, the energy of Emberwing had become richer. At the same time, its colour grew increasingly darker, giving it a sinister feeling.

“Ley, what are you doing?” All of a sudden, a stern yell and a piercing gaze swept towards Leylin's location.

Bowens' gaze now could practically kill Leylin, “What are you doing? Trying to desert the army?”

‘Damn it, why did he set his sights on me?’ Leylin walked out, speechless. Seeing the quick changes in Schiker's eyes, he knew he could not explain this half-heartedly, or he would be attacked.

“Bowens is getting increasingly annoying!” Leylin took in a deep breath, Fireplume at the peak of the ninth level exploding from his body, like a dazzling meteor streaking through the skies.

“Our people have already acted according to plan. All that's left depends on you!”

A distance away from the square, in a residential building. The original owner had long since disappeared. The walls were filled with red runes, revealing a maroon luster. Some of the blood had yet to dry, and droplets of it were still dripping down, causing long blood-red lines to form on them.

Within this building, a few people dressed in black robes were watching the scene in the square from afar through the window.

The fire elemental delegation acted immediately and began to fight many military officials and nobles. Such an act caused chaos among the spectating commoners.

The attacks from the fire elementals were ruthless. If lava brushed across a commoner's body, it would reduce them to ashes in an instant. On top of that, the military officials and the nobles of the union didn't really bother themselves with protecting them. As a result, a huge number of the people watching died, resulting in great casualties. The mix of piercing screams and feeble cries for help were filled with the taste of horror.

Many commoners of the union were wailing, pushing everyone else as they tried to leave the blazing hell that was the square. This resulted in the chaos intensifying, leading to more innocent deaths.

“Hehe... Resent us! Cry out! These souls filled with hatred and fresh blood are the best nourishment for our spell formation...” An aged voice sounded from within the mantle of a black robe.

“Don't worry, my friend. Us of the Mobius Organisation always trade fairly!” The old man's voice was as piercing as an owl's screech, and would cause goosebumps on anyone who listened to him. Yet, the fire elemental opposite him did not seem to mind.

“The chaos we're creating can only last for a while longer. You'll need to make a move quickly!”

“Alright, alright!” the old man cackled, touching a dark green metal bracelet, “How’s the set-up on your end?”

White noise sounded from the bracelet, followed by the voice of a middle-aged man, “Enough flesh and blood have been gathered. It’s just difficult to obtain vengeful spirits full of resentment. Only 80% of the charging process has been completed.”

“That’s enough!” The old man laughed coldly. “On my command, begin!”

Chapter 570 - Chaotic Battle

“Number 1, order received!” “Number 2, order received!”
“Number 3, order received!”

Along with the old man’s command, three different voices sounded from the dark-green metal bracelet.

“Begin extraction of aggrieved souls! Start the sacrifice...” The old man’s voice was calm, yet held within it a bone-piercing chilliness.

At the same time, all the Star ranks in Tylasus City felt a chill in their hearts.

“This feeling?”

“A spell formation from the Magus World, an undead element spell formation aimed at aggrieved souls!” Leylin, Gilbert and Emma immediately recognised this unique energy.

Seeing the flesh and blood flying everywhere in the square, Emma laughed bitterly, “Such an environment will do wonders for an undead spell formation!”

Even if the Morning Stars restrained themselves, they would still cause major damage to the surroundings. On top of that, it was currently the Holy Solar Day, and those gathered here were not just the residents of Tylasus City. Tourists, followers from

different regions, and many others had packed the city to the brim, and the square especially held a large crowd. Now, they had all been turned into minced meat.

Even if they were high-ranking officials or nobles, many had died. Obviously, nobody would bother with the commoners.

“I’m afraid the Magi of Jupiter’s Lightning have made their move!” Leylin tangled with a two-headed fire elemental hound as he transmitted to Gilbert and the others.

In front of Leylin was a giant flaming hound about two stories high and with inverted steel spikes on its body. Its savage gaze settled on Leylin through its skull, similar to the Cerberus of the underworld in myths.

This was also one of the members of the delegation, and the energy on its body had already reached the limits of rank 3. Hence, Leylin found ‘some trouble’ when dealing with it, and even needed to depend on support from other team members to somewhat handle it.

Making use of the chaos in the square, Gilbert and Emma secretly came to Leylin’s side. The three Morning Stars made a team that might seem to have been formed by chance, and surrounded the double-headed flame hound.

There were many temporary team-ups like this in the square already. Besides, at this point not many would pay attention to Leylin.

Of course, Bowens was an exception.

“Schiker, do you see that?” Despite the chaotic situation, Schiker was devoted to his duty and was guarding at the centre, with Bowens at his side.

“There’s definitely something off about that Ley! One of the nobles near him is an Earl, and the other a Viscount. Both are people on the list for thorough investigation. Furthermore, Loke has pointed out that their existence itself is suspicious...”

“Let me think about it! Let me think...” Schiker clutched at his forehead, feeling a headache coming on. At this moment, he was more concerned for his father. As for Ley? That was just a trivial matter. As long as his father was still around, there was nothing that could not be solved.

Just when Schiker had made up his mind, the undead spell formation set-up by Jupiter’s Lightning was activated.

“What’s that...”

Dark green rays flashed out of the ground, forming a mysterious round symbol in the air. Phosphorescent green lights shone gloriously.

“It’s the symbol of the Mobius Organisation. They’re here too!”

Many loud cries sounded, and caused the square to descend even further into a state of chaos. This was especially so after many Emberwings found that the green ring of light was absorbing the energy in their bodies, and even their flesh and blood!

Streams of black gas were emitted from the body of a noble. Before he could sense anything was wrong, he had already collapsed to the ground, a strange expression on his face as his body dried up.

The weaker nobles all lost their lives instantly under the mysterious spell formation deployed by the Mobius Organisation. Even experts at the eighth level of Fireplume and above could feel the strength being sapped out of their bodies.

“We can’t wait any longer!” A few Emberwings at the peak of level nine exchanged glances and charged into the air, blazing flames behind them forming the phantoms of large phoenixes.

Boom! The flames and the dark green light collided, but that only resulted in a few of them being sent flying, spraying blood everywhere.

“You guys can’t do it. I’ll take care of this!” Without waiting for these Emberwings to reach the ground, a pair of large powerful arms stopped them from flying. The streams of black gas being emitted from their bodies were burnt to nothingness by the flames.

“The head of the garrison!” These few Emberwings recognised

him. This was the head of the garrison of Tylasus City, and they immediately saluted him.

“Mm!” He was a man of few words. He had a head of long, soft silver hair, his handsome face currently filled with annoyance.

“The Mobius Organisation! Those little mice that only know to hide in the gutters and shadows... Looks like teaching them a lesson by destroying their headquarters wasn’t enough!” He snorted, and the force field of a powerful Star rank fighter exploded forth. He soared into the air, a red fiery streak shooting towards the distorted dark green circle of light.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The streak of fire was obstructed midway, and multiple human figures appeared. A total of seven Magi dressed in black robes floated in mid-air, unique undulations from their point mass causing this Emberwing to have a huge change in expression.

“So many Star ranks?!” Shock instantly filled his mind. According to his intel, the Mobius Organisation was quite small. Though their sacrifices were bloody and insane, they didn’t even have as many as the three patriarchs of the Triserpent Sect.

Now, however, they had deployed seven Star ranks to fight him. How could it not be appalling?

There were likely less than seven Star rank Emberwings in the

entire capital! The addition of such a powerful force instantly reversed the situation.

There was one more thing to consider. If the Mobius Organisation had been concealing their strength in the past, what were they planning now?

There wasn't any time left for him to ponder on these things, and ferocious energy was emitted as the seven Star ranks cast their spells.

Their Morning Star domains appeared, overlapping with each other to form a starry sky. This caused the Star rank Emberwing to turn deathly pale. His body had been suppressed.

“Using spells in other worlds is much too troublesome, but thankfully our organisation has prepared and analysed countless spell models. Though our Morning Star Arcane Arts don't suit the rules of this world well, rank 4 spells are enough for now. Prepare the combination spell!” The Morning Star Magus standing in the middle spoke coldly.

A ferocious tide of elemental particles surged towards his palm like a tsunami, forming a terrifying energy spheroid. More condensed into it, and it strengthened continuously.

“Rank 4 spell— Binding Forcefield!” A female on the right pointed at the leader of the garrison.

In that instant, the leader felt like he was stuck inside a rock. The air around him became incomparably heavy, and even just moving was becoming difficult

“Rank 4 spell— Five Sense Severance!” Another Magus spoke up, their voice sounding strange. It was like a continuous shriek, piercing to the ear.

“Rank 4 spell...”

Rank 4 spell after rank 4 spell was cast by these Morning Star Magi, binding the Emberwing tightly and draining all his strength.

The overlay of seven Morning Star domains had practically created an independent space. With the strength of their combination spell, they had even sealed off this region. It left the Emberwings outside with no choice but to watch on furiously, with no way to send help.

“In the name of the flesh of Mobius, I bestow unto you your death...” As if chanting, the Morning Star Magus in the middle passed his judgement.

Boom! The Emberwing’s silver hair drifted in the wind. This garrison head’s body now completely lacked any form of an aura, and even his soul had been destroyed, giving him no chance at revival.

Though this was another world and executing spells was slightly

troublesome, seven Morning Star Magi had joined hands and even used a combination of rank 4 spells. This strength did not lose out to some Morning Star Arcane Arts!

Indeed, a Star rank had fallen with a single move. The Morning Star Magi from another world showed their sharp teeth in front of the other races once more.

Even as the corpse of the garrison head fell to the ground, many Emberwings stood there in disbelief. Though there had been a large battle from earlier, this was the first time a Star rank had died!

On top of that, this was the Holy Solar Festival, a celebration for all Emberwings. This was the first time a Star rank clansman had died at the celebration, and that was the ultimate ridicule!

In that moment, the Emberwings felt like they were dreaming.

“Haha, friends of the Mobius organisation, you’ve appeared just in time!” The fire elementals, who had been at a disadvantage, suddenly roared and quickly transformed into tremendous lava giants, beginning to wreak havoc in Tylasus City.

With the addition of seven Morning Star Magi, the Emberwings were put at an immediate disadvantage. Though they won in terms of their numbers, they were at a disadvantage in terms of their Morning Star strength.

In front of Morning Stars, tactics of victory with numbers were a joke, especially with these seven Magi of Jupiter's Lightning specialising in water and ice elemental spells. This caused the many Emberwings who had never encountered such a situation to fall into trouble.

With the retreat of military officials and high-ranking bodyguards, the entirety of Tylasus City collapsed into a mess of blood and fire.

The whole city seemed to be crying and yelling. The flying flesh and blood broke off and burnt many of the banners that had been put up in celebration, mocking them.

Seeing this scene, Schiker's fingernails dug deeper into his flesh, and blood even began to flow. However, he was told by many bodyguards to retreat.

'Father, end the battle quickly and save your people!' Schiker could not help but silently pray in his heart.

Chapter 571 - Life Extraction

“Don’t mind these people. Our priority is to break into the residence!” The leader of the Morning Star Magi glanced at the many nobles and commoners trying to escape and shook his head. Leaving them to the fire elementals, he darted straight for Scarlet Eye’s residence.

“You seem to have other intentions in this joint operation. Is it convenient for you to tell me more? As allies, we hope to provide some support!” At some point, Saka had arrived beside this Magus, and he smiled gently as he spoke.

However, when coupled with his huge stature and fierce face, this smile just seemed horrifying.

“It’s nothing much. We just have a few old enemies hidden amongst the Emberwings and need to take care of them,” the Morning Star Magus replied politely.

“Oh? Are they Magi from the other world like you?” Saka asked. This topic had him interested.

It had mostly been thanks to them that he was able to break into the capital and cause such huge damage. For this reason, he had a huge interest in these mysterious spells and this rumoured other world.

“Yes. However, they’re just a bunch of vile creatures that live off bloodlines, interested in the bloodlines of all living things. They

don't mind committing murder for this, they're the source of all sin!" The Morning Star Magus' criticism sounded righteous, as if he hadn't been killing without restraint just a moment ago.

"I didn't expect the situation to turn out this way already. Quick! Back to the leader's residence!" Schiker's hand subconsciously touched the pendant hung at his neck as he issued the command.

Bowens' body was brimming with energy as he flew with Schiker, the flames in the air leaving behind a long blazing tail.

The speed of a Star rank far surpassed that of a chariot. In less than a minute, Bowens had brought Schiker back into the residence.

Schiker looked distracted. Just this morning, he had been in a good mood as he dressed formally to go out and celebrate with his father. Never could he have expected that he would return in such a pitiful state

Even with his many years of military experience, he could not adapt to these changes instantly.

A few military officials that had been left behind as guards immediately rushed forward in salute as they noticed him, "My Lord!"

When they'd heard the explosions in the square and seen the flames, their sense of responsibility as soldiers had told them that

they should continue guarding this place.

“Mm! Notify everyone that war has arrived. Activate all defences in the residence!” Bowens exclaimed, and the command was quickly sent down. A golden layer of energy that looked like an overturned bowl covered the entire residence.

“Father...” Schiker touched the pendant on his neck, his eyes glinting with a decisive light.

“So you got here first?” Seven terrifying figures flew in his direction. Even before they arrived, the powerful pressure caused everyone in the residence to feel suffocated.

“Desas’ Flying Palm!” With the incantations sounding out, a giant palm with countless runes twining around it appeared in the air, slapping the golden shield.

The golden shield shook, but still stubbornly held on. Yet, cracks had already appeared on its surface.

It was as if an earthquake had occurred the moment the flying palm hit the shield. Multiple buildings cracked, and the sound of glass shattering rang out as cups constantly fell to the ground.

“Uncle Bowens, can you take care of them?” Schiker had turned deathly pale.

“There are seven Star ranks who hold the power of water and ice.

Even one on one I wouldn't be confident, let alone against seven. The rest of the commanders either died in battle or are stuck outside..."

Bowens laughed bitterly and then patted Schiker on the head, his eyes full of love, "But don't worry, I'll protect you!"

"Uncle Bowens!" Schiker's voice trembled, his eyes turning red.

"The defence in the leader's residence is rather weak! Just a Morning Star is enough to deal with it..."

Outside the gigantic golden layer, Leylin and two other Morning Star Warlocks had long since snuck in. Seeing this scene, Emma rolled her eyes at Leylin, "From the map you showed me, the defensive spell formation should not be that simple..."

"Yes! Usually, this spell formation can take on one attack from a Morning Star, but can also be recharged and have its strength increased by several times! The key is in Schiker's hands... Of course, I made a copy as well..."

Leylin laughed, retrieving a golden gem from his sleeves. Within it, one could see the image of a flaming phoenix.

Schiker had already trusted him too much, and was not powerful on top of that. With the A.I. Chip's scans and some psychological hints, obtaining information from him was much too easy. Leylin had even found out about this last resort, and made a copy of it.

“You’re really quite something!” Gilbert’s eyes brightened. “With this, we can sneak into the residence without being discovered. It would be even better if we could take control of the central administration of the spell formation.”

“Don’t even think about controlling the spell formation. Besides, since Scarlet Eye left it behind for Schiker, he probably hasn’t shown all his cards yet. We need to wait longer...”

Leylin saw these two Kemoyin dukes whose eyes were beginning to flare red, and his voice turned cold.

His tone seemed to have some unique power, causing the red in Gilbert and Emma’s eyes to dissipate. The two of them began to laugh wryly, “Seeing the situation, I got a little affected. My apologies...”

Immediately after, Emma’s eyes were full of astonishment when looking at Leylin, “The emotional instability from your bloodline has such a small effect, and you can even indirectly affect us...”

“With such a concentrated bloodline, it probably surpasses that of all Kemoyin Warlocks in history... Perhaps, the hope of overcoming our bloodline shackles lies with you!” Gilbert was beaming.

“My willpower is just slightly stronger than most others!” Leylin laughed wryly, ruthlessly pushing down the destructive desires inside him.

Even after reaching Morning Star, a Warlock could curb the emotional instability from their bloodline fusing with their soul. It was just that it was much more troublesome. Matters that had to do with the soul could not be resolved with just regular potions or other methods. For now, he could only rely on his own willpower.

Skree! At this moment, the replica phoenix phantom in his hands began to call out.

“Schiker is about to use this! We’d better sneak in quickly!” Leylin chanted a few syllables, and the scarlet energy from Fireplume poured into a gemstone. It produced a golden yellow layer of energy that encompassed the three of them.

The moment the golden energy layer made contact with the residence, the two began to blend, causing Leylin and the other two’s figures to disappear.

At the same time, an even more glorious layer of gold appeared outside the residence. The cries of a phoenix rang out, blocking the attacks of all the Morning Star Magi.

“This level of defence?” The leader of the Morning Star Magi immediately turned grim.

Without being discovered by the Morning Star Magi and officials, Leylin and the two dukes successfully snuck into the residence. While Leylin was leading the way, he seemed to be very familiar with the area.

“Strange. Did you feel that?” Leylin looked absent-minded as he judged the second activation, deep in thought.

“A life extraction spell formation! The second level of this formation is evidently a method to steal life force. It can even defend against the combined attacks of multiple Morning Stars by stealing life force, and even soul force, from a gigantic living creature...” Gilbert nodded.

“On top of that, from the course of the energy, the energy that is being extracted comes not from the energy pool of the residence, but from... underground!” Emma touched the surface of the ground and confirmed.

Those of the Magus world were much more advanced than those from the rest of the worlds, mostly because of their foresight and minds that were suited for research.

After acquiring vast inheritances from ancient Magi, there were few races in other worlds that could surpass these people of the Magus World when it came to knowledge or capabilities at identification.

“In that case, there might be a powerful ancient creature confined underground, and it’s the type with a long life...”

Gilbert gave a hollow laugh, his face changing, “The firasource stones can’t be connected to this, can they...?”

“That’s very possible!” Leylin’s expression was serious as he nodded, recalling the time he had followed Loke underground and the red rays that had formed from the heart of the large spell formation.

For some reason, a sense of sadness surged inside as he thought back to that time.

‘These feelings?’ With the instability from his bloodline, Leylin paid a lot of attention to his emotions. He immediately discovered the source of the sorrow he was feeling.

‘Fireplume? If I hadn’t changed the nature of its energy, the effects would be even more prominent...’

“This feeling?” Bowens touched his chest, looking gloomy. “What’s going on?”

“I-I don’t know!” Schiker seemed to sense something as well, and began to sound flustered, “Father gave me this key in the morning, telling me that if there came a danger that could not be handled, I was to escape back into the residence and activate the second layer of defence!”

“Is that so?” Bowens’ eyes glinted with mixed emotions, “Since the lord has made preparations for this, then that’s great!”

Chapter 572 - Sneak Attack

“This is the Northern Duke! I hereby command all residents of Tylasus City to return to their homes. You are not allowed to leave. Anyone outside will be killed without discretion!” While the defensive formation was being reinforced at the leader’s residence, a tremendous sound was transmitted to the city.

“I am Kiel, commander of the southern military. Nobody is allowed outside from henceforth!”

“I am the commander of the eastern military. Nobody is...”

“This is an order from the Western Duke...”

Loud sounds echoed continuously throughout the city, and an expression of glee surfaced on Schiker’s face.

“It’s my uncle the Northern Duke, Turin, and the others...” The dukes and military commanders were the pillars of the Atlan Union. Every single one of them was a Star rank.

This sudden aid had excited him immediately.

Along with the voices of the Star ranks, orders were passed down and the city was sealed. A layer of fiery-red isolation layer kept Tylasus within.

“Scarlet Eye really did have something planned. Is he trying to deal with all of us at once?” The leader of the Magi sized up the spell formation from a distance away as he floated in mid-air.

“A fire-type isolation spell formation and the reckless assault of elite troops truly can stall us. With the attacks from others of the same rank... Scarlet Eye really has a huge appetite!”

Saka seemed rather confident, on the other hand. “Don’t worry! Our emperor will come and bring us back!”

“I hope so!” The leader of the Magi laughed. Watching the many troops entering the city in an orderly manner, suppressing the chaos, and taking over the defence, he couldn’t help but sneer.

Rumble! Large amounts of fire energy were emitted from the bodies of the Northern Duke and the rest, fighting against the few Morning Stars.

Fire sparked in the sky above the capital, space itself crumbling as silver storms wreaked havoc on the land.

“The leader knew you were going to do this, and had set a trap in advance. All of you shall die here today.” The Northern Duke’s expression was firm.

With the addition of the many legions and the participation of the Star ranks, the Emberwings’ impending doom was reversed, and the scales had now tipped in their favour.

“Do you think you can stop us just like this? How naive!” The leader of the Morning Stars produced multiple mechanical arms, protecting himself with the mass of steel. Seeing the Northern Duke and the others charging over, his eyes shone with pity.

“In this war, what determines victory can only be a strength above the Morning Star realm!”

“Above... Morning Star? Do you mean?” The Northern Duke and the others glanced towards the outside of the city in disbelief.

A flame giant that towered into the very heavens was contending against a similarly large, terrifying phoenix. Every attack of theirs seemed to shake heaven and earth, destroying their surroundings. It seemed like the end of the world.

This was the battlefield between Scarlet Eye and his opponent, the Divineflame Emperor. In a battle between rank 5s, Morning Star Magi could not even attempt at interfering unless there were enough of them.

SKREEEE! And at this moment, the winner seemed to have been decided. The giant phoenix’s calls sounded out as gigantic sharp claws ripped apart the elemental’s breastplate to a shower of lava and fire.

“You’ve lost, Archibald!” Scarlet Eye’s voice sounded from the phoenix’s mouth. As they heard this sound, glee appeared on the faces of the Northern Duke’s party. The leader that they had

placed their hopes on hadn't betrayed their trust!

"Yes, I've lost," the fire elemental giant clutched at his chest, rocks falling out from the huge injury, causing earthquakes as they hit the ground.

"You really are a genius, Scarlet Eye, you've already reached the peak of rank 5... I made the right decision today. If not, you could've been the key to changing the status quo between the Divineflame Empire and the Atlan Union!"

The Divineflame Emperor's voice boomed like a thunder that rumbled throughout the heavens.

"Decision?" Scarlet Eye seemed to be confused, but immediately after the giant phoenix retreated.

However, it was too late! Large amounts of thunder clouds formed in the sky, and terrifying bolts of black lightning struck down. The dark clouds covered the skies, blocking the brilliant sun.

The lightning came together to form a lance, and a Magus suddenly appeared, gripping it.

This Magus' forehead was marked with a rune in the shape of a moon. "Goodbye!" he called out in a low voice as he tossed the lance.

Swish! As if it was a deity from the World of Gods that had been enraged, a world-extinguishing bolt of lightning shot down from the skies.

This horrifying black lance seemed to transcend the limits of time and space, and even the void was subdued under the tip of the lance, carrying the might of an apocalypse. This terrifying instrument of destruction appeared before the phoenix.

Skree! The phoenix called out, the sound this time filled with sorrow and suffering.

Ka-cha! As the dazzling white light formed by the collision dissipated, the Star ranks noticed that the Phoenix Scarlet Eye had transformed into had suffered a gigantic injury. Feather after flaming feather fell to the ground before bursting into intense flame. Within this fire, the feathers somehow seemed even more magnificent.

Leylin's pupils shrank as he saw this scene. Even if this was just a transformation, the parts that left the body still managed to retain their shape. This showed just what level his fire phoenix transformation had reached!

“Leader!” While the Northern Duke and the rest clamoured over this sneak attack, Leylin and the others who were hiding in the residence watched on grimly.

“That Magus is Zegna from Jupiter's Lightning! How did he get here?”

Leylin obviously knew the Magus in the black robe. This Zegna had come to stop him when he had travelled here from the Magus world. However, he'd pitifully been stalled by Wayde.

The rank 5 energy undulations, as well as that face that left a deep impression, were both things he could never forget.

"The Zegna now is different from the one we met before. It's probably just a clone, but why does it have the undulations of a rank 5 Magus? Even if it's much weaker than before, it's still a Radiant Moon!" Gilbert looked to be distressed, evidently unable to make sense of this.

"It should be some sort of ancient secret technique! A rank 5 clone is an exceptionally powerful trump card. I'm more curious about the how he deceived the Lava World's World Will and was able to sneak in successfully!" Leylin stroked his chin.

"Zegna, even you betrayed me!" Scarlet Eye's voice was produced from the body of the giant phoenix, the injuries on its wings quickly regenerating.

"Esteemed leader!" Zegna, who was in mid-air, first bowed slightly to him. "Our relationship only extended to a cooperation between us. Rather, it was but a transaction that consisted of mutual benefits. So then, how could there be a betrayal?"

"Alright! Scarlet Eye, that was the first round. The second round is about to start now!" The towering fire elemental giant roared,

and Zegna sprung into action as well. Black lightning and powerful lava encircled Scarlet Eye...

“Leader?!” The Northern Duke, the supporting troops, and the others immediately had a change in expression. Though Scarlet Eye was at the peak of Radiant Moon, his opponent was not weak. This long-time enemy of the Atlan Union, the Divineflame Emperor, had teamed up with a terrifying rank 5 Magus from another world. Even the most stupid person could tell that their leader was in trouble.

“Everyone, this is the day to dedicate yourselves to our country!” The Northern Duke sighed, a rare solemnness appearing on his face. It was evident that he was already expecting his death.

“Haha... Vape, Sulu, we’re heading off first!” A few Star ranked elders erupted into an insane laughter, their expressions showing their readiness for death.

Seeing such a solemn expression, the leader of the Morning Star Magi began to hesitate.

While the Star ranks of this world had fewer secret methods than Magi, if they really went all out his side could suffer a large number of casualties.

Morning Stars like them, who had been nurtured by Jupiter’s Lightning through and through, were few in number. Most of their Morning Stars joined from other races, and only Zegna could keep them suppressed. In the face of great casualties to this core team,

he was beginning to hesitate.

The dukes and commanders who were all veterans in battle exchanged glances, all having noticed the strange look in their opponent's eyes.

“Alright! It's been revealed that the Morning Star Magi are afraid of casualties. This battle is going to be fun. Zegna is probably going to cough up blood...” Emma exclaimed, taking joy in his misfortune.

This was reality. Even if the Morning Star Magus leader could harden his resolve, the other Morning Star Magi might not be willing to. After all, they had merely signed a contract and joined Jupiter's Lightning, and there were no rules that stated they had to give up their lives for the organisation.

When the opponent made use of this fact and displayed they were not afraid to sacrifice themselves, and that they would take their opponents down at any cost, then they would be involving themselves in a pointless fight.

“I'm afraid Zegna's already foreseen this. He won't be that enraged.” Leylin shook his head, stating his opinion. “The Divineflame Emperor's plan should be to kill as many Star ranks and weaken the Atlan Union as much as possible. However, killing these people won't do Zegna any good, and it could even have the opposite effect, hurting his own forces. Thus, he won't grow mad. His main objective is likely the firsources stones. We need to monitor the residence. I believe Zegna is about to make a move!”

“You’re right.” Gilbert nodded to acknowledge Leylin’s prediction after a momentary silence.

The battle pushed on and things turned out just like Leylin expected. The Morning Stars immediately yielded to the Emberwings who were going all out. Their inefficiency drove Saka insane, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Chapter 573 - Identity Revealed

“Uncle Bowens, how’s the situation?” Schiker’s gaze was set outside the city, at the battle between the Star ranks.

He had not advanced to the Star rank yet, and naturally lacked Leylin’s vision. All he could see was space continually being torn apart, the stray energy destroying the architecture. The defensive layer shook continually, and he couldn’t help but look to Bowens in his worry..

“Don’t worry, they’re fine! Morning Star Magi will not act without benefits, and Saka and the other Star rank fire elementals can’t match up to you Emberwings.” Bowens’ expression was slightly strange as he spoke.

“I guess I can relax now.” Schiker patted his chest, but his expression quickly changed. He had sensed something off about Bowens’ tone.

Bowens was much too knowledgeable about that black-robed person. On top of that, what did he mean by ‘you Emberwings’?

As he turned around and saw the strange expression on Bowens’ face, his heart sank. “U-Uncle Bowens, you... heart sunk. “Un-uncle Bowens, you...”

Schlick! Before the words left his mouth, a black scorpion had crawled onto his neck as a black stinger piercing into an artery.

The defence of eighth level Fireplume turned out to be useless. Schiker's eyes rolled up into their sockets, his consciousness lost.

“What's going on? Officer Bowens has attacked Lord Schiker!” The few remaining military officials mental strength crumbled at this sight. If this was a nightmare, all they wanted was to wake up from it as soon as possible.

“This Schiker is a spy who I've discovered long ago. Seize him! Do your duties!”

Bowens' large hand quickly sought out the gem at Schiker's neck, retrieving the key with the phantom image of a phoenix within it. His words caused the minds of the military officials present to short-circuit.

The illegitimate son that their leader thought so highly of, their Lord Schiker, was... a spy?

Many of them felt like they had just heard the joke of the year, but seeing the flame-ringed Bowens, they could not bring themselves to laugh.

“Officer, please let Lord Schiker go!”

Bowens was not completely in charge here. While the remaining Star rank commanders were either trapped outside or dead, their subordinates were still around. Even if Bowens' own subordinates

approved of his actions, these people would not.

“What? You want to attack me?” Energy at the tenth level of Fireplume exploded forth, and a large amount of flames formed the terrifying phantom of a phoenix. The energy was similar to a domain of flames, and put the entire area under Bowens’ control.

The official who had spoken of his suspicions was merely at the ninth level of Fireplume. Even though he was considered powerful among Sky ranks, he was nothing in front of Bowens.

He took several steps back, face flushing red as he stood straight, “You have restrained Lord Schiker for no reason. Please provide proof that he is a spy, or else...”

“Or else?” Crimson rays flashed, and the official who had just been speaking disappeared. All that was left on the ground was a pile of ashes.

“Did you really think I wouldn’t kill anyone?” Bowens sneered, carrying the unconscious Schiker and heading towards the back of the residence. Many officials looked around at each other, but none followed.

Leylin looked at the other two dukes from their hiding spot in the shadows, “What do you think?”

Gilbert spoke slowly. “Bowens is probably Jupiter’s Lightning’s real spy. Loke was most likely just a bait.”

“Mm! And what’s more interesting, he’s practised Fireplume to the tenth level...” Leylin’s eyes glowed with curiosity. He had needed the A.I. Chip to modify Fireplume to harmonize with his point mass. How had this person done it? Furthermore, he couldn’t have survived for so long as a spy without even Scarlet Eye finding out if he didn’t have an Arcane Art that dealt in bloodlines. That was intriguing as well.

“Whatever it is, Bowens picked a good time. Scarlet Eye is engaged, and the other Star ranks are fighting hard outside the residence. As long as Bowens has the fight outside under control, he had no need to fear for anything...”

Emma did not mention the rest of the military officials within the residence. In a Morning Star’s eyes, anyone weaker than rank 4 was an ant. She didn’t think that they could stop him.

As expected, once Bowens showed that he was not to be trifled with, many of the officials retreated, unwilling to go forth.

Bowens snorted and went deeper into the residence. Those who dared to hinder him were burnt to ashes under his flames.

“What should we do next?” Emma glanced at Leylin.

She could not make much sense of this young man at all. He was good at tolerating things, for one. Were she here alone, she would have struck out long ago. How could she have restrained herself until now, when the best benefits were available? Furthermore,

the techniques he'd used to conceal himself had duped even Bowens, which was amazing.

“We’re obviously going to follow him.” Leylin chuckled, pointing at Bowens who was ahead.

“He’s definitely a spy from Jupiter’s Lightning. He can be the scapegoat, taking all the damage from traps and conspiracies. We just need to follow him and get those firasource stones...”

“Haha... As expected of a student of mine. Leylin... you’re definitely very sly. I like it!” Gilbert burst out into laughter, looking delighted. Emma rolled her eyes at his response.

Bowens’ speed was very fast as he carried Schiker to a place that Leylin was familiar with. This was the area where Loke had used Gaia’s Disc that day.

“Could it be...” Leylin watched Bowens’ actions, realisation dawning upon him.

Soon enough, he saw Bowens take out a round plate, eyes on its surface formed from countless veins. He shook his head at Loke’s previous actions, “This is probably something used specifically to send equipment and confuse others...”

The earth split apart like an ocean, revealing a deep tunnel. Bowens smirked and darted in. Leylin and the two dukes glanced at each other and followed.

Very soon, the scarlet spell formation previously had appeared before Bowens, fragmented and drifting through the air like butterflies.

Bowens was very familiar with this place as he walked up to the huge secret room in the centre. A crimson spell formation in the middle of the room lit the place up, the light flickering at its edges.

A humming sound was produced as the formation let loose a layer of flames to block Bowens' advance.

Bowens' eyes only grew brighter at this. "It's here! The barrier that Scarlet Eye set up himself."

Blue light gathered at his hands, flickering. At the same time, Schiker woke up from this period of unconsciousness.

His eyes were blurred for a moment, but he still immediately raised his guard. "This... The underground saferoom! Uncle Bowens, you actually betrayed us..."

"Look closely, kid. Who's your Uncle Bowens?" 'Bowens' sneered, his muscles and bones shifting. The red feathers that marked an Emberwing disappeared. In the blink of an eye, he had turned into a completely different person. The energy of a Morning Star domain burst forth.

"So Uncle Bowens is already dead..." With this sight, Schiker

heaved a sigh of relief. If it really was Bowens who had betrayed him and his father, he had no idea what to do.

“Hehe... Do you still not understand? I am Bowens, but Bowens isn’t me! Whatever, the people of this land won’t understand even if I explain it...” Bowens snickered, and that caused Schiker’s heart to sink further.

“If not for needing the tenth and higher levels of Fireplume as well as the blood aura of the leader to break through this barrier, do you think I’d have brought you here?” Bowens laughed coldly, preparing to make his move.

Schiker shook his head and closed his eyes.

“It’s better to wait!” However, a familiar voice sounded by his ear, giving him the illusion that something was wrong with his ears.

“Ley? Didn’t he die in the square?” Opening his eyes, he found ‘Ley’ in front of him, and somehow, there were traces of... fear, on Bowens’ face?

“I knew something was off about you!” Bowens watched Ley, his hands still trembling. Leylin had easily taken care of his attack, which that this person was at the same rank as him.

“Must’ve been a wild guess. That bait Loke can’t have given you that much information!” Leylin answered indifferently. As he was

speaking, the characteristics of an Emberwing faded away. By the time he was done, he had morphed back into a black-haired, dreaded Warlock.

“As expected, it’s one of the remaining devilspawn of the Ouroboros Clan!” Bowens gritted his teeth.

In the meanwhile, Schiker’s jaw had dropped. He was dazed at the sight of this unfamiliar Morning Star Magus.

“So... So you’ve been lying to me too? Haha... You, Loke, you’re all liars! Have you been treating me like a fool?” Schiker roared, large droplets of tears falling from his cheeks. The cold-faced instructor from before had all but disappeared.

“Did his mental wall crumble?” Leylin shook his head, but had no plans of explaining himself.

Whatever the case may be, he’d made use of Schiker and now he’d repaid that by saving the Emberwing’s life. In his mind, this act canceled out with all the help and guidance Schiker had given him.

He couldn’t care less about Schiker’s thoughts. If the man was so dumb as to attack or obstruct him, he would not hold back.

Chapter 574 - Open

“How about you? Who exactly are you? How could you progress to the tenth level of Fireplume?” Watching Bowens in front of him, Leylin was filled with curiosity.

“Take a guess,” Bowens sneered, “But know this. If I hadn’t come and hidden myself here in the Lava World for such a long time, Collins would definitely not be the strongest Morning Star in Jupiter’s Lightning!”

A vicious, berserk aura burst forth from Bowens’ body. Starlight twinkled behind him, forming a unique Morning Star domain.

Two orbs of golden flames appeared in his hands, emitting the powerful energy of Fireplume.

“Congratulations, you get to see this new spell I came up with after combining the path of a Magus with Fireplume. Fire Phoenix Slice!” Berserk energy from Fireplume was amplified by magic, resulting in a barrage of powerful blades of fire that sliced towards Leylin.

“Indeed, there are no fools among Magi. It’s only to be expected that someone would try to fuse the two different systems of power... What a pity, though...” Leylin shook his head, sympathy in his gaze, “A pity that you met me!”

Leylin’s knowledge of Fireplume far surpassed that of Bowens. On top of that, he was a Morning Star Warlock whose soul had

been strengthened with firasource stones. His current might was incomparable to that in the past..

“Bloodline Shield!” Leylin snapped his fingers, and countless large crimson shields came into existence. The Kemoyin Serpent carvings on the shield looked vivid, lifelike, their eyes shooting out vicious glares.

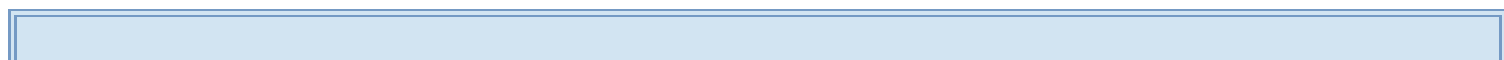
Clang! Clang! The blades of fire slammed into the shields, and the result was a piercing noise that sounded like a torrential rain.

“You still don’t have enough of an understanding about the two paths... What a disappointment...” Leylin sighed, and a large phantom of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent appeared behind him. The two pupils were like giant stars; the ancient, ominous aura causing Bowens’ expression to warp,

Rumble! Two orbs of dark red fire emerged in Leylin’s hands, beating back the energy from Bowens’ Fireplume. Leylin darted in front of the man.

“No... How’s that possible?” The move that he was most proud of had been defeated so easily by his opponent, and it seemed to have no value at all. Bowens frowned.

“Nothing is impossible!” Leylin extended his right arm, the hand passing through the opponent’s defences and grabbing onto his throat. The A.I. Chip began a scan.



[Beep! Scanning opponent's energy pathways. Discovered areas that can be optimised! Recording into database, adding into simulation fusion experiment!]

Details on Bowens' point mass and the operation of his Fireplume appeared in Leylin's mind, and the information gathered allowed the A.I. Chip's simulations of fusing Fireplume into his path grew more complicated.

Though the progress was still stuck at the final bit, the originally dark red energy from Fireplume seemed to have undergone a secret transformation, advancing to form a higher power.

'Fireplume energy with darkness elemental particles fused in can easily break through the defence of the tenth level of the original, even restraining the opponent. What'll happen if I take this a step further?' A look of anticipation flashed in Leylin's eyes. His practice of Fireplume was undergoing a wondrous transformation. Even without advancing himself, he could use it to beat others at the tenth stage of the original, something that cause his expectations to increase.

"Here you are!" Shadow arms emerged, taking all of Bowens' items from his spatial storage as well as Gaia's Disc. When he caught sight of the black copper key, his eyes sparkled.

He had personally seen Loke use this thing to break through the final spell formation, and Bowens had kept it safely himself. It definitely had a special function.

“Let me go, Lord Zegna will offer a good ransom for me... Or we can even sign a contract! After my contract with Jupiter’s Lightning ends, I’ll side with the Ouroboros Clan!” Bowens had been trounced thoroughly, and had lost all methods to resist. He quietened down, the viciousness in his expression disappearing as he began to bargain calmly.

He did not want to die. As a Morning Star Magus, he believed he could still be of some value to Leylin, and began to look for ways to save himself rationally.

“That isn’t a bad deal... The loyalty of a Morning Star is worth letting you off...” Leylin stroked his chin. “What do you think?”

“It’d be more convenient to kill him. We don’t have the time to set up any powerful restriction formations on him, and he can probably destroy any regular contract.” Ice-cold bloodlust filled the room as Emma’s voice sounded out. Space distorted, and she appeared out of hiding along with Gilbert.

“So, all three of you are here!” Bowens resigned himself to his fate. He hadn’t even been able to win against Leylin alone, so what could he do when the three of them joined hands?

Hearing Emma’s unhesitating words, Bowens began to panic, “Wait! I have a crystal contract in my spatial belt! Even Breaking Dawn Monarchs won’t be able to subvert or break it. This way, you can be at ease about me. On top of that, I know a lot of inside information which will definitely be useful...”

Even though he knew Emma had likely said it to frighten him, he didn't want to take the risk.

“Good! Tell us all that you know, and we'll discuss how to deal with you!” Gilbert nodded while grinning.

Leylin agreed tacitly. He was now certain that Bowens was but a vile character. If one could defeat him thoroughly based on what he had been relying on, he would completely be crushed. Not only would his initial arrogance disappear, he would even betray Jupiter's Lightning to survive.

“What do you plan to do? Are you going to kill me?” Seeing Leylin take care of the Star rank Bowens so easily, Schiker seemed defeated. He had not taken the chance to flee during the battle, instead just standing at the side.

Seeing Leylin's gaze turning to him, he laughed wryly.

“I don't like wanton killing,” Leylin shook his head. Red rays flashing in his eyes, and Schiker crumpled to the ground.

At this time, Bowens spoke from Leylin's side like a follower, “Scarlet Eye's bloodline is needed to break through this flame defence. Along with the tenth level of Fireplume, our leader acquired an Arcane Art that will allow Schiker to be sacrificed to simulate his aura.”

This was the very reason he had even dragged Schiker here.

Leylin shook his head in response to his suggestion. “We have our own methods to replicate Scarlet Eye’s aura from Schiker’s bloodline.” His nail scratched out a bloody line on Schiker’s neck, and fresh pearls of blood spurted out, floating in the air.

“Bloodline Trace!” Leylin’s eyes flashed and he began to chant a strange, bleak runic incantation.

With his incantations, Schiker’s fresh blood began to boil, even forming a phantom image of Scarlet Eye with red eyebrows and hair.

“My lord’s techniques are indeed superior, I am impressed. You can even do something as awesome mimicking Scarlet Eye’s Aura without using Schiker as a sacrifice!” Bowens took the opportunity immediately, trying to flatter him.

Leylin rolled his eyes on the inside, having no expectations towards the integrity of this Morning Star Magus.

“Tenth level of Fireplume!” Leylin’s hand filled with dark red flames, and he pressed it to the layer.

Buzz! The defensive layer began to tremble.

“Go!” With Leylin’s indication, the pearls of Schiker’s blood flew to the defensive membrane, a blood-red colour spreading across it.

The dark red flames on Leylin's hands fused with this layer, and the defences gradually fell apart.

At this moment, something odd happened. Scarlet Eye's enraged voice resounded in the basement.

"Despicable robbers, die!" Blood-red light converged in one spot, forming an image of Scarlet Eye.

"Crap, it's a trap! There's a full power attack from him hidden in the defences!" Leylin's pupils shrank.

.....

SKREE! The cries from the tremendous phoenix were unceasing as it fought against the towering giant and the black-robed Magus. The fight had taken them to the boundaries of the Lava World, black spatial rifts opening up all around them as they warred.

Just at that point, Scarlet Eye received some information. "Hm? Someone is breaking into my secret room! Schiker and Bowens! How useless!"

"Scarlet Eye, what's going on? Is there trouble in your nest?" Zegna burst out into laughter, black lightning flashing in his hands.

The Divineflame Emperor, Archibald, roared as he heard the words, blocking Scarlet Eye's retreat.

"You're the ones who forced me!" The phoenix that Scarlet Eye had transformed into shouted with rage.

With his words, terrifying flames spread throughout the phoenix's body, causing the flying beast to turn into a horrifying bird of flame. At the boundary of the world, space itself was set on fire, distorting under this power.

"Flaming Undead Aves!"

"This Arcane Art burns life force for power! He's putting his life on the line!" Zegna and Archibald quickly retreated.

However, it was too late. How could Scarlet Eye let them off? The flaming bird spread its wings and terrifying flames swept through the area, swallowing Zegna and Archibald within...

Boom! The fierce firestorm wreaked havoc, even eliminating the spatial turbulence and leaving behind an exceptionally ugly black scar at the border of the world.

Chapter 575 - Breakthrough In Fusion

Flames flashed, and Scarlet Eye's figure appeared once more. Now, however, his face was filled with fury and his aura was unstable.

He glared at the storm of fire that had burst forth and immediately turned back, his palms opening up a spatial passageway like drawing apart a curtain. He immediately re-entered the Lava World.

Rumble! Tens of seconds later, black lightning and a large rock smashed into the firestorm, revealing the miserable figures of Zegna and Archibald.

Woosh! Cracks spread across the rock like spiderwebs, and large fragments began to fall off.

At the end of it all, Archibald's body was much smaller than before, and could even be called 'pocket-sized.'

Zegna was in an even more pitiful state. Not only were their traces of burn wounds all over his body, even a great portion of his hair had been burned off.

"Haha! After this, the injuries on Scarlet Eye's body will probably take at least a hundred years to recover!" Archibald was unusually carefree as he burst into laughter.

He then glanced at Zegna, “So? Should we chase after him?”

“Forgive me, Your Highness! This body of mine probably won’t be able to take the intensity of the next battle!” Zegna laughed wryly.

“Then forget it. The losses the Atlan Union suffered this time should be enough to give them a headache for a long while.”

Archibald laughed, “My Divineflame Empire should have been the victor in the power struggles, but with Scarlet Eye being an Emberwing, we can’t let our guards down...”

“I believe that with your guidance, the fire elementals will remain the leaders of the Lava World!” Zegna had a smile on his face.

Reputation and nice words meant nothing to him. As long as there were enough benefits, calling the other party the leader of the Lava World was not an issue.

“Haha...” Even so, that was enough for Archibald to laugh heartily.

“Alright, based on our previous agreement...” Zegna wanted to continue on, but his expression immediately changed. “Damn it! Bowens and the rest are such trash!” he cursed, turning into a streak of black lightning and disappearing in that instant.

“Hehe... interesting!” Large flames appeared under Archibald’s feet, lifting and moving him forward as he followed.

Though he had joined hands with Zegna, he had never let down his guard against this guest from another world.

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Underground, next to the giant spell formation. Leylin had met with a crisis as well.

The barrier that Scarlet Eye had set up had actually been a trap. The moment it made contact with an external force, it had immediately shown the image of the Emberwing himself, and unleashed an attack.

This was the terrifying attack of a Radiant Moon! It could seriously injure if not kill even the current Leylin.

‘Schiker’s bloodline can’t be fake, and my Fireplume shouldn’t be a problem either. Is it Bowens?’ Leylin quickly shot Bowens a glance, but found him equally panicked, evidently not expecting this situation.

“Despicable thieves, die!” Scarlet Eye’s figure roared, hair and eyebrows seemingly beginning to burn up. Tremendous, fierce flames formed a blazing phoenix that charged towards Leylin’s groups.

As if this phantom had a will of its own, its first target was the traitor, Bowens.

“AAAH!” In the face of the suppression from a rank 5, Bowens’ Fireplume energy was destroyed quickly despite his desperate attempts at saving himself. He cried out miserably as he burst into flames. In one move, Bowens of Jupiter’s Lightning had died at the phantom’s hands.

After taking care of the traitor, the phantom looked straight at Leylin and the other two. Leylin seemed to have become the primary target.

Goosebumps appeared on Leylin’s body.

‘Is there no other way but to undergo Kemoyin Serpent Transformation with the other two? If we do that, the entirety of this underground room will be destroyed!’ In a short period, a variety of thoughts passed in Leylin’s mind, and he gave up on this plan.

“I can only use Fireplume to fight it out.’ A glint appeared in Leylin’s eyes as he made up his mind.

[Beep! Simulation of Fireplume at 100%. Mission complete.]

The A.I. Chip’s prompt sounded out.

The A.I. Chip's progress in fusing Fireplume's energy with his point mass had already reached 99.9% completion before. Scanning Bowens' version of Fireplume was enough for it to take that last step.

"Oh!" Leylin's expression changed, Fireplume energy turning black as it was absorbed by his point mass.

His point mass buzzed as it shook vigorously, rotating at a high speed. Powerful energy undulations were emitted from it.

The nebula surrounding the point mass had increased in area by half a fold before it slowed down and stopped.

The tenth level of Fireplume had been modified to fuse with his point mass. This result was not just an addition of one plus one. Furthermore, this was a perfect fusion, not the bastardised version that Bowens had created. The amplification of power was even greater than Leylin had expected.

[Beep! Fireplume modification complete, point mass is being upgraded. Host body...]

The A.I. Chip's voice was intermittent, but Leylin had no plans of listening carefully.

He felt power overflowing in his body, and facing the incoming rank 5 attack he made his move without hesitation.

After the modification, the energy of Fireplume was driven by the force of a Morning Star's point mass. The resulting power was terrifying.

Crackle! Devilish black flames appeared around Leylin, forming a phoenix wreathed in black fire.

The phoenix cried out, and this screech brought with an aura of devilish power.

“Modified obscure tenth level of Fireplume— Soaring Demonic Phoenix!” Leylin spread his arms like a soaring phoenix, slashing towards the phantom Scarlet Eye with grace.

Chirp! Melodic phoenix cries were heard, and the blackfire phoenix streaked across the horizon to welcome the phantom.

Confronting this blackfire phoenix, Scarlet Eye's face was tinted with confusion, even fear. The earth rumbled as black and gold flames intertwined, creating a shockwave that spread throughout the area.

Following that, the black flames actually began to devour the other side, becoming even more exuberant as time passed. Soon enough, it had exterminated the other party's phoenix and even drowned out Scarlet Eye's figure.

‘This modified Fireplume is this good at absorbing other Fireplume energy as fuel and fusing with it?’ Seeing Scarlet Eye’s phantom struggling amidst the black flames and gradually disappearing, even Leylin himself was shocked, and he was the creator!

He felt that with the A.I. Chip balancing and fusing the essence of Fireplume into his point mass, the power of this already formidable technique had been furthered and reached a horrifying degree of power.

It was a pity that the A.I. Chip was unique to him, and only he could train in this Dark Fireplume version.

“What... What just happened?” Gilbert and Emma were dazed. What had they just seen? Leylin had wiped out the phantom of a rank 5 Magus in just one move?

That was a full-out attack from a rank 5! In that moment, Gilbert and Emma felt as if they were dreaming.

It took a while before Gilbert spoke. “Ley-Leylin, did you break through to rank 5?”

“No, I just made some progress in Fireplume...” Leylin answered truthfully. Though the fusion of Fireplume energy with his point mass had immense benefits, it had not allowed him to cross over into the Radiant Moon realm. If this had been an attack by a phantom of Zegna instead, it wouldn’t have been nearly as easy.

His easy dispatchment of the Scarlet Eye phantom was most likely to do with the modified Fireplume.

“I have a intensified feeling,” Leylin raised his arms and watched the demonic black flames, “that these mutated black flames are the bane of all traditional Fireplume energy.”

“Whatever it is, we need to leave after getting the firasource stones! It’s a pity we lost Bowens.” Gilbert watched the flames piteously. A bright point mass was received by starlight and floated into the astral plane.

Not caring about Bowens, Leylin pointed his hands at the flame shield. “Open!” The membrane began to be burned down by black demonic flames.

No, it was not burning. It was being corroded! The top-grade flames from Scarlet Eye’s Fireplume were corroded by the modified flames from Dark Fireplume, gradually revealing a giant hole.

“Let’s go.” Leylin and the other two arrived before a complicated spell formation.

Emma touched the runes on the ground, looking solemn. “Spatial binding runes. Dormant sacrificial runes and life absorption runes as well! This spell formation is probably used to extract the life force of some being.”

“Could that lifeform be at the centre...” Leylin immediately focused his gaze on the red light at the heart of the spell formation. It was weak, flickering like a candle in the wind. And yet, it somehow survived with all tenacity.

‘The energy undulations are similar to those of firasource stones! I can somewhat guess what it is!’ Recalling the sorrow he had felt before, Leylin sighed and produced the black copper key he had obtained from Bowens.

The large black copper key rose into the air and projected a large number of complex data and light rays.

The spell formation on the ground began to activate, and the sound of a key clicking was heard continuously.

At the same time, the runes on the ground were unsealed one by one, revealing a giant cage.

Rumble! Scalding red light filled the entire room, and the cage in the middle opened up to reveal a scarlet egg.

Chapter 576 - Blackfire Phoenix

“Could this egg be the legendary phoenix egg?” Leylin guessed absent-mindedly.

Only a creature as ancient as that would be able to automatically push Scarlet Eye’s progress in Fireplume to an unprecedented thirteenth level. On top of that, it could create amazing soul treasures such as firasource stones!

The reason he thought that way was because the moment this egg that was bathed in scarlet radiance appeared, his own Fireplume began to operate more quickly. A large, demonic version of the blackfire phoenix appeared behind him, and extreme desire filled his heart.

The blackfire phoenix chirped for a long while, extending its wings. The scarlet energy emanated by the egg was continually being absorbed by it.

[Beep! Change detected in host’s Fireplume. Energy levels increasing rapidly, currently at peak of level ten.] [Beep! Qualitative change has been detected in host’s Fireplume. Entering level eleven.]

[Beep! Unknown essence being absorbed by host. Scans show atomic configuration is similar to that of firasource stones. Soul force is being enhanced.]

[Beep! Density of host's point mass increasing. Affinity with fire elemental particles increasing.]

The A.I. Chip's constant prompts left Leylin stunned for a moment. The egg's great amounts of energy had constantly been absorbed by Dark Fireplume, and with the assistance of the A.I. Chip's simulations he had broken through to the eleventh level!

The eighth and ninth levels of Fireplume marked the Sky rank, while the tenth and eleventh marked those at the Star rank, the Morning Stars. The twelfth and thirteenth belonged to rank 5, the Radiant Moon realm. Scarlet Eye, being at the thirteenth level himself, was at the peak of Radiant Moon.

Now, Leylin's Dark Fireplume had been pushed to the peak of the Morning Star realm at the eleventh level.

‘This is definitely a phoenix egg! What other than a real phoenix could propel the progress of Fireplume and enhance one's soul?’

Leylin immediately became incomparably excited. ‘I've only just taken in a part of its energy. If I use all...’

He scanned his stats.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent(complete form). Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 65, Spiritual force: 956.8, Magic power: 956 (Magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force). Soul force: ???]

“What a terrifying enhancement to the soul! Though I don’t know how much exactly it was, just the difference in spiritual force is frightening.” As he was mumbling, Leylin took a look at his innate elemental affinities.

The red line that was in second place, the one that marked his fire affinity, had risen by a large amount. Although it still couldn’t compare to his darkness affinity, it left the third place far in the dust.

‘This isn’t bad either. If my darkness affinity was too high, I could easily have been forced under the control of the Snake Dowager, walking the full path of the Kemoyin Serpent. With this fire elemental affinity, I might be able to change my direction...’ Leylin’s eyes were glistening; the benefits he’d gained from this phoenix egg were immense.

“This egg is definitely the source of all the fire source stones. Let’s take it and go!” Gilbert and Emma saw the egg emanating a scarlet radiance, and their voices began to tremble in excitement. With their knowledge, they could obviously tell that this was the egg of some ancient being, and one that was very strong at that! .

Such powerful ancient creatures had been lost to the Magus

World for tens of thousands of years. If the Ouroboros Clan could hatch one... Gilbert and Emma couldn't help but immerse themselves in this beautiful fantasy.

“But...” Through the black flames, Leylin could see the energy in the egg falling rapidly, “So sad...” A piteous look flashed in his eyes.

“It's had its life force extracted by Scarlet Eye multiple times. I took some just now myself, and its life energy has become far too weak for it to be hatched. We can only use it as an extremely precious fire elemental treasure.” Leylin sighed, moving to stow the egg away.

“YOU DARE...” an enraged voice sounded, the earth cracking apart and rumbling as it spoke. High-pitched phoenix cries sounded, and a whole layer of earth was ripped off, even the rocks and soil burnt to void by the flames.

A rare light illuminated the area, and the trio looked up to see the earth above them being dug up. Scarlet Eye charged down, looking like a sun with the flames he emitted.

“He came this quick? Zegna and that Divineflame Emperor are useless...” Leylin shook his head, but he didn't stop the motion of his hands. “Withdraw immediately, I'll hold him off for a while.”

Normally, Gilbert and Emma would have thought Leylin a fool for such a thing. He was, after all, a Morning Star trying to stop an enraged Radiant Moon. However, the series of miraculous

breakthroughs in his strength had them thinking it was the opposite way around. They actually believed in him, and even subconsciously listened to his instructions. They took out necklaces that were emanating starlight, preparing to leave.

“Return it to me!” Large flaming claws motioned to grab the egg at the center, fighting the black flames over it.

“Leader Scarlet Eye! It’s been a long time.” The energy of the black flames increased rapidly as they attempted to devour flames at the thirteenth level of Fireplume. They exploded forth with power.

Leylin grinned as he soared up, the demonic black flames that began fill the area actually rivalling Scarlet Eye’s own.

“You’re... LEY!” Scarlet Eye’s pupils shrank. “Wretched Magus from another world, how dare you deceive me!”

Swish! Leylin made a grabbing motion with his palm, and Schiker’s unconscious body flew into his hands.

“Let’s make a deal, shall we? Let us go, and your son won’t come to any harm.” Leylin felt no guilt in using Schiker to blackmail the Atlan Union leader.

Rumble! The tremendous flames immediately wreaked havoc on the area, but Scarlet Eye flushed red. Leylin’s words obviously had a huge effect on him.

A long while later, he spoke through gritted teeth, “Alright, but the phoenix egg stays.”

With the A.I. Chip’s scanning and the opponent’s own behaviour, Leylin immediately made a discovery. ‘Hmm? He’s injured?’

This conjecture delighted him. With the suppression of the eleventh level Dark Fireplume alone, he wasn’t too confident in his chances. But now?

“No!” As the words left Leylin’s mouth, he and Scarlet Eye transformed into huge phoenixes. Two birds, one red and the other black, pounced towards the scarlet egg.

The one Scarlet Eye had transformed into was huge, and had an overwhelming aura. And yet, although Leylin’s black phoenix was smaller, it burnt with devilish black flames that could devour all matter.

Yuuu! Scree! Two different phoenix calls sounded as they slammed into each other. Flames of black and gold surrounded the phoenix egg as the two began a bloody battle.

“Don’t you care for your child anymore?” Even in the midst of the fierce battle, Leylin did not miss the opportunity to disturb his opponent. Every sliver of fear he caused was an advantage.

“I won’t give it up, not even for Schiker! Besides, do you think you qualify to threaten me?” Scarlet Eye’s cold expression contrasted heavily with the fire energy he emanated, the flames burning even the air as it formed a giant phantom map of the Lava World. This image trapped Leylin.

He was ambitious and ruthless. He did indeed love Schiker, but it was not to the extent that he could be threatened by Leylin. However, even that slight bit of reservation was more than enough for Leylin himself.

‘Damn it! Is this really Fireplume? Why are the flames black?!’ Scarlet Eye’s expression grew dark. This opposing Magus was also using the Emberwings’ Fireplume, and had progressed to the eleventh level in it. However, what was shocking was that his black flames were capable of controlling his own, and if not for him being at a higher level his flames would already have been completely eaten through.

‘This Magus cannot remain, his technique is forbidden!’ Malice flashed in Scarlet Eye’s eyes, and golden flames wrapped around the true body of the phoenix.

“Flaming Undead Aves!” The terrifying attack that had seriously injured two rank 5s appeared once more, its ferocious flames causing the clouds in the sky to be burnt to nothingness.

The gigantic flaming undead aves streaked through the sky, causing all the battles to cease. The Emberwings began to revere the undead aves as if they had seen their god.

“This attack would have forced me into retreat at your peak power, but what a pity...” Leylin laughed madly, black flames engulfing everything as his entire person turned into a terrifying blackfire phoenix.

“Mutated Obscure Fireplume— Soaring Demonic Phoenix!”

The Emberwings in the capital of the union saw a unique scene in the sky that day. A demonic black flaming phoenix rammed into their leader’s own phoenix form. Even the sparks from that battle would cause most Star ranks to quiver in fear.

The leader’s entire residence was burnt to ashes by the flames, and besides a few Star ranks who coughed up blood and retreated quickly, everything was incinerated.

“Haha... Scarlet Eye, the Atlan Union leader, doesn’t amount to anything much!” Arrogant, hearty laughter sounded as a figure covered in black flames withdrew, his face filled with an insane smile.

“The leader... was defeated?” The Northern Duke who had met Leylin once flew backwards as he mumbled in disbelief.

Chapter 577 - Terrifying Battle

The Northern Duke had never expected that the kid Ley, who he had once met and had a good impression of, was actually of another race!

Furthermore, the Dark Fireplume that Leylin used gave him a sense of fear. Perhaps if not for his dignity and resolution as a soldier and someone with power, he might have fled.

This was especially true since he did not seem to be losing against his most revered leader. Instead... he was winning?

“Great Mother Phoenix! Could I be dreaming? Please help me wake up as soon as possible.” While the Northern Duke’s will was strong, even he was beginning to find this situation absurd.

“Phoenix egg!” At this moment, two other powerful auras descended. Zegna observed the giant red egg at the middle of the battlefield, unable to conceal his desire.

Archibald could not stand it either. This was the peak of all fire elemental beings!

“It’s mine! The phoenix can only exist in our Divineflame Empire for all eternity!” he roared in rage, and the earth began to shake. He charged forward, large hands grabbing towards the large scarlet egg.

Swish! Zegna was even faster than him as he turned into a streak of black lightning, heading right for it.

“So this is the source of the firasource stones. This phoenix egg must be mine! With it, I’ll be able to advance to rank 6...”

“Go away!” A black wall of flames obstructed Zegna’s path, the boiling temperature causing him to subconsciously slow his steps.

“Warlock Leylin! A mere Morning Star dares stop me? Aren’t you afraid I’ll eliminate your Ouroboros Clan? Give me the phoenix egg right now, and I guarantee your Ouroboros Clan shall be greatly rewarded!” Zegna’s expression was sinister.

What answered him, however, was a wave of fire that covered the skies.

“Soaring Demonic Phoenix!” A large phantom of a blackfire phoenix sent Zegna flying. Black flames constantly devoured the radiation energy from their opponent, causing him even more serious harm.

“Hmph! A gravely injured clone still dares say such things to me. Do you have a screw loose?” Leylin snorted. Noticing Scarlet Eye and Archibald fighting. He could not help but turn back.

With him shielding them, the undulations from the battle did not spread to this side, and the arrangements of Gilbert and Emma weren’t interrupted. A door came into existence, one wreathed in

starlight.

“There’s not much time left, I need to finish this quickly. The black flames on Leylin’s body gradually weakened, and substituting them were four horrifying rings of blood coloured light.

The energy rings that signified his innate spells flashed one after another and gradually fused, forming a terrifying spell— the Morning Star Arcane Art, Kemoyin Serpent Transformation!

Rumble! An ancient vicious beast appeared in Tylasus City, one that was thousands of metres long. Just its descent alone caused the destruction of a great amount of architecture. Even if Scarlet Eye could hold onto his position today, he would have to relocate his capital.

The Giant Kemoyin Serpent hissed, a terrifying aura emanating from its body. Regular Star ranks could not help but tremble in fear.

These low-ranked beings all shared the common fear that came from being placed in front of a top level predator.

Compared to his previous times, Leylin’s current Giant Kemoyin Serpent transformation at the peak of Morning Star was vastly different. Not only was it much larger in size, there were now more red patterns on the scales, with darkness and fire elemental particles surrounding the body and forming a mist around it.

“A Giant Kemoyin Serpent of this size...” Even as Morning Star Kemoyin Warlocks themselves, Gilbert and Emma were stunned by Leylin’s Morning Star Arcane Art.

“How did this kid get so large? It’s about three times the size of my transformation...”

Gilbert sized up the body of Leylin’s transformation that spanned hundreds and thousands of metres, absolutely astonished. It was obvious that he was envious as well. Even amongst the bodies of real ancient Kemoyin Serpents, Leylin was definitely the king.

“I’m afraid... Leylin can be considered the strongest Kemoyin Warlock in history!” Emma sighed.

“Eye of Petrification” Two amber pupils that were like stars stared hard at Zegna who was flying backwards.

“Crap!” Before Zegna could react, his magic equipment had already exploded, and a layer of petrified skin appeared on his face as his movements ground to a halt. A petrification cast by an ancient Giant Kemoyin Serpent would affect even Radiant Moon Magi.

Boom! With a flick of its tail, the Giant Kemoyin Serpent struck the petrified Zegna. The earth shook wildly, and many buildings collapsed. Cracks spread in the shape of a web.

Boom! The petrified Zegna exploded, being obliterated into dust

that flew around in the air. A huge pit was formed in the ground.

In front of the enhanced Giant Kemoyin Serpent, the clone of a Radiant Moon Magus had died just like that.

“Let’s take care of him first, or it’ll do us no good!” Scarlet Eye roared as he stopped his fight with Archibald upon witnessing this scene. Archibald halted his movements as well, fear evident on his face.

Hss! Leylin obviously would not let two rank 5 Magi attack him together. He took the initiative and spewed out a few large black flame blades.

Boom! The giant flame blades did not move in Scarlet Eye’s direction, but instead, headed towards the phoenix egg in the middle of the battlefield.

Boom! Boom! Boom! In the midst of immensely powerful explosions, the giant scarlet egg had cracked apart into countless fragments. Under the disbelieving gases of everyone else, a boiling heat spread in all directions.

“HOW DARE HE... How could he do that?” Scarlet Eye almost vomited blood in his fury. Never had he expected Leylin to destroy such a precious treasure.

However, he unconsciously headed towards the remains. Archibald did the same, and really, all the other Star ranks had the

same thought.

This way, the recently formed forces against Leylin was dispersed.

Leylin was obviously unwilling to damage such a treasure, but he saw the big picture and knew that it was very difficult to leave safely with all their enemies watching. It was even more impossible to get the phoenix egg.

Though this treasure was precious, Leylin could still make the decision when met with issues of his own safety. Besides, he could take advantage of such a chaotic situation.

Hsss! The Giant Kemoyin Serpent charged around violently, and the Star ranks were forced away. They could only stare wide-eyed at its defensive scales. Leylin did not hesitate as he swallowed the remaining third of the egg into his belly, pulling back until he was in front of Gilbert and Emma. He had returned to his human form.

“Let’s go!” Leylin shouted.

“Let’s go!” Gilbert and Emma knew they had to leave no matter how unwilling they were. After all this chaos and contest was over, they would immediately be sieged by the entirety of the Lava World, and while they were reluctant they immediately made their decision.

The gigantic door of light expanded and swallowed the three of

them, dissipating with grace.

Boom! The moment after that door disappeared, a streaking flame turned that region into a sea of fire. Atop this sea of fire was Scarlet Eye's body, but now his eyes were bloodshot.

“Damn it, damn it, DAMN IT!” He looked at the sparkling, beautiful red gemstone in his hands that was emanating warmth. After the phoenix's egg had been smashed apart, it had turned into this state.

He had not obtained even a quarter of the gains. Everything had been taken by Archibald and the other Star ranks.

Even if they were Star rank Emberwings, it was impossible to make them return something they had taken.

“AAAH...” Scarlet Eye, who had suffered massive losses, began to cry out hysterically...

.....

Jupiter's Lightning headquarters, Magus World.

At the same time, Zegna was shouting as well.

Black lightning flashed and wrecked the palace, turning it to ash.

“LEYLIN! I won’t let you off!” Zegna could feel his heart bleeding. That was a phoenix egg! If he’d obtained that, he could have immediately advanced to become a Breaking Dawn Monarch! Now, however, all his dreams were ruined.

First, his secondary clone had been killed, “LEYLIN! I won’t let you off!” His secondary clone had been killed by Leylin, so he had no chance to contest for the fragments of the egg. In that sense, he’d gotten no returns for all the work he’d put in.

Even the surviving Morning Stars of Jupiter’s Lightning had been fortunate enough to get part of the fragments, and they would definitely not give it to him unless there was a trade of equivalent value. However, where would he go to find something comparable to a treasure like the phoenix’s egg?

If he used violence, he would force all the Morning Stars away.

“Ah... AAH...” After thinking for a long while, Zegna’s face contorted as he roared, “Leylin, Leylin, Leylin. I won’t let you get away with this, I swear!”

“Impulse is the devil’s emissary!” The mysterious female voice sounded once more.

“It’s all your fault. If my main body had gone over, how would my secondary clone have been killed?” Zegna thundered.

“Hehe... Can your true body go over?” The female voice asked,

and Zegna immediately became quiet.

“I taught you the method of making a secondary clone without any compensation, and even told you about my experiences. This is how you repay me?” The female’s voice turned cold.

“Alright! Forgive me for that. Tha kid made me lose my calm.”

Chapter 578 - Return

Zegna was a Radiant Moon Magus after all. Even if he was enraged, it would only be for a short period of time.

“The key now is to deal with this Leylin Farlier! I have a feeling that he’ll hinder my advancement to Breaking Dawn.” Zegna looked fierce as he muttered softly.

“Oh? Has he risen to rank 5? Bloodline shackles aren’t so easily broken.” The woman’s voice now held a trace of curiosity, her interest in Leylin having been piqued.

“He didn’t break through, but he’s reached the peak of Morning Star. With some strange techniques from the Lava World and other methods, I’m afraid...”

Zegna wore a sour look. He had to acknowledge that Leylin really was a genius seen once in thousands of years. He had gained such strength even with the low-levelled bloodline of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent and its inheritance.

Now, even if his main body were to act, defeating him wouldn’t be a problem but it was just a dream if he wanted to kill him.

That was, unless he could find his opponent’s weak point. He would then have to wage a life-and-death battle.

But was that possible? Zegna recalled the intel on Leylin and gave

up on that. He knew that, to some level, they were the same type of person, and would not risk their lives for anyone or anything.

Enemies who were powerful and lacked any weaknesses that could be exploited were the most frightening!

Zegna rubbed his forehead, feeling a headache coming.

After being silent for a while, the female spoke again, “In that case, let’s engage our previous plan. How about it...”

“Do you mean...” Zegna’s eyes brightened.

.....

“Finally home!” At Phosphorescence Swamp, Gilbert and Emma stood behind Leylin, watching the familiar surroundings with eyes full of an indescribable fondness and emotion.

“What should we do next?” Gilbert asked.

Emma glanced at Leylin. They were now treating Leylin as their main pillar of strength.

After witnessing Leylin’s strength, the two Warlocks would not protest even if Leylin used them as mere figureheads. With the yielding of these two Morning Star Warlocks, the real power of the Ouroboros Clan now completely lay in Leylin’s hands, and his

authority was even more solid than before he had left. Such a result would cause anyone to be astonished.

“We don’t have to do anything, just maintain our current stance!” Leylin shook his head.

“Leylin, have you risen to rank 5?” Fervent hope could be seen in Emma’s expression. In her eyes, if Leylin could break through to rank 5 and had a method of circumventing the issue of bloodline shackles, that would be the best.

“How’s that possible?” Leylin smiled wryly. “I’m only at the peak of Morning Star and only have a few cards up my sleeves!”

This was the truth. Leylin was quite exact when it came to evaluation of his strength, and while he’d seemed invincible in the Lava World as he defeated Scarlet Eye and even obliterated Zegna’s clone, he was aware of his own situation.

Scarlet Eye’s main body had been gravely injured in the battle before, and had also been constrained by his technique. That was he had been unlucky enough to be defeated.

And when it came to Zegna, not only was it just a clone but it had also been seriously injured in his fight with Scarlet Eye. Faced up against Leylin’s all-out Morning Star Arcane Art, his Kemoyin Serpent Transformation, it could do nothing.

When Scarlet Eye and Archibald looked like they were about to

cooperate, Leylin rushed to escape, because he knew he would meet his death if he did not leave at that moment.

However, Leylin would not belittle himself either. With his current strength, he might not win against a rank 5 Radiant Moon, but he had a large chance of survival.

“Just a few cards up your sleeve?” Hearing his words, Gilbert and Emma rolled their eyes inwardly. Those frightening black flames and the strange Kemoyin Serpent Transformation were ‘a few cards up his sleeve’? What did that make them? From the beginning, they had only stood at the side like cheerleaders, unable to make any moves.

“But our Ouroboros Clan is now unafraid of external threats, and can start a new journey!” Leylin beamed as he gazed at the sun, the golden rays wrapped around him in radiance.

There were few in the central continent who were unafraid of Radiant Moons. Those rank 5 Magi would not want to provoke an enemy that could contend against them. Hence, with the Ouroboros Clan in Leylin’s hands, they were definitely going to expand well.

Emma and Gilbert were aware of this fact, and their gazes towards Leylin were full of hope...

“Your Graces, Gilbert and Emma, it is the fortune of our Warlock Union that the two of you could return safely!”

Within the headquarters, Leylin and the other Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks were in discussion with Paul, Philip and the helpers they had called over.

The Crystal Phase Warlock, Freya, stood respectfully behind these few Morning Star Warlocks, her eyes full of indescribable emotion.

Though even the First Elder's side had smiles on their faces, they could not conceal the sorrow in their hearts.

Leylin's abrupt rise to power, as well as the return of the other two Kemoyin dukes meant that they would lose a large portion of their benefits. There was no Morning Star who would support them anymore.

Of course, there were few Warlocks with this mindset. The students and clansmen of Gilbert and Emma were now full of glee, and extremely grateful to Leylin.

Due to her relationship with Leylin, Freya was wedged between Leylin and Emma. Her eyes glanced past Leylin, Emma and Gilbert occasionally, and she came to a conclusion that made her gasp.

'Mentor Emma and Duke Gilbert are now letting Leylin call the shots!' Though Leylin was a newly-advanced Morning Star, he was the one taking charge of receiving all these Morning Star Warlocks, and he was even seated right in the middle in the Master's seat. Freya, who had astutely discovered this, was astonished.

This meant that even Emma and Gilbert acknowledged Leylin's rule!

For some reason, Freya sighed with relief as she found this out, even though her seniors and juniors were unwilling and perplexed.

She was Emma's student and they were on very good terms, but that still lost out to her relationship with Leylin. If the two began to vie for strength, she really had no clue about where she would stand.

Now, however, all was solved! Freya sneaked a peek at her husband, the reverence in her eyes unable to be hidden.

Seeing his wife adopting a childlike behaviour, Leylin laughed inwardly. If Gilbert and Emma did not know how to act even after he displayed his strength that was comparable to rank 5s, he would probably have to employ certain other techniques.

However, Morning Stars were no fools. Gilbert and Emma especially understood the situation, which made things easier for him.

"Yes! When we first found out the two of you were lost in another world, we were extremely shocked. Next was the battle with the allied forces, but thanks to Leylin..."

Regardless of the Crystal Phase Magi's thoughts, the Morning

Star Warlocks discussed amongst themselves.

Philip was observing Leylin, but could not make sense of his sitting at the master's seat. He glanced at Gilbert and Emma, and could not help but sigh.

The magnitude of the events in the past few years had exceeded that in the past few centuries. Under crisis after crisis, many Morning Star powers in the continent had gone through a round of reshuffling.

Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair had lost most of their Morning Star forces in the Scarlet Ruins, and now only had one Morning Star maintaining their organisation each. Their losses were massive.

The Ouroboros Clan had been on the brink of destruction, but a terrifying genius had suddenly appeared and successfully saved two of the dukes. Now, their strength had not diminished, and was instead increased.

‘I’m afraid the situation of our three organisations in the alliance with equal power will be broken. In the next hundreds of years, Duke Leylin of the Ouroboros Clan will be calling the shots..’

Philip watched Leylin whose aura was even more profound than that of the previous First Kemoyin elder, and a thought rose in his mind.

‘Whatever it is, our Wind Wolf Lair had been on good terms with the Ouroboros Clan, and my personal relationship with Leylin is more solid than his with Paul. As long as I stay cautious, nothing will happen. With Leylin as an external support, I’ll be able to protect my Wind Wolf Lair until the next generation grows up...’ Philip might be hot-headed, but he was no fool. Having understood this, he treated Leylin with more respect, and this attitude left Paul rather annoyed.

“Alright! Based on the contract in the Morning Star area, here are your rewards!” With a wave of his arms, three streaks of light shot towards Paul and the other Morning Star Warlocks, black light shining on a spatial item.

After Paul and the others used their soul force and checked, looks of satisfaction appeared on their faces.

“The Ouroboros Clan being safe is all thanks to all of you, and you’ve chased away a few people. Hence, I’m giving you thirty percent more on top of the promised rewards.” Leylin’s smile was very gentle. It was like a breath of fresh air for Paul and the others.

This was obviously feigned, but when feigned by Leylin who had a rather unique status, he seemed more amiable and mysterious.

Paul and the rest were solemn, but their facial expressions displayed their thanks, and seemed touched.

Leylin shook his head inwardly, though the smile on his face remained, “Also, our Ouroboros Clan is planning to launch a war

campaign and retrieve our lost territory. Please bear witness to it!”

Upon hearing Leylin’s words, the Morning Star Warlocks all carried different expressions.

Chapter 579 - Contend

If not for Leylin's appearance, the Ouroboros Clan would probably have been annihilated in the attack by the allied forces.

Even if Leylin showed off his terrifying battle might and talent, and used various methods to get the other side to withdraw their troops, all the land and resources that had been occupied would not be taken back easily.

Leylin had merely been a newly-advanced Morning Star then. How could he request a territory as large as that of the other three Morning Star Warlocks? If they were to be attacked again, he would not be able to suppress it alone.

The amount of strength he possessed dictated the treatment he could command. Leylin was very clear on this fact. Now, with the return of the two dukes and the rise of his battle power, Leylin felt that he had enough under his belt to request this.

As for whether this would offend Jupiter's Lightning... Hadn't Leylin already done so in the past? Since he had completely offended them, doing anything more wasn't a huge issue.

"Mm! The Black River Domain used to be one of the territories of the Ouroboros Clan, and it being occupied by some other organisation is an insult to us Bloodline Warlocks!" Philip stood up, looking indignant, "I'll definitely tell the union!"

Seeing him acting this way, Paul and the other Warlock rolled their eyes inwardly but did not retort against him. Rather, they were in favour of that decision.

Those territories had initially belonged to the Ouroboros Clan, and they were merely recovering them. In addition, they would at most show their support verbally and not actually act, unless the Ouroboros Clan was willing to make more compromises for their benefits.

However, Leylin was only requesting that they be witnesses, and was not planning on having them act.

Not considering his current strength, just Gilbert and Emma working together would be enough to handle this.

Hearing that Leylin had intentions of reclaiming their old land, the Crystal Phase Warlocks around did not speak, but they were very emotional.

The allied forces still occupied their lands and ruled their people. That was the ultimate humiliation!

The fact that the battle had come all the way to the headquarters and they had almost completely been uprooted was still fresh, and was deeply carved into the minds of these Warlocks. With these seeds of hatred planted, they were stirred up on hearing that Leylin was going to lead them to enact their vengeance.

Seeing this, Leylin nodded.

The reason for this expansion was to increase the size of the pie so as to avert dissent. With three Morning Stars now in the Ouroboros Clan, the resources of the area they controlled were not enough to divide amongst all of them, leave alone the rest of the people under them.

Furthermore, by leading them to take revenge, Leylin's reputation would reach an unprecedented level, which would make it more convenient for him to take control of the organisation.

This was an open conspiracy. Even if Gilbert and Emma could tell, they would not be able to say much.

Having agreed on the time, Philip and the others took their leaves, and even Freya and other high-ranked Warlocks left automatically. Only Leylin and the other two were left.

“Are you going to declare war on Jupiter's Lightning now? Didn't you say to maintain the current state?” Emma asked worriedly.

“When I said to maintain the current state, I meant our current state of preparing for battle!” Leylin laughed grimly, a tyrannical aura emanating from his body. “Besides, Jupiter's Lightning is probably too busy with their own matters...”

“Oh? How is that?” Gilbert was interested. He was always elated

when there were methods to trim Jupiter Lightning's strength. From Leylin's perspective, this was a deeply embedded enmity.

“When I went to the Lava World, I asked the rank 5 ‘Golden Lion’ Warlock, Lord Wayde, to help hold up Zegna. He accidentally let a rank 5 clone go, but the main body did not descend. For that reason, I’m going to hold to our agreement!”

“What agreement?” Gilbert and Emma exchanged a glance. Ever since they had known Leylin, they had never seen this kid at a disadvantage before. There must definitely be some deep meaning for him to do this.

“He helped me hold Zegna back, so in return, I will give them the coordinates to the Lava World!” Leylin laughed. “Just now, Wayde received my message...”

“What?” Gilbert and Emma stood up abruptly, “That’s a world! Do you know what you’ve done?”

A large alternative world meant unprecedented benefits. Just the strength systems and paths to power they had were extremely helpful for Magi, and could help them progress rapidly.

Not considering other matters, those Breaking Dawn Monarchs had taken over entire large worlds before advancing. The fact that Leylin had obtained such benefits was also proof of the value of a world.

Hence, organisations would guard these coordinates with the highest security. If not for Zegna being absolutely confident and having been bewitched by somebody else, he would not use these coordinates to trap the three Kemoyin dukes.

A world that had not been exploited yet was very attractive. It was not as if the three Kemoyin dukes didn't have their suspicions, but they still fell into the trap. The fact was that the benefits were immense, to the point that it affected their rationality!

Of course, it was Zegna who had lost everything. Not only had he gained nothing, he had also suffered greatly.

Now, Leylin was giving such a huge secret away? Emma and Gilbert could not comprehend this.

After all, in their eyes, only they and Jupiter's Lightning knew of the Lava World's coordinates. At this point, it was best to keep this secret to their death and when the time was right, they could destroy Jupiter's Lightning and completely take over the Lava World!

"You guys..." Leylin shook his head helplessly, "How could another world be so easy to take control of? Besides, there are numerous rank 5s there, as well as Jupiter's Lightning eyeing this strength."

"What we need the most now is not another world, but enough time to rest and regain our strength."

“Wayde is part of our Warlock Union. By luring him there, Jupiter’s Lightning will definitely launch an intense battle for control of the Lava World. That will give us ample time for developments.” Leylin spoke frankly and assuredly, tone full of confidence and eyes emanating an incomparable vigour.

“There are rank 5s on both ends. How could the Lava World be so easily taken over? In this period of time, it’s enough for us to take advantage of the chaos and gain benefits!”

“On top of that, once we obtain more strength, it’s not like we can’t forcefully retrieve the Lava World from the other party’s hands!”

Not only did Leylin make the final decision, he even presented a pretty picture for Emma and Gilbert.

“If you say that...” Gilbert and Emma looked each other in the eye begrudgingly.

Seeing them acting this way, Leylin was laughing inside.

He obviously didn’t care much for the Lava World, because he’d already gotten the most benefits from there. Not only had he obtained the mutated Fireplume and caused his Morning Star point mass to grow to the limits, he’d even gotten a third of the essence from the phoenix egg.

These were basically the greatest treasures of the Lava World,

and Leylin was obviously satisfied with his gains.

After the matter with the Holy Solar Festival, he had offended the heads of the two largest organisations in the Lava World, Scarlet Eye and Archibald, and it could only be resolved by the death of a party.

Just the knowledge that he had obtained fragments of the phoenix's egg would be enough to cause the strong ones within the Lava World to hunger after his gains.

The reason Leylin had handed over the coordinates to the Lava World was because he had considered this as well. With Wayde in control, he could still hold onto what he had. Besides, he'd already handed the coordinates over already. If Wayde or others wanted some? It was simple, they could go to the Lava World themselves and contend with each other for it!

“That Zegna from Jupiter's Lightning is probably coughing up blood right now, given that I threw these coordinates away.” Leylin stroked his chin, a malicious grin about his lips.

.....

He sent the two dukes away after their discussion. Following that was a conversation with Freya over dinner before Leylin finally returned to his Morning Star Magus Tower.

The place was as towering as always, full of archaism and

grandeur. As he entered the tower, the intelligent tower genie flew out, “Master!”

“Hmm. Show me all the recent records, as well as the current state of operation of the Magus Tower,” Leylin commanded.

“In the time that master has been away, the astral gate has been operating at the lowest energy level. Astral stone storage has been completely used up. Magus Tower is now running on minimal energy required. 3.78% of the Host’s health is injured. Supplies-wise,”

The tower genie was expressionless and began to send in the reports methodically. It was extremely meticulous, as if he was the most thorough of butlers.

“Keke... I’ve practically used up all the astral stones I’ve accumulated as well as the power source of the Magus Tower.” Leylin sighed, feeling his heart ache.

“But in comparison to such a huge harvest, this investment is very worth it. The profits were immense! Of course, that’s because I have the A.I. Chip and can unearth the resources of foreign worlds to the highest degree.”

Back in his study room, Eternal Flames emitted heated light. Seated behind the study table, he began to compare his gains.

“I’ve successfully met my goal and brought the two Kemoyin

dukes back. The Ouroboros Clan's strength has risen rapidly, and just this alone means that I've gotten more than I invested."

Leylin's eyes were twinkling as he spread out a black notebook on the table and began to scribble on it.

"In terms of resources, there's the essence of the phoenix egg. That is definitely a world-class treasure. Not only can it accelerate progress in Fireplume, it's remarkably useful for a Magus' soul and point mass. The resources that I especially collected from the Emberwings can also be considered to be abundant!"

Chapter 580 - Vitality Bottleneck

“In terms of techniques, the mutated Fireplume is probably comparable to a top-grade meditation technique...”

Leylin checked on the point mass in his sea of consciousness. After devouring the essence of Fireplume, the point mass had not only become more concentrated, with the nebula outside expanding by half, it now emanated a trace of fiery-red amongst the darkness.

After obtaining Fireplume, his aptitude had changed. Previously, his darkness elemental affinity was the main element. Now, his fire elemental affinity had been raised, and while it was still not up to par with the darkness element, it was catching up.

“My Kemoyin’s Pupil is no longer a meditation technique solely for Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks, but a top-grade one infused with Fireplume.” Leylin obviously would not start training in Fireplume all over again. He was, at his roots, a Magus, and a bloodline Warlock at that. Hence, while running its simulations, the A.I. Chip had fused the essence of Fireplume into his point mass.

Fireplume fused with Kemoyin’s Pupil. The two had been made compatible with previous simulations, and they now fused together to form a slightly mutated meditation technique.

The effects of the technique far surpassed that of the fourth level of the original Kemoyin’s Pupil, and even allowed Leylin to see

hope of simulating the fifth level!

Once simulation of the meditation technique was complete, Leylin only needed to solve the bloodline issues and he would be able to rid himself of the bloodline shackles of rank 4, and pry open the realm of the Radiant Moon!

“Kemoyin’s Pupil doesn’t have a fifth level anyway. I’ll just continue calling this upgraded fused meditation technique the same thing.” Leylin continued to use the already given name with no intention to think of a new one.

Whether it was the twelfth and thirteenth levels of Fireplume or the fifth level of a meditation technique, they all enabled one to enter the Radiant Moon realm. Even if Leylin had some rough ideas about that, it would require a large period of time for him to comprehend them all.

Even so, it was still much better than having no hope at all.

“Besides Fireplume, I’ve recorded a lot of information regarding the culture, technology and geography of the Lava World. The A.I. Chip’s database is much more complete, and I’ve benefited quite a lot!” Leylin stroked his chin.

The advantage of having the A.I. Chip meant that he could leave Magi far behind in the dust in terms of his learning speed. In other worlds, he was basically like a fish in water, recording even the most complicated information with just a sweeping scan by the A.I. Chip. He could analyse and understand everything quickly,

and was much faster than Magi who had to study one book after another.

For this reason, he could rapidly gain clarity on the path of strength in other worlds and fuse it into his own body, a unique advantage for himself.

“In general, the harvests were so immense during this trip to the Lava World, that my absorption is bursting at the seams...” Leylin glanced at his stats.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (Matured Body). Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 65, Spiritual force:956.8, Magic power: 956 (Magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force). Soul force: ???]

“The lowest numbers for spiritual force among Morning Star is 500 and above, and I’ve almost reached 1000! However, soul force has yet to be enumerated.”

Looking at the numbers, a wry smile appeared on his face.

He had obtained much in the Lava World, especially with a few advancements in his soul that allowed his soul force to rise sharply in power. While the A.I. Chip could not show the numbers, just the difference in spiritual force implied that there was a large change.

Soul force was a higher-grade version of spiritual force. Hence, advancements in the soul could be seen through advancements in spiritual force.

“However, an increase of around 400 is already beginning to exceed the limits of what my body can handle!”

The wry smile at the corner of Leylin’s lips grew even more obvious. Fireplume and the phoenix egg were treasures that put emphasis on the elements, but did not do much for strength.

While he had a large increase in spiritual force at one go, his body had already begun to show signs of an inability to endure.

This was because there was too much water in the cup, and the cup was too small. Though there weren’t any obvious residual effects yet, Leylin could only turn into a spirit and walk the path of a spirit Magus if he did not treat this in time.

“To solve this, the essence is to strengthen my vitality and allow the body, as well as the spiritual force that suddenly increased, to grow harmonious once more, and get everything done once and for all.”

Leylin commanded, “A.I. Chip, with my current control, how much vitality do I need to sustain my spiritual force?”

[Beep! Mission established, scanning of stats of host body.]

Beginning construction of model. Beginning deduction...]

The A.I. Chip's robotic voice was heard as it formed a blue human figure in Leylin's mind. Terrifying spiritual force undulations were emanated from the model.

[Deduction completed. To completely match with spiritual force, host must have a vitality of 100 or above!] The A.I. Chip intoned loyally.

"A vitality at 100 or above?" Leylin touched his chin.

As the body was a vessel for spiritual force, Magi took vitality rather seriously. They even had some techniques and body-tempering spell formations just for this.

With Leylin's current state, with a vitality as high as 65, 90% of the techniques for increasing vitality were useless to him.

However, with his knowledge and the accumulations from his explorations in the past, he immediately had an idea.

"Not considering those remote techniques, Multilimb Strength is very suitable for me right now. Even in the worst situation, I can control my current condition and prevent it from getting worse!"

Leylin stood up with a flash of understanding and headed to another training room.

Ka-cha! His body suddenly contorted in a strange manner, arranging himself such that he looked like a strange rune. Bizarre joints and muscles could be heard vibrating within him.

These vibrations combined and gradually formed a slightly hoarse voice.

The voice seemed to be chanting some sacrificial text, full of a great, ancient feeling that also held within a barbaric air.

“Multilimb Strength!”

“Aoooo!” A shrunken six-armed figure appeared behind Leylin, and with his chanting, more runes appeared from the Multi-Armed Race figure and disappeared into Leylin’s back.

When the ceremony was over, the rays of light from the Multi-Armed Race member disappeared into Leylin’s back and formed a strange golden image of the Multi-Armed Race, looking like a vivid tattoo.

Multiple golden threads scattered on Leylin’s skin and muscles, and everything quickly quietened down.

Leylin got up, looking at his palms. The skin was pale, bones slender, and there didn’t seem to be much of a difference.

Occasionally, though, faint flashes of gold would be seen flashing within.

There seemed to be a layer of dense armour on his body, which made it heavy. This was nothing to Leylin. More importantly, the instant the tattoo was completed, the pressure from having his spiritual force straining his body at all times, while not completely dissipating, had reduced.

Seeing this result, Leylin heaved a long sigh of relief.

“Though Multilimb Strength can’t increase my vitality, it has an effect of sealing and reinforcing the body, which can maintain my current state. When I find more body-tempering spell formations...”

“Now, I need to quickly take care of the allied forces who are still occupying the territories that belong to the Ouroboros Clan. I’ll then make use of the Ouroboros Clan’s forces and get them to help me find treasures, potions, or spell formations and the like that can increase my vitality...”

Leylin made plans for himself, feet continuing to move until he reached another secret room.

On the door, there were many seals that formed a chain, locking the door tightly. However, a boiling heat could still be felt.

Buzz! A black flame automatically appeared from Leylin’s body,

and it absorbed all the heat.

“Pretty good level of heat! It’s like another form of the phoenix’s flames!”

“A.I. Chip!” Leylin commanded inwardly.

[Beep! Limits to authority opened! Passed scanning!]

Along with the A.I. Chip’s voice, two blue streams of data flashed from Leylin’s eyes, millions of ant-like golden words flickering and entering the seal.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! The runic chain broke open, and terrifying golden flames surged out from behind the door.

Skreeeee! As if provoked or challenged, the black flames on Leylin’s body grew more exuberant, forming a black layer of isolation that kept the door tightly shut.

Large amounts of golden flames were eaten into and devoured by the black flames as they strengthened themselves.

Such a devilish process left Leylin in shock.

After entering the secret room, one could see a giant world of ice

and snow. At the heart, however, a golden sun was emanating rays of light. Numerous ice runes formed chains that restrained the sun, but it still produced a boiling heat.

In that moment, there was a deadlock between the icy blue and fiery gold.

“The bloodline of the rank 6 Sun’s Child!” Leylin’s eyes were unfocused, the black flames automatically forming the figure of a devilish black bird. Crimson eyes were glued onto the little sun in the middle, looking fearful.

“It’s a pity...” Leylin sighed once again. This was the highest-ranked bloodline he had gained thus far.

After the phoenix egg had broken, it automatically formed a dense crystal and there were no traces of its bloodline remaining, leading Leylin to start wondering if the phoenix was a bloodline creature at all. There was no way to refine any ancient bloodline in this case.

“I have a feeling that the bloodline of the Sun’s Child is very compatible with Fireplume, but it’s a pity... I already have another bloodline...”

Leylin sighed. If he had the bloodline of the phoenix, he would change his bloodline no matter how difficult it would be. However, the bloodline of the Sun’s child? That was only rank 6, and wasn’t powerful enough to motivate him to take this risk.

Chapter 581 - Commencing Counterattack

“It’s too wasteful to use the Sun’s Child’s bloodline for an ancient bloodline ignition experiment. Besides, the Ouroboros Clan is about to wage a war against the allied forces of Jupiter’s Lightning. After that, I still need to look for body-tempering spell formations and explore the Icy World. I need exceedingly powerful methods that can inspire terror!” Leylin stroked his chin.

With his current strength, he could escape from a Radiant Moon, but he had nothing that would be able to threaten them. Hence, he needed powerful, intimidating trump cards.

Kemoyin Serpent Transformation, being a Morning Star Arcane Art, was indeed one, but people would learn to counter it if he used it too often. Leylin was looking to prepare a few other killing techniques.

“Using a rank 6 bloodline to create a one-time bloodline imprint should be enough to threaten the life of a Radiant Moon, right?” Leylin predicted, “Though it’s a pity, there’s no other choice.”

A bloodline imprint could be able to display the strength of certain ancient beings when they were at their peak. Even one attack at such strengths was frightening.

In the past, Leylin could do nothing with the bloodline of the Sun’s Child even if he had these thoughts.

Now, however, not only had he risen to the peak of Morning Star

and gotten a huge boost in strength, he had also gained control over the phoenix flames, which could rival this sun's flames. For that reason, creating a bloodline imprint was a real possibility.

“Let's begin...” Leylin watched the golden flaming sun at the heart of the secret room and took a deep breath. Dense, demonic black flames were emitted from his palms, and burst forth in the form of a thin thread...

The creation of the bloodline imprint took a few days. When Gilbert and the rest in the Magus Tower outside were beginning to get impatient, Leylin appeared before them.

They could feel something was different about him, but Gilbert and the others could not pinpoint it.

“I've made my decision. Gather the army, and we shall begin reclaiming our lost territory!” Leylin wore a platinum Magus robe and had on white gloves. His temperament was full of dignity, and upon hearing his declaration, multiple Ouroboros Clan Warlocks began to cheer. They had been waiting for this day for far too long.

After showing himself and setting the hearts of everyone at ease, Leylin sent Gilbert and the rest away and took off his gloves. Observing the back of his hands, his face could not hide the ecstasy he was feeling.

Complicated runes in the form of a sun occupied the backs of both his hands. The outermost layer was a ring of black flames, as if a seal to store the power of the sun in his hands.

‘With the support from the A.I. Chip and the suppression from the phoenix flames, I finally moulded the bloodline of the Sun’s Child into a bloodline imprint!’ Leylin paid close attention to the bloodline imprints. After a long while, he sighed deeply and wore the gloves once again.

‘I didn’t expect for the blood to be sufficient to form two imprints. And I can even feel that Fireplume is nourishing these imprints on my hands, altering them in some way. They seem to have been upgraded. If I were to activate this suddenly, even a rank 5 wouldn’t be able to withstand the attack!’

Leylin’s Fireplume and the bloodline of the Sun’s Child had some mysterious response to each other, and the bloodline imprint’s power was being nourished and amplified. The A.I. Chip estimated that each of these two bloodline imprints was as strong as two all-out attacks from the ancient rank 6 Sun’s Child!

With such a great killing technique with him, Leylin now had something to count on, and was utterly confident in waging this war.

Greenflame City. This stronghold which acted as the bridge between the allied forces and Phosphorescence Swamp, was also a key strategic region for the Ouroboros Clan.

Since the Sky Legion had taken over this place, this stronghold had been in the hands of the allied forces. Even the commoners there had accepted this fact.

Gradually, after a few years, they had recovered from the fires of war before, and were now showing signs of prospering.

“No matter which Magus organisation governs them, none would attack regular humans for no reason. Hence, their loyalty is not guaranteed. Practically all leaders will be easily accepted, or should I say, this is the survival instinct of people with low social status?”

Above Greenflame City, Leylin and a few other Morning Star Warlocks stood in the air. Seeing the prosperous city, there was little they could say.

The Ouroboros Clan had occupied this area for thousands of years, but they never expected the people to react this way.

“We’ve never had much of an interest in this area. It’s fine as long as they can provide a certain amount of provisions and materials, as well an annual influx of fresh blood.” Gilbert stood aside, slightly red in the face.

“Oh well! At least, we won’t have to feel bad about dragging them back into war once more!” Emma sneered, eyes completely red. The news that the allied forces had attacked the Ouroboros Clan brazenly after she had disappeared had completely riled her up.

The fury of a Morning Star could only be eased with fresh blood!

“If you don’t make a move, I’m going to do it!” Emma watched

Leylin and the others who had been invited such as Paul, who were unmoving. Laughing coldly, her robes began to sway and make sounds with the breeze.

“The flame elf of the immemorial times, please listen to my decree and descend, turning into a rain of flames!” Emma chanted loudly as terrifying elemental particle emanated from her body like a black hole. Endless elemental tides formed a surging tsunami.

A bit of red appeared in the sky, and it accumulated to form a layer of dense flaming clouds.

“Rank 4 spell— Descent of the Heavenly Flames!” Large amounts of flames streaked down like meteors, leaving splendid long tails as they descended upon Greenflame City.

Soon enough, successive sounds of an explosion could be heard, and a large amount of black flames formed that spread everywhere.

“Enemy attack! These energy undulations... Morning Star!” Within the residence of the city’s mayor, a sentry yelled in disbelief at the data they had seen on the screen.

At the same time, he hung his head, closed his eyes and prayed, “Great Lord! Has the war between Morning Stars begun once again...”

He knew how terrifying wars between Morning Stars were. If

Greenflame City was going to be the battlefield, none of the low-ranked Magi like him would be able to escape. Just the stray spells and large amounts of horrifying radiation could easily take their measly lives.

“Crap! The base of the airship forces!” After praying, this alarm watcher suddenly recalled something, and his expression changed as he activated a secret imprint in his hands.

“Hello? Is this the base of the airships? This is the mayor’s residence. This is a rank 4 warning. I repeat, this is a rank 4 warning. A Morning Star is attacking!!”

No matter how much he shouted, there was no reaction from the imprint. Knowing things were bad, he darted out of the surveillance room and immediately saw the shower of flames. The violent sounds of explosions that accompanied them meant that the airship base stationed beside Greenflame City was now caught in the blazing flames.

“It’s too late!” He laughed bitterly, about to leave the battlefield.

Rumble! Boiling hot meteoric flames fell and wrapped around him, the fierce flames burning violently.

“Warning, warning! Energy from the barrier has been consumed. Unable to maintain energy defence!”

The piercing sounds of alerts could be heard everywhere in the

base. There were panicked Magi and technological staff everywhere, and the interior of the airship base was in chaos.

Occasionally, a few airships would take flight, and would then be ruthlessly smacked to the ground by a few gigantic black arms, causing large sparks in the base.

“These airships aren’t half bad, but it’s a pity they’re useless to me!”

Leylin sighed, but his hands did not stop moving. Large black Giant Kemoyin Serpent figures streaked through the skies, absorbing life force without care. All enemies in the vicinity of these figures had their life force sucked up and turned into dry corpses, with not even a bit of moisture left within.

The Ouroboros Clan was unable to handle so many airships, and besides, arrangements after the war were going to be very troublesome. Leylin could not be bothered to wrangle with the Morning Stars over this, and found it simpler to just obliterate the fleet.

“Stop!” Such unbridled actions immediately gave rise to the fury of other Magi. A streak of blue light shot out and appeared before Leylin and the others, revealing the figure of a young Magus.

The undulations of a Morning Star were also being emanated from this young Magus’ body. From his bright eyes that had seen through the ways of the world, there was now merely rage. However, after seeing Leylin, Paul and the others, which came up

to six Morning Stars working together, his pupils shrank slightly, and fear appeared on his face.

“Duke Farlier, are you planning on destroying the peace treaty from before?” Leylin knew this Magus. He was one of the Morning Stars that had besieged Ouroboros Clan, and was one of the leaders of the organisations that depended on Jupiter’s Lightning.

Of course, to the current Leylin, he was as weak as an ant.

“Peace treaty? Hmph! That was just a temporary armistice!” Emma took a step forward, a snake-shaped spore landed in Greenflame City below.

Bang! The spore clung onto the body of a Magus, and fear was apparent on his face as many warts appeared on his body.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Seconds later, the warts broke open, and even more spores flew out.

In a short period of time, the entire Greenflame City had sunk into an abyss of suffering.

“You-!” The Morning Star Magus was anxious but did not raise his hand. With six Morning Star Warlocks here, he would be the one in trouble the moment he made a move.

Hence, he could only glare at Emma with hatred, “His Highness from Jupiter’s Lightning will not let you off!”

“I’ll wait!” Leylin chuckled and stepped forward while he continued the conversation.

Of course, in the eyes of outsiders, he had gone completely insane! Even with three Kemoyin dukes joining hands, as well as support from the Warlock Union, it was naive to think they’d be able to challenge a Radiant Moon!

This Morning Star began to snicker but immediately realised something was odd.

“Only Leylin out of all the Warlocks here has recently advanced. It’s understandable if he doesn’t understand the gap between them, but how can Gilbert and the others not know the power of a real Radiant Moon? Why do they look so relaxed?”

Chapter 582 - Retrieving Land

Every Magus possessed knowledge and wisdom that far surpassed that of ordinary men. How could any such person knowingly provoke a rank 5?

There were only two ways that such a thing would happen. They were either absolutely confident in victory, or had a trump card that guaranteed them their lives.

Though this Morning Star couldn't guess what trump card Leylin and the rest had, he could tell that the situation today was not in his favour.

“Alright! Give me five minutes, and I'll order all my Magi to withdraw. I'll leave Greenflame City to you,” he relented, albeit grudgingly.

The city and territory were all small matters to him. His Magi were what truly mattered, and he did not hesitate to make this choice even if he was unwilling.

“There's no need for that. Whatever the Ouroboros Clan lost, we will retrieve it with our own strength.” Gilbert shook his head and rejected the other party's suggestion.

“Also, even if it's you, whoever dares offend our Ouroboros Clan will need to pay the price,” Leylin added from the core of the group of Warlocks.

“What?” The enemy Morning Star Magus was enraged. “The nerve! You dare threaten me?”

He had been infuriated. Morning Star Magi lorded over the central continent. With their Morning Star Arcane Arts, they had trump cards capable of taking their opponents down with them, and they’d thus developed a pride rooted in the belief that they were unrivalled.

He acknowledged that he had been defeated, and taking the initiative and withdrawing was already giving his opponent face. However, the Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan wanted him to pay a price?

“Lunatics! You bunch of Kemoyin Warlocks are all lunatics!” The Morning Star’s expression turned frosty.

If he knew of Leylin’s previous battle achievements, he wouldn’t dare say things like this.

Now, however, the Magus was determined to teach Leylin a lesson, and terrifying elemental energy gathered on his body as rings of light formed one after the other.

“Morning Star Arcane Art!” Paul and the others exclaimed in shock.

“That’s right... Since you don’t know what’s good for you, then

let this area be completely destroyed!” The Morning Star Magus yelled maniacally. If a Morning Star were to disregard everything, the Ouroboros Clan’s territory would be ruined.

“Stand down. Let me do this.”

Unexpectedly, the Warlocks opposing him had not withdrawn from his threats. Instead, Leylin had stepped out.

“A mere newly-advanced Morning Star is going to stop me?” This Morning Star suddenly had the urge to laugh.

Soon enough, though, this smile turned stiff.

Hsssss!” Along with large amounts of demonic black flames, the giant phantom of a serpent appeared behind Leylin’s back. This large serpent was quite similar to the Giant Kemoyin Serpent of the Ouroboros Clan, but there were red patterns on the scales and large amounts of black flames twining around its body. It was as if it was wreathed in a layer of flaming armour.

A forcefield even more terrifying than those of ancient rank 4 beings spread out, covering him.

Crack! The rings of light broke, and the energy of this Morning Star Magus’ point mass began to seep out and enter the black flames.

“Wha– What monster is this?!” The Morning Star Magus’

expression changed, regret filling his mind. He now knew that this newly-advanced Morning Star was the most terrifying of this group of Warlocks!

“Hssss!” The huge serpent snarled and devoured the Morning Star...

Rumble! Air shook and created shockwaves. Gilbert, Emma and the rest shot glances at each other and began to stabilise the space around them.

Whoosh! A moment later, a blue figure escaped from the giant phantom serpent, making a strange sound as he fled pitifully.

Leylin stood quietly where he was, not even a wrinkle in his clothes or a strand of stray hair jutting out. He did not proceed to give chase.

“Why did you let him go?” Gilbert and Emma asked. They knew it was intentional on Leylin’s part, after all they had personally seen his prowess.

“Our goal right now is to regain our territory. Now isn’t the time to start wars with others. Battles between Morning Stars would attract the attention of Breaking Dawn Monarchs.”

Leylin shook his head, “Besides, the injuries to his body will take a few hundred years to heal. There’s no need to take notice of him in the future!”

It had to be said that Leylin was very meticulous in some matters. Gilbert and Emma looked to give him their approval.

“Ley– Leylin, you’re so amazing? Goodnes! That was a Morning Star!” Philip was gaping. He had to admit that what he had seen today was just too amazing, and something rarely seen even in his long life.

Leylin could actually forcefully suppress a Magus by interrupting them while they were performing their Morning Star Arcane Art. He had even gravely injured his opponent, and was confident in killing them!

This was not a strength that belonged to rank 4s. It was the might that only great rank 5 Magi possessed!

“Leylin, Your Grace. Have you advanced to rank 5 already?” Paul asked a question that Gilbert and Emma wanted to enquire about as well.

“Of course not!” Leylin shook his head, but that only gave Paul the feeling that he was enigmatic and unmeasurable.

“Alright! Since the Morning Star has already been chased off, Greenflame City shall return to the arms of our Ouroboros Clan!”

Gilbert said a few words to a secret imprint, and soon enough troops formed of multiple high-ranked Warlocks arrived at the

place.

Having already been attacked by a rank 4 spell and seeing their Morning Star flee in defeat, the high-ranked Magi of the enemy had no plans of fighting on. Teleportation portals flashed and people flew away as they fled.

Greenflame City returned to the Warlocks' control in less than an hour.

"I remember that this place once belonged to the Mair Family, right?" Emma spoke, implying something.

"Yes! As the Mair Family did not guard their territory properly, I suggest we reduce their land and take Greenflame City, giving it to other bloodline nobility!" Gilbert immediately spoke.

This was a reshuffling of power. With Leylin's powerful, abrupt rise, as well as the fall of the original First Elder, there were definitely conflicts of interest when it came to the allocation of benefits. The war was a perfect excuse to make changes to this.

Leylin stood silently at the side, not seeming to have any intentions of seizing power. However, even outsiders like Paul and Philip could tell that most of the territories that were being reclaimed would definitely be placed under Leylin's Farlier Family and Freya's Blood Serpent Family.

After the war, the Blood Serpent and Farlier Families would

immediately rise in power. There was no doubt about that.

“Alright, let’s get to the next area!” Once all affairs at Greenflame City were taken care of, a few Warlocks immediately continued on a new journey.

With Leylin along with Gilbert and Emma as support, the organisations that relied on Jupiter’s Lightning and had merely one or two Morning Star Magi were swept through.

While Philip and Paul did not do anything, just their presence represented the stance of the Warlock Union. Even Rank 5 Magi had to reconsider the consequences.

Hence, the frontlines were pushed forward smoothly. In less than a month, all the land that had been occupied had returned to the high-ranked Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan. Of course, there were naturally changes when it came to allocation, but no Warlock dared complain.

“Hah... Onyx Castle! I’m back!”

Leylin stood above Onyx Castle in his territory, and was speechless.

The Magus Tower not far away had long since been overturned by the Oakheart family. Of course, they had immediately compensated Leylin with a brand new Morning Star Magus Tower.

The Onyx Castle below had obviously been destroyed and reconstructed. That must have been the Oakheart Family trying to curry favour with him since they were already here.

“Are you very familiar with the Azure Mountain King? The moment you arrived, he immediately withdrew his troops, and even looked impatient in doing it!”

“I just have something on him, so we’re temporary allies.” Leylin shook his head and chuckled.

“Temporary?” Emma observed Leylin’s profound smile, suddenly feeling like the breeze in the skies was slightly chilly. She began to mourn for the Oakheart Family.

“News has come in that the Green Snake Marshes have been taken back. Our Ouroboros Clan has now regained all its past territory!” Gilbert’s figure appeared by Leylin side, a sigh in his tone. “What should we do next?”

“Nothing. Just work on consolidating our original territories.”

Leylin knew when to stop. Though he did not know if it was his existence or the intimidation of the Warlock Union, Jupiter’s Lightning had displayed a high degree of tolerance towards the Ouroboros Clan’s recent activities, and practically did not interfere at all. This was also why Leylin and the rest had been able to reclaim their territories so quickly.

Of course, Leylin did not believe that they were afraid of him or the union.

Zegna probably had something more important to focus on, which was why he was temporarily enduring his activities. As long as he killed Leylin, the Ouroboros Clan would quickly fall apart even if they took up half of the central continent.

Leylin always had his guard up against this Radiant Moon.

“The Ouroboros Clan has completely expelled our organisations and restored their territories!”

“In the Lava World, Wayde has brought a group of high-ranked Warlocks and is going around annihilating the Mobius Organisation!”

“Damn it, Damn it, DAMN IT! Leylin, Wayde... One day, I’ll bury your skulls under my palace’s steps, and have your souls wailing within the flames of my lights...”

Zegna’s eyes were bloodshot as he sent the reporting Morning Star Magus away. Recently, all that was being delivered to him was bad news.

Wayde had actually gotten the coordinates to the Lava World, bringing a whole group and vying for territory with him. His previous actions had lost him his friendship with Scarlet Eye, and

Archibald had become hostile with him after this matter as well.

While Zegna was in terrible shape worrying over these, Leylin had meanwhile reclaimed all the territory that had once belonged to the Ouroboros Clan!

Chapter 583 - Pond Of Lamentation

“It’s all your fault, Narsha! Didn’t you say that as long as we make use of the Lava World’s coordinates as a trap, we can get rid of them and make them disappear into a spatial rift? You said nobody would know!”

The moon rune on Zegna’s forehead dimmed as he narrowed his eyes.

“How would I know that three Morning Star Warlocks, when teamed up, were as powerful as a Radiant Moon Magus...” The mysterious female voice sounded like that of a spoilt little girl.

“Are you calling me useless?” Veins surfaced on Zegna’s forehead.

“What? How could I do such a thing? You’re my student, after all!” The little girl’s voice was suddenly replaced by a mature one.

“All we have is a trade, an exchange of benefits.” Zegna was breathing heavily as he stated this fact.

“Alright, alright! I know what you want. Wayde is fighting you over the Lava World, and Leylin is challenging your might in the central continent... But all this does not matter. As long as we succeed in our plan, you can advance to Breaking Dawn and become a King! Even wiping out the entire Warlock Union would be a piece of cake, let alone just them.” Her voice was very gentle and extremely easy to be caught into it.

With the comforting words from the female voice, Zegna gathered his composure and returned to a dark secret chamber in his Magus Tower.

Passing through layers of restrictions, one would find nothing in the room except a circular fountain in the centre. A large amount of turbulent black air was boiling within it, and a few expressionless, pale human faces were floating on the surface.

“Wuuu Wuuu!”

A little white stream of air rose up, before forming into a few tall human figures that moved slowly around Zegna.

“How is it? I spent all my treasures for this, and even...” Zegna’s voice lowered.

“It’s looking good. The Pond of Lamentation configuration is almost complete, all that’s left is a few last steps...” The female voice turned a little cold.

[Beep! Reserves of the Sun’s Child bloodline imprint strengthened!]

[Beep! Host's fire elemental resistance has increased!]

Along with the timely prompts from the A.I. Chip, Leylin's mind wandered off for a bit as he stared at the sun-shaped runes on the back of his hands.

'I prepared this specially for Zegna, but he didn't even show up!' Leylin had to admit that he hadn't predicted the opponent's reaction. Zegna was a narrow-minded villain, but he had remained composed under such provocation. This was out of Leylin's expectations.

'Or maybe someone else persuaded him not to act!' Leylin stroked his chin, 'If that's the case, it must be someone holding a prestigious status in Jupiter's Lightning. Which one is it?

'Eh, it's better like this anyway. We got back all our territory, and I didn't even have to use one of my bloodline imprints...' These bloodline imprints were almost as strong as rank 6 spells. They were definitely a trump card of Leylin's, and it was best that he continued to hide them.

Also, Leylin could feel that the bloodline imprint in his skin resonated with the modified Fireplume, and they complemented each other. With the passage of time, this resonance became more and more obvious.

'Could it be that the ancient Sun's Child was related to the phoenix?' Leylin dismissed his own thought with a laugh.

“Mentor! These are all the documents related to the body tempering in the Ouroboros Clan!”

The door to the study opened, and Snoopy entered with tons of black documents and crystal ball recordings.

All the documents had been piled up on Leylin’s desk, forming a small hill.

“Mm, great job!” Leylin nodded his head in encouragement to this handy student of his. He sent him off as he started on the documents.

There were many different types of recording apparatus in the Magus World, and they came in different shapes, sizes, and materials. Books made of real paper were very scarce. In fact, Leylin had even seen a book made entirely out of bronze before, as well as books made of bone.

After all, the Ouroboros Clan was one of the top organisations in the central continent, and the very first thing Leylin had thought of after browsing through the documents was to find a way to improve his vitality.

The side effects of the massive increase in his soul force had yet to be resolved. Moreover, judging from his current health, there were very few spells and refining methods that would be of use to him.

Leylin casually flipped opened a thick dictionary-like book. On the pale yellowish page was a brightly-coloured rose, the leaves and petals seeming to tremble a bit.

“Ah...Dearest Trivish! I adore you, adore your eyes which are so pearl-like, and...”

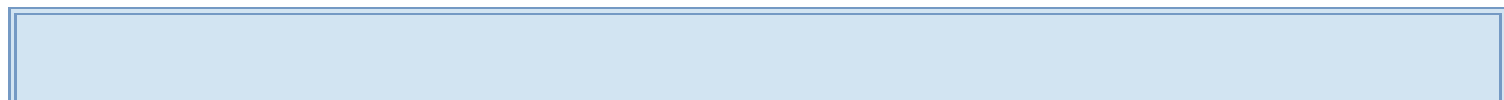
As he flipped through a huge amount of mixed content, he found what seemed to be like short lines left behind by a bored bard. The phrasing was poor and the text somewhat incoherent.

Yet, Leylin browsed through the thing without much thought. He placed his fingers on a piece of paper with raised markings on it, gently sliding across every letter. It was then that something bizarre happened.

A line of fire appeared at the part Leylin touched, and the rest of the letters started to twitch. There were even little black feet growing on them as they started to rearrange themselves.

“The following text contains information on the initial stages of the reformation of Hodo Worms. Only official Magi and above can attempt to...”

Another instructional line appeared, and the A.I. Chip sounded at the same time:



[Beep! Object letting out inductive radiation detected, based on the activity rate of the detected radiation, it can be transferred into the Host's vitality. Probability: 0.000000001%!]

Leylin closed the book, feeling rather speechless.

Such hidden techniques and methods of induction could only be created by those at rank 3 and above. Rank 1 or 2 Magi who practised this would have their vitality stimulated, and would begin to improve.

However, such a thing was way too weak for Leylin.

“Reform through Hodo Worms? There's a maximum increase of 3 vitality, and added resistance against poison!” Leylin's eyes glowed blue as he stroked his chin, “But the new look would be simply too ugly... And it's useless for me currently anyway...”

He shook his head and moved on to the next source.

With his position in the Ouroboros Clan, he could use any resources he wanted. He'd finished browsing through all the documents in a few days.

No other Magus would have been able to accomplish much after one quick browse through. They would have to spend time to understand and memorise the information. Unlike them, however,

all the information was now in Leylin's memory, never to be forgotten.

"A.I. Chip, scan through the new data and look for methods that can improve my current vitality," Leylin ordered.

Not only had he looked through all the documents about body refinement spell formations, he had also organised all the rumours and legends that related to improvements in vitality, giving it all to the A.I. Chip to analyse.

Even though he did not have much faith in the Ouroboros Clan's library, just a few clues were good enough for him.

[Beep! Search complete. Found 3 methods that suit the host.]

Along with its report, the A.I. Chip projected some information into Leylin's mind.

[1: Conversion into Adoforke. Will result in a one-time increase of 40 vitality.]

[2: Acquire the title of Virtuous Sky Sage and come in contact with the Endowing Scepter. Will assist in advancement of host's physical strength by two ranks at once.]

[3: Consume the Giant Dragon Potion together with Hades' Blood Sacrifice. Will result in an approximate increase of 10 vitality.]

These were the three methods the A.I. Chip had found, the methods most suited to Leylin himself.

Of course, they were deduced from rumours and scientific content. Leylin would have to do his own work to get all the resources required to proceed with them.

Even so, it was much better for him than for those Magi who were clueless when they encountered problems, having to try all methods one by one.

“Conversion of Adoforke? Where on earth am I going to find such an ancient spell formation for the conversion of vitality?” Leylin smiled bitterly.

“Let's leave that aside for now. As for becoming a Virtuous Sky Sage...” he muttered as he touched his chin, sinking deep into thought. The Sky Castle was under the control of the Monarch of the Skies, but it was open to all scholars. The title of Virtuous Sky Sage was an honorary title in that place.

For strictness of the Magi, those were able to get the titles, were all the masters of the scholars. Coming into contact with the Endowing Scepter would be the benefit of the entitlements. Rumours had it that it could increase Magus's physique without

any side effects.

Of course, with the help of the A.I. Chip, Leylin was quite confident in passing the tests. However, the Sky Castle was located in a Monarch's territory, and he was not sure of the attitude of the Monarch of the Skies held towards bloodline Warlocks. Hence, he wasn't confident in that plan.

“As for the last thing, the Giant Dragon Potion and Hades' Blood Sacrifice are quite simple to get. I can use a bunch of kobolds to refine some dragon blood, and I also have a spell formation for Hades' Blood Sacrifice...”

Leylin's eyes flickered with light. “The increase is a little on the low end, but it's good enough!”

He had finally realised how hard it was for Magi to advance. His vitality was already great as a Warlock, and he still faced so many difficulties in advancement. Imagine how hard it would be for Morning Star Magi?

There were probably many Magi stuck in the Morning Star realm due to a stagnation in their soul force and vitality.

“Let's do this for now. I'll prepare the Giant Dragon Potion, use it to increase my vitality, then proceed to the Sky Castle!” Leylin had made up his mind.

Chapter 584 - Giant Dragon Potion

“Leylin!” Gilbert and Emma had come over while Leylin was deep in thought. Their eyes were twinkling with joy.

“What’s this? You’ve acquired an interest in body tempering?” Emma had immediately made the connection after glancing at the mess of materials on the table.

“Mm. My soul has strengthened too much recently, and my physical body hasn’t been able to keep up.” Leylin nodded. This wasn’t any information worth hiding after all.

“Seriously,” Gilbert sat down speechlessly, “Us bloodline Warlocks have the advantage of increased vitality due to our inheritance of ancient genes. We’re ahead of Magi in this field, and normally we only have to worry about how to increase our soul force. There are practically no other people in your situation!”

Leylin’s monstrous growth rate was something Gilbert found difficult to digest.

Leylin laughed, and asked the two dukes some other questions about body tempering. However, both of them knew even less than he did, and could hardly give him any useful information.

In the end, Leylin could only ask, “How much do you know about Sky City?”

“What?!” “Don’t tell me you’re going there!?” Both Warlocks stood up in shock.

“Why? What’s the matter?” Leylin asked with a smile.

The Endowing Scepter kept in Sky City was a treasure that only Virtuous Sky Sages could come in contact with, and it had the ability to increase his physique by two levels without any side effects. To the present Leylin, that was a huge temptation.

Two levels was roughly twenty points of vitality. With the additional ten points from the Giant Dragon Potion, his vitality would grow very close to a hundred points. The remainder could be increased slowly through Fireplume or Multilimb Strength.

Therefore, if he couldn’t find other methods to substitute for it, he had to go through with this.

After a moment of silence Emma spoke. “Leylin... Even though the Monarch of the Skies hasn’t targeted Warlocks before, you know the situation with our Warlock Union...”

Due to unknown reasons, bloodline Warlocks had been rejected and were treated as enemies by the regular Magi of the central continent. They had even reached the verge of extinction. Despite the tremendous efforts of the few Radiant Moon Warlocks, most Warlocks still felt quite unsafe. This was why the Morning Star Area had come up.

If the Monarchs hadn't given the suppression of Warlocks their tacit approval, this would have been impossible.

In Emma's eyes, Leylin was an up-and-coming talent who she had high expectations for, even someone who she considered a son-in-law. She naturally wouldn't want Leylin to leave and expose himself to danger.

"Mentor Gilbert, what do you think?" Leylin could only laugh wryly inside, his eyes focusing on Gilbert.

"Let's not talk about the Monarch of the Skies. Sky City is a holy land for Magi in the central continent, and is considered the Palace of Truth. Countless top-grade masters, artisans and scholars gather there, calling it the cradle of knowledge. In terms of innovations and advancements in spells, rapid progress is made every single day!"

Gilbert scratched his bald head, recalling some fond memories from the past as his eyes shimmered.

"If you hadn't already become a Morning Star Warlock and the pillar that's propping up our Ouroboros Clan, my very first recommendation would be to go to Sky City if you intend to travel across the continent!"

"If this is the case, I'm even more interested in going there!" Leylin stroked his chin, yearning evident in his expression.

“Alright then, but you have to be extra careful. It’s best to hide your true identity.” Gilbert and Emma smiled wryly at each other. They knew Leylin well enough. He was the stubborn type, and now that he had already made his own decision, he would not change his mind easily. He just wanted to listen to their suggestions.

“I know!” Leylin crossed his arms, leaning slightly forward.

“Well then, is there any reason for you to come all the way here now?”

“Oh yes, of course! We’d even forgotten about that!” Gilbert slapped his forehead. He passed Leylin a recording crystal.

“After a month of hard fighting, we have finally regained all our territory. This is the new map we’ve drawn out.”

Leylin sent his soul force into the crystal, and immediately perceived a giant map. Different colours were used to divide the regions that belonged to the different bloodline nobles.

Compared to the previous map, there was not much of a change on the whole, but much of the nobles’ territories had been greatly modified.

Primely, the territory that belonged to the nobles under the previous First Elder’s wings had been greatly reduced, reallocated instead to the Blood Serpent Family and more significantly the Farlier Family.

‘On the whole, both the dukes’ rights and benefits remain the same as before, while I get a hold of the territory and resources that originally belonged to the First Elder?’ Leylin pondered over this in his mind, though on the surface, just nodded, “I think this is fine! Let’s go with this redistributed map!”

Only after Leylin agreed to this redistribution did Gilbert and Emma feel as if a weight had been lifted off their shoulders. After all, Leylin was far too crucial to the Ouroboros Clan, and if he was dissatisfied with the distribution and left the clan they would be in deep trouble.

Leylin laughed and shook his head as he saw both of these ‘senior’ Morning Star Warlocks in fear and trepidation before him.

“Master! I’ve captured a third batch of Kobold Warlocks, and placed them in the binding room.” Tanasha bowed to Leylin as she reported. This Magus who was currently wearing a black dress had afforded him even more respect since his advancement, She had become very cautious with her work as well. At Leylin’s command, she had captured large numbers of Kobold Warlocks in the blink of an eye.

“Mm, good job!” Leylin knew exactly what she wanted.

He laid lazily on the couch, waving his right hand slightly. A demonic dark flame formed on her forehead, leaving behind a distinct brand in the shape of a black snake.

Hss! Hss! Surrounding the snake were hazy flames. The snake looked as if it was alive, about to break through the thin membrane of skin at any moment,

“Master!” Tanasha knelt down in trepidation. She could feel terrifying power from the mark, enough to crush her into powder!

“This is my secret imprint, and is representative of me. I’ve also stored within a one-time attack from my own hands. Normal Morning Stars won’t be able to withstand it....” Leylin closed his eyes slightly as he spoke slowly. In the meanwhile, Tanasha was thrilled by his words.

“I’d once promised you at Quicksand Castle that once I was strong enough, and not afraid of retaliation, I would grant you your vengeance.” Indeed, this was the reason that Tanasha had chosen to serve under him.

“Yes, Master! It’s just that I never thought this time would come so soon...” Tanasha sounded a little unsteady. Leylin’s rate of advancement was far beyond her expectations.

“The family that you are going to take revenge on has no Morning Star. I have also talked to their backing organisation, and they won’t get in your way. You should be able to handle everything. The secret imprint I’ve left on you is your last resort!”

“Thank you, Master!” Tanasha’s choked as she sobbed, her eyes red as the memories of her being harmed and chased after came

up. It was still extremely vivid in her mind, how she'd even have to hide in the wilderness to survive.

“Go!” Leylin waved his hand, and Tanasha exited respectfully.

After exiting the Magus Tower, Tanasha felt the secret imprint on her forehead, especially the immense power within it, and her eyes glinted with strength. “How have you been, Dove? I will be back soon...”

Most would think Tanasha and this Dove were very good friends from her words, but they would be frightened upon looking at the terrifying expression on her face.

“Deeply buried hatred that hasn't dissipated over time. It's instead fermented and grown...” After Tanasha left, Leylin stood up slowly, and announced something that sounded like a prophecy.

He had a feeling that Tanasha's trip back would be accompanied by a great amount of bloodshed and pain. The misery of being forced to leave home and the experience of hiding for survival was enough to turn Tanasha into a terrifying goddess of vengeance.

But the history between them didn't matter to him. No matter what had happened, Leylin would surely side with Tanasha, and for a very simple reason. He had no relationship with the other party, whereas Tanasha was his subordinate.

Leylin had always favoured people of his own. He followed his own set of rules, and would definitely side with his own people if they were engaged in conflict with outsiders. Were Freya to fight his subordinates, for example, he would support her. But in case the two of them fell out, he would choose to protect his own benefits.

His personal benefits was in the core of his set of rules. The closer an external circle of benefits was to the centre, the more priority it received.

As for fairness? Justice? To things like that...Haha.

“Tower genie! Begin the modulation of Kobold Warlocks based on the bloodline operation sequence I had entered earlier on!”

Take now for instance. Leylin’s interests were in conflict with those of the Kobolds, so he would not hesitate to sacrifice them.

[Beep! First stage of modulation beginning, increase in activity of bloodline...]

The tower genie’s voice sounded. Meanwhile, sounds of mournful cries could be heard from the multiple cages under the Magus Tower...

After days of experiments, Leylin held a purplish red bloodline potion in a test tube, his face filled with satisfaction, “Even though there were some failures in between, the Giant Dragon Potion is finally ready!”

Chapter 585 - Vitality And Formation

Leylin had tremendous achievements in Potioneering, to the extent that he'd even surpassed the realm of Grandmasters, reaching a higher level.

Even though the Giant Dragon Potion was rare and difficult to make even during ancient times, it was only a matter of trial and error for Leylin.

Even these few failures were not due to his technique, but because experiments were prone to failure themselves.

“Since the Giant Dragon Potion is done, I can begin now!”

Leylin took a glance at the surroundings. It was a huge public square located in the Morning Star Magus Tower, created with the help of the tower genie. On the ground were complex designs and magic runes, and even vicious totem images.

Surrounding the entire spell formation were four gigantic pillars, every single stone pillar the thickness of three men combined. Above them was something like a huge hollow tunnel, it seemed to be split open by sharp weapons, full of a wild ancient aura.

[Hades' Blood Sacrifice spell formation, progress 99.9999%]

the A. I. Chip responded after scanning through.

“Hades’ spell formation, what an affinity between us!” Leylin laughed.

Hades was one of the most terrifying dark Magi of ancient myth. His level of dark magic was said to be unreachable, and rumour had it that he had even completely grasped the rules of death. He possessed eternal youth, and was full of desire for flesh and souls.

But of course, Hades was nothing more than a super powerful dark Magus in the eyes of Leylin and other Magi, and some even looked up to Hades as a motivational target and tried to surpass him.

When Leylin was trying to advance to rank 2, he had made use of the opponent’s spell formation to harvest spirits.

Of course, the current blood spell formation was a few levels higher than the one back then, it could even absorb the sacrificial offerings’ bloodlines by force in order to increase the Morning Star Magus’s vitality.

Leylin took a look at his current status:

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 4 Bloodline Warlock: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (complete form) Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 65, Spiritual Force: 956.8, Magic Power: 956 (magic power in

“I have more than enough spiritual force, but vitality is so hard to increase!” Leylin smiled wryly. This was the side effect for his sudden, huge advancements recently.

Moreover, if his vitality still could not reach 100, it would be a huge problem once the Multilimb seal was broken.

“Begin!” Leylin’s eyes shimmered with crimson light.

Crack! Crack! Under the manipulation of the tower genie, the entire square started shaking, and grieved howls could be heard from a near distance.

That was the mourning of the strengthened Kobold Warlocks. After the bloodline extraction, these creatures were being treated as waste material and processed by Leylin

Waves of a terrifying aura rose continuously within the spell formation. Once the mourning of the Kobolds weakened, the whole spell formation started to change.

The four gigantic stone pillars surrounding the square began to shake. From the tunnel up above, a huge amount of sticky liquid that was blood red in colour dripped down. Mixed in were white objects that looked like crushed bones.

The red liquid first filled the pillars to the brink, before it slowly spilled out like blood flowing in veins, causing the pillars to turn crimson.

The liquid flowed all the way down, finally reaching the runes of the spell formation.

The concentrated blood red liquid filled the runes in order. The entire process was full of a certain solemnity, and the stagnant atmosphere was stifling.

The spell formation kicked into action, and an enormous layer of crimson light shot up from the runes.

Under the attraction of the crimson light rays, the vacant void above the spell formation was broken. Light took on the form of symbols seen in sacrificial rites, as it began to radiate waves of summoning.

Awooooo...The phantom of a monstrous two-headed wolf hovered in the sky above the spell formation, howling ferociously. Greed filled its green eyes as saliva dripped down its jaws.

‘I’ve never seen such a summoning technique before, is it a summoning from a foreign world or from a different time and space?’ Leylin’s eyes flashed blue. He had ordered the A.I. Chip to record the scene down into his database for future use.

Awooooo... The two-headed wolf did not start to feast on the

pulp of flesh, bones and blood immediately. Instead, it turned to Leylin, a ferocious look in its eyes as it glared at him as if he was one of the offerings.

‘It has a certain level of intelligence? Could it be a clone of Hades?’ Leylin stroked his chin, started as he sized up this two-headed wolf. This carefree behaviour of Leylin greatly irritated the phantom as it howled and aimed to pounce onto Leylin.

Sssssii A malevolent phantom of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent, this one with crimson scales, appeared behind Leylin and bared its jaws at the wolf.

A magnificent aura emanated from the Kemoyin Serpent, causing the wolf to waver.

“The summoning of a creature from another world is indeed troublesome!” Leylin snorted, started to activate a spell.

Rumble! Eye piercing white flashes of lightning struck the phantom, causing it to howl as it lost some of its dark form.

After the lightning passed, each of the two wolf heads now had a collar on, with spikes that faced the neck.

The two-headed wolf was threatened by the spikes, and dared not rebel. It then dashed into the crimson light before starting to feast on the flesh hungrily. The formation grew silent except for the bone-chilling munching noises.

After a few minutes, the flesh and light inside the spell formation were both devoured by the two-headed wolf. It then roared to the sky, the sound waves travelling far and wide as it howled loudly.

The spell formation started to warp once more under these terrifying howls.

Starlight shone down through the Magus Tower, revealing the image of a bright moon.

Under the howls of the wolf, the moon gradually turned red before it stretched into the sides and formed the shape of a human eye.

An icy gaze swept across, causing Leylin to shudder in fear. He felt as if he had called upon a disaster and his body tensed up. 'This pressuring aura must surely belong to a high levelled Magus!'

Leylin inhaled deeply. Fortunately, the crimson eye did not fix its gaze on him. Instead, it only spared him a short glance and focused on the two-headed wolf.

An eerie scene formed as the two-headed wolf howled continuously under the gaze of the crimson moon-eye.

Pop! The sound of a bubble bursting was followed by a crisp explosive sound, and the phenomenal sights in the area disappeared without a trace.

The two-headed wolf, the full moon and the starlight suddenly seemed to be an illusion, and a tinge of purple light twirled around the spell formation.

[Conscient of greed from a foreign world has been attracted, summoning of ancient Hades phantom is complete!]

A notification from the A. I. Chip sounded, reminding Leylin that what he had seen just now was not a hallucination.

“Phew...what a weird spell formation! Hades, the king of the ancient dark Magi, is truly a powerful elite!” Leylin let out a long breath and stepped into the spell formation.

Boom The rumbling of the formation acted like a signal, and a huge amount of purple light converged on Leylin as it entered his body.

“Argh!” Leylin let out a stuffy groan and started to spasm.

After the purple light rays entered his body, they started wriggling like earthworms. This feeling was indescribable; if not for his superb vitality and great endurance, he would have passed out or even died due to the pain!

“The Giant Dragon Potion!” Leylin kept himself composed, using

the purplish red medicine which he had long since prepared in his hand.

Pow! There seemed to be a chemical reaction when the potion entered his stomach, and the amount of pain increased tenfold.

Leylin's vision turned pitch black, but he managed to persevere through it with his strong will.

[Beep! Host is undergoing Hades' sacrificial rites! Muscle fiber strengthening in process.]

[Beep! Host is absorbing quintessential materials, vitality increased.]

[Beep! Giant Dragon Potion has taken effect. Radiation is creating the best environment for absorption.]

The notifications from the A. I. Chip sounded continuously.

After the last wave of pain had passed, Leylin felt a stream of boiling heat gushing all over his body.

[Beep! Host vitality increasing, currently at 66.7! 67.5! 68.3! 69.9!]

The value showing Leylin’s vitality kept on increasing in the A. I. Chip’s database, and surpassed 70 within a split second before continuing on.

71! 72! 73! 74! 74.5!

In almost an instant, the number had rocketed up by ten. It only stopped upon reaching 74.9.

Leylin straightened his body after the effects of the potion passed, and crackling sounds rang throughout it.

[Host data changed, readjusting!]

Leylin took a look at his stats and discovered a huge change in them.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 4 Bloodline Warlock: Kemoyin’s Serpent (complete form) Strength: 50 Agility: 45 Vitality: 74.9 Spiritual Force: 956.8 Magic Power: 956(Magic power in synchronisation with spiritual force) Soul force:???)

“Hmm! Vitality had increased by 9.9 units! Pretty close to the estimated data from the A. I. Chip!” Leylin nodded in satisfaction.

Right now, he had reached a monstrous value in terms of his vitality.

Chapter 586 - Setting Off And Apprehension

Based on Leylin's understanding, vitality represented defence as well as regenerative abilities. His value of 74.9 was very close to the terrifying numbers that ancient creatures possessed.

With his current body, regular rank 1 and 2 spells could not break through his defences. Even rank 3 spells would only give him tiny injuries, and he would recover instantly. His frightening vitality gave him an equally terrifying healing ability.

After checking everything once over, Leylin nodded in satisfaction.

“With the strength of my body, even if the seal of Multilimb Strength suddenly gives way, I can still hold on for a period of time. Next, if I can gain the title of a Virtuous Sky Sage and receive the blessing from the Endowing Scepter, I'll be able to solve the issue of the repercussions from having my soul force rise too rapidly!”

Leylin had to go to Sky City no matter what.

Though that was the territory of the Monarch of the Skies, and a Warlock like him going alone could be troublesome, it was already the simplest method that the A.I. Chip could come up with.

Techniques and body tempering spell formations that could increase the vitality of Morning Stars was very rare in the central continent. On top of that, Leylin's strong foundation as a Warlock

made things more difficult.

The A.I. Chip had summed up all of Leylin's knowledge and used the Ouroboros Clan's large database to find these three methods. They were already the best out there.

However, Leylin had yet to find any clues on the transformation spell formation in Adoforke, and only knew it was in some ruins in the central continent from a legend. To him, taking the risk to explore ruins was too troublesome and dangerous.

He had already used the third method, and could not repeat it within a short period. If he tried, leave alone getting results, he would only face possible side effects.

Hence, the most reasonable choice to make was the second. He would head for Sky City and the Endowing Scepter.

Of course, Leylin was rather confident in his travels. He was a peak Morning Star and could escape with his life even if he met with a Radiant Moon Magus.

The two bloodline imprints from the bloodline of the Sun's Child gave him more than enough confidence.

Sky City was the home to the Monarch of the Skies. He did not wish for there to be a rank 6 battle at that place!

‘Besides, I haven't provoked the Monarch of the Skies at all. I just

have to be careful of Jupiter's Lightning...' Leylin stroked his chin and sank into deep thought.

A few days later, in the area surrounding Phosphorescence Swamp.

A completely black private airship that looked like a water droplet soared into the skies. In just a few minutes, it disappeared into the horizon.

Atop high towers, countless figures stared at the floating airship in a daze until it disappeared.

"Relax, Freya!" Emma patted the back of Freya's hands, looking at her lovingly, "Leylin is now comparable to a rank 5 Warlock. He'll be fine!"

"Indeed. Leylin is very powerful. We just have to do our duty here at the Ouroboros Clan," Gilbert consoled her.

"Your Graces are right!" Freya bowed slightly, the concern in her eyes still not completely gone.

After all, Leylin was going to the territory of a Monarch. What if something happened? Freya did not dare think further.

"Haha... Ever since little Freya got married, she doesn't listen to

her mentor!”

Emma grabbed Freya’s hands and began to repeat, “You don’t have to care about other things right now. What’s most important is to spread the bloodline of the Farlier Family. Leylin has a lot of secrets on him, and his Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline is the best I’ve seen... No! It’s THE best Kemoyin bloodline! If you don’t spread it, it’ll be a true waste...”

“Mentor, what are you saying?” Freya protested coquettishly, two attractive flushes of red rising in her cheeks. Yet, that had eased her worry.

Bang! The Colossal Serpent parted the clouds and shook off the winds, breaking through the troposphere and reaching a higher part of the sky.

One could see intense sunlight shining down through the glass windows. Below was a seemingly boundless white sea of clouds, the scenery incomparably beautiful.

The private airship was very quick, but it was not obvious from the scenery which seemed to be still.

After he finished setting up the automatic navigation system, Leylin sat alone on the sofa with red wine in his hands as he watched the scenery on both sides through the windows. He looked on absentmindedly.

A long while later, he sighed. “I’m not treating Freya well!”

Ever since Leylin had returned from the Lava World, he had extremely busy with reclaiming territory and contacting other bloodline organisations. He had basically given Freya the cold shoulder.

Now, he was going on a solo journey to Sky City. Though Freya had been strong and not displayed it, Leylin could feel her worry as she sent him off.

Whatever it was, Leylin would definitely not bring her along. He was going to take a risk here, and this was no holiday. If he were alone, it would be easier to escape, but if he had someone else around, things would get difficult.

‘I’ll make it up to her in the future!’ Thinking this through, Leylin focused on other things.

“A.I. Chip, how much longer till I reach Sky City?”

[Beep! Based on the speed of Giant Serpent, estimated time of arrival: 45 days, 13 hours, 46 minutes, 19 seconds!]

The A.I. Chip loyally intoned.

“That’s really quite far. If not for me having my personal airship, it might have been even more troublesome!”

Leylin was speechless. If it required such a long time with the speed of his personal airship, it was quite obvious how vast the central continent was.

‘This is a great time to meditate! Besides, there are still some more improvements to be made to the fusion of the Fireplume and Kemoyin’s Pupil...’

Leylin sunk deep into thought, eyes glowing a blue that was indicative of the workings of the A.I. Chip. Numbers, letters and runes from different worlds were processed by the A.I. Chip. The A.I. Chip operated continuously, calculating and deducing information, forming a wondrous cycle of numbers...

Within a hidden Magus Tower.

This was a Magus Tower constructed by a Radiant Moon, filled with black thunder and lightning. It gave off a dark atmosphere that would cause one’s heart to palpitate. These flashes of lightning constantly flickered around, causing the Magi walking along the passageway to break out in cold sweat.

“The feeling of this area really gives me the chills...” The Morning Star who spoke was one of Jupiter’s Lightning.

After the incident during the Holy Solar Festival, Wayde had brought along a group of high-ranked Warlocks to attack them. The Mobius Organisation lost time and time again in the Lava World, and quite a few Morning Stars were either killed or heavily injured. This led to a lack of manpower in Jupiter's Lightning.

At such a critical time, the leader of Jupiter's Lightning, the great Radiant Moon Magus Zegna, had suddenly announced he was going to seclude himself in meditation, which had given rise to protests and confusion. Of course, that was only in the hearts of his subordinates. Those that would dare oppose Zegna overtly had been turned to ashes hundreds of years ago.

Passing through the alley, the Morning Star Magus arrived at a bronze door. The uneasiness he felt had reached its peak.

"Your Highness, this is Loki seeking an audience!" he transmitted after a momentary silence.

"Come in!" Zegna's voice was heard. It was the same old voice, but there was something oddly jarring about it.

While wondering about it on the inside, Loki showed the utmost respect as he bowed and entered.

Behind the large brass door was a giant secret room. The walls were full of binding and summoning runes, as well energy isolation spell patterns.

At the heart of the room was a large pool where streams of black gas surged, producing bubbling sounds.

Zegna stood by the pool, clad in black and gold. His eyes were fixed on the current of the black gas.

“Your Highness!” Loki bowed, watching the pool with some curiosity. This was what had caused his uneasiness!

Yet, he would not dare to ask Zegna about it. He did not even have the guts to probe it with his soul force.

“What is it? You even used the emergency communicator to contact me.” Zegna’s hands were behind his back, but Loki knew that this meant His Highness was beginning to be enraged. If his next words were unsatisfactory, he would be in trouble.

“Your Highness had put me in charge of information about the Ouroboros Clan, and in particular the Warlock named Farlier. I’ve acquired some intelligence!”

Zegna was paying close attention to Leylin, and hence he turned back to stare at Loki. “Speak!”

“Leylin of the Ouroboros Clan left Phosphorescence Swamp yesterday. His destination is most likely Sky City!” Loki hastily reported, but strangely enough, Zegna merely listened quietly and did not do anything special.

“Your Highness?” Loki raised his head and saw the dazed look on Zegna’s face. There were a few distorted spirit bodies hovering around him, pale, crooked palms grabbing at his collar.

Loki felt his heart lurch, but after sneaking another glance at Zegna, everything seemed like it had been an illusion.

This discovery had him sink deeper into fear.

“Your Highness, do you need me...” Loki asked as he tried to sound out.

“I’m conducting an exceptionally important spirit body experiment. I’ll take care of Leylin myself. Don’t bother with it anymore!” Zegna answered coldly.

“Yes, sir!” Loki bowed once more and left. Only after leaving the Magus Tower did he let out a long sigh. He felt like his entire top half was drenched in sweat.

His Highness, who had always been very enthusiastic about destroying the Ouroboros Clan, had been reduced to this state. The scene just then even had Loki in shock.

“Could that just now have been...”

Chapter 587 - Conjectures And Arrival

Within the Magus Tower's secret room, at the side of the Pond of Lamentation. The silent Zegna was in a daze, only turning back after he left and lifting up the sleeve on his right arm.

On his right arm, crests and troughs formed on what should've been smooth skin, taking on the shape of a mysterious female face.

“What should we do about the Ouroboros Clan?” Zegna asked.

Two cracks opened in the skin, rolling apart to form a vivid pair of eyes. “You are now at the advanced stage of the transformation. Your main body will probably not be able to...” the mysterious woman's voice sounded.

“You mean we should let go of this opportunity?” Zegna raised his eyebrows.

“No! We...” The woman's voice grew softer and was quickly concealed by the waves of water in the black pool.

Above the troposphere. The large amounts of white clouds gathered to form a boundless white sea.

A black streaking was soaring through this see, a private airship with a smooth structure. Currently on its surface was a faint layer

of defence, allowing the interior to be silent.

Leylin sat cross-legged on a platform in the bedroom, a phantom Kemoyin Serpent slowly taking form behind him. Light flickered on the phantom causing it to seem illusory, and it looked more regal as fine red stripes appeared on it.

Meditation was something Leylin did every day. Even though he'd already reached the peak of Morning Star, he would not set this task aside.

After he absorbed a large amount of darkness and fire elemental particles, the phantom behind him shrunk down and entered his body.

Whoosh! Leylin's eyes opened, and it seemed like large amounts of lightning streaked past the room.

"Mm. With the A.I. Chip's optimisation, the fusion between Fireplume and Kemoyin's Pupil is now half a fold more effective than before!" This was the most precise number he could come up with through his own personal experiments.

Having a top-grade meditation technique such as the Wing of the Sun for reference, Leylin knew fully well that other than not having enough levels, Kemoyin's Pupil was rather similar to a top-grade meditation technique.

At this thought, Leylin could not help but focus on the A.I. Chip,

“How is the progress on the fifth level of Kemoyin’s Pupil?”

[Beep! 76.5% completed! The remaining path is being optimised.]

The A.I. Chip’s robotic voice intoned loyally.

“It seems like the fifth level will be completed soon.” A hint of glee appeared on Leylin’s expression.

The bloodline shackles had ensured that no Kemoyin Warlock had ever broken past the Morning Star realm. Hence, Kemoyin’s Pupil which was specialised for his bloodline only had four levels to it.

This was a type of bloodline shackle. The meditation technique itself would hinder a Kemoyin Warlock from breaking through!

Now, Leylin could hope to destroy these shackles! The meditation technique may be just one part of them, but it had a hole in the bloodline shackles. Now, all he had to do was pry it open.

Leylin believed that, one day, he would manage to break through these shackles as long as he persevered.

‘Meditation techniques are only one tiny aspect of the Warlocks’

bloodline shackles. The fundamental issue is still the bloodline, as well as restrictions on the spirit...' At this thought, Leylin turned gloomy. Though he was confident in his future, that did not mean he thought the troubles ahead of him were easy to deal with.

'The limit of a Giant Kemoyin Serpent is rank 4. I, who have fused with its blood and soul, am now bound to rank 4 as well.' The limits imposed by a bloodline would extend to the soul once one reached the Morning Star realm. This was the true issue of the bloodline shackles.

The soul was just too complicated. Even Morning Stars could only graze the surface in researching it.

'How do I break through the restrictions on the soul?' Leylin touched his chin, 'Do I have to begin experimentation on synthesising and altering bloodlines?'

Leylin, equipped with large amounts of information from the ancient Quicksand Organisation, was no stranger to all this. He also had much experience under his belt.

Leylin was perhaps the only one in the central continent in altering Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline or form a new one!

'However, artificially-constructed bloodlines always have defects. They are less lively in comparison to those that have gone through the order of survival of the fittest, shaped by nature and history.'

This was the disadvantage of artificially-made products. The only other option was if Leylin was willing to expend much time and wait, allowing the formed bloodline to grow in nature for up to several tens of generations and slowly ripen. However, the amount of time required far exceeded Leylin's lifespan.

Besides, though altering bloodlines could result in the creation of more powerful types of bloodlines, the chances of failure were equally high. Leylin was not going to gamble on his future.

Hence, this very attractive train of thought lingered in Leylin's mind but was eventually abandoned.

"If this doesn't work, I can only rely on the plan the ancient Wisdom Tree came up with! It's a pity... At my level, I can't use it yet..." A deep wrinkle appeared on Leylin's forehead.

In terms of just intelligence and knowledge, it was impossible for him to measure up to the Wisdom Tree which had lived since time immemorial. He knew that its suggestion was definitely viable.

The A.I. Chip had also performed many simulations and verified its feasibility.

It was a pity that these plans were still far away for Leylin. His current strength was insufficient for him to carry them out.

"Besides, the method it gave me can take care of this issue once and for all. If I use it now, the effects definitely won't be as good as

me employing it in the future! I must use it as a trump card, because this might be the only thing I can count on when I meet the Snake Dowager!”

Leylin’s eyes glinted. “Perhaps... My ideas were wrong from the start. Rather than finding other forces to contaminate the bloodline, I should focus on developing my own bloodline. I might even get some results from that!”

Leylin made up his mind.

[Beep! Reached vicinity of Sky City! Arrival in 1h, 24min, 13s.]

the A.I. Chip prompted.

“Hm? A month has already passed?” Leylin was puzzled, but then looked through the time records the A.I. Chip had created and could not help but burst out in laughter as he shook his head, “I’ve long since heard that high-ranked Magi have experiments that go on for years or even decades. When they come out, nothing will seem to have changed but that would be untrue. I never expected to find myself in this situation. Just meditating a few times and going through a few conjectures and proofs on experiments had time passing so quickly...”

To outsiders, Magi possessed great strength as well as an enviably long life. Even rank 1 and 2 Magi could live for hundreds of years, which seemed endless.

However, Leylin knew that their time was short, much too short. Besides meditating, they had to conduct experiments and embark on explorations. Each incident of these could take up decades, even centuries! Hence, even after reaching rank 4 and acquiring a lifespan of over a thousand years, he still felt that there wasn't enough time.

‘This is why so many Magi transform into undeads or become spirit bodies. However, that's merely struggling at death's door. The body cannot do anything about the death of its soul, and there will be huge side effects, even going so far as the degeneration of their intelligence.’

Leylin could not help but shiver at that thought. Even if he was at the end of his lifespan anyway, he would not choose to use this method. While he could live for a longer period of time, the price to pay for that would be becoming slow-witted, a fool or lunatic. He would rather return to the astral plane with a clear mind.

Buzz! At this moment, the Colossal Serpent began to tilt upwards.

‘Am I finally there? Sky City, the holy land of the Magi of the central continent, said to be the cradle of truth and knowledge!’ Anticipation glinted in Leylin's eyes as he walked to the deck of the airship.

The great wind and atmospheric pressure did not affect the defence of the Colossal Serpent at all. Leylin, who was inside, felt nothing.

At this moment, the head of the airship tilted further, climbing upwards rapidly.

From the troposphere where the weather was peaceful, he had broken through the stratosphere, arriving even higher than that.

[Beep! Air pressure around host has dropped, oxygen supply dwindling.]

The A.I. Chip prompted.

“Hehe, not yet!” Leylin shook his head, and the Colossal Serpent became a flaming arrow as it began to shoot up almost vertically.

[80 km altitude. 200 km. 500 km!]

The A.I. Chip rapidly refreshed its prompts.

“If I was in another world, I’d probably have broken through the warm layer and arrived above the ionosphere, right?”

Leylin looked at the A.I. Chip curiously. He noticed that besides the strange reduction in temperature and a change in the

behaviour of ions, there were no other changes.

“No!” Leylin looked up. He did not see a universe, but just the sky from before. However, the sunlight seemed more vast and dazzling.

“The Magus World it just a world amongst many others. It naturally can’t be the same as in my previous world!” Leylin seemed to mock himself as he laughed.

At this moment, dark clouds appeared above the Colossal Serpent, as if shrouding the whole sky.

When he got closer, he realised that these gigantic dark clouds even had lightning snakes within, thunder booming constantly inside.

“The thunder layer of Akev! Sky City’s first line of defence!”

Leylin chuckled, piloting the Colossal Serpent and charging straight in.

Whoosh! The lightning seemed to be enraged and struck downwards suddenly!

Chapter 588 - Floating City

The multiple bolts of lightning twined together, converging into a giant lightning serpent. There even seemed to be a hologram behind it, as it faced the unwanted guest that had just entered its lightning zone.

Bzz Bzz! Sparks flew madly on the surface of the Colossal Serpent, and the original defensive layer began to deform, seemingly unable to endure further.

“Emergency alert? The strength of each lightning bolt is above 300 degrees?” Leylin touched his chin.

An attack strength of 300 degrees was rare even amongst rank 3 Magi. Even Crystal Phase Magi would find it difficult to take on the combination of the lightning storm and the atmosphere.

Other than Morning Star Magi, perhaps only a fleet of tens of rank 3 Magi could gain entry using the airship’s defences augmented by a continuous supply of magic crystals and potions.

This had caused tickets into Sky City to become immensely expensive, enough to make official Magi go broke.

‘If not for caring little for this meagre source of income, Morning Star Magi could earn quite a lot of money if they took charge of these airships!’ Leylin thought indifferently.

Of course, Morning Star Magi were exceedingly rich and cared little for such a meagre profit. In addition, their arrogance would not allow them to do something like this.

Leylin was not staying idle right now. A terrifying soul force emanated from this body, wrapping the Colossal Serpent within it.

Buzz! With the support of soul force, the Colossal Serpent's defensive membrane immediately stabilised and was now reinforced with another thick layer. It was now like a solid black crystal.

The deck of the Colossal Serpent, that had been shuddering all this while, was now as solid as a mountain.

That was not all. Tiny black flames clung to the energy defence. The lightning could not even reach the Colossal Serpent itself and was instead absorbed by these flames. In fact, the Colossal Serpent's energy reserves grew rapidly.

The black flames seemed to form a pathway in the air, not allowing any lightning to strike in its path.

The Colossal Serpent was then free to move as it liked, the lightning no longer daring to attack.

"Oh?" Leylin scanned an area and chuckled. The Colossal Serpent turned into a black streak as he quickly left.

“Hah...” A long while after the Colossal Serpent disappeared, the clouds dissipated to reveal an elemental sprite whose lower body was covered by a spiral of unlimited lightning elemental particles.

“What a terrifying human!” Only now did it dare mutter to itself, a tremble in its voice, “He’d long since found me! Just his gaze alone was paralyzing... Even the earlier Morning Stars haven’t given me this feeling, could he be a great Radiant Moon Magus?”

This lightning elemental sprite with a body of lightning energy particles shuddered as it looked in the direction Leylin had departed, eyes full of fear...

Boom! The black clouds parted as a similarly black streak flew across the skies, with black flames trailing behind as it left a magnificent path in the air.

“Hah... So this is Sky City, the airborne holy land of the Magi!” Leylin observed a large floating city from the deck in amazement.

This city was constructed on a hemispherical island. The city itself was massive, glowing with light from all types of spells. Once in a while, a few ant-like black dots would move in the distance horizon. With Leylin’s sight, he could tell that they were no ants, but magic airships that were bigger than even the most gigantic cruises in his previous world.

In comparison to the floating city, these large airships appeared to be tiny.

“And to think I still knew that Sky City was afloat. Pictures and words can’t describe the mind-blowing nature of this view.” As the Colossal Serpent approached it, the city seemed to grow even larger. A faint golden light rose from the heart of the city, seeming to create a holy radiance in the sky.

“Peace and harmony! What a beautiful city!” Even Leylin could not help but sing its praises right now.

[Beep! The Colossal Serpent has received a communication request.]

the A.I. Chip sounded. The floating city had obviously discovered the communication devices on Leylin’s personal airship.

‘As expected of something from the Fallor Family, they’d tampered with the airship!’ Leylin’s eyes flashed coldly. While he had known of this, he had allowed it because it made communications easier, which did not go past his bottom line.

Leylin had intentionally used the Colossal Serpent to come here. If he were to sneak in alone, who would discover him?

Through the communications channel, a polite and humble voice was heard. “Airship number DKGW1394! Distinguished Duke Farlier, welcome to Sky City! Please follow our guiding airship and park at the private port we’ve allocated!”

“Mm!” Leylin agreed, and the Colossal Serpent began to slow down while following the mentioned route before it stopped.

Meanwhile, in the command room somewhere in Sky City, things were in chaos!

“Morning Star undulations detected! Determined to be at Four Stars!”

“No issues with the Colossal Serpent. Kemoyin Duke Farlier is confirmed to be inside.” Information was flashed through red warning lights and many staff members gaped at the gigantic airship. The figures working the deck felt faint.

“A Morning Star has come to visit us. Why were we not notified earlier?” A burly middle-aged man shouted as he barged in after bursting through the door. He looked panicked as he snarled, “Do you know who he is? He’s the most powerful Kemoyin Warlock in history, the one who killed Demon Hunter Cyril. It’s Duke Leylin Farlier! If this kind of person flares up at us for how we receive him, we’re finished!”

Immediately after, he looked at the red warning alarm and couldn’t help but hold his head in his hands, feeling the desire to end his life there and then. “Four Star undulations? The upper-tier of Morning Star? Gods, just let me die!”

Morning Star Magi were a rarity in the central continent, and there were naturally no clear methods of classifying them. They were normally classified based on their reputation and battle

achievements among others.

As the holy land of Magi, Sky City was the most advanced research centre in the central continent. It had independently come up with a standard to measure the strength of a Morning Star.

They had divided Morning Stars into five levels represented by five Stars, with a One Star Magus being the weakest. A grade of Four Stars was already at the upper tier of Morning Stars, while Five Stars was the peak!

Of course, since Leylin had intentionally hidden some of his strength, their detection was not accurate.

However, even Four Stars was already terrifying. Most of the Morning Stars were around One to Three Stars. Morning Stars at Four Stars or above were absolutely powerful, and even Radiant Moons would be apprehensive when up against them.

Sky City might be called the holy land of Magi, but there were few Morning Stars of this calibre among their ranks.

People like them in charge of the ports could not afford to offend him. Even if they were exposed to the radiations on his body, there would be massive casualties here!

“We’ve already sent out the signal and requested that he stop at the personal dock. He’s accepted our guidance airship, and is

probably here with kind intentions...”

A golden-haired young man produced a handkerchief and wiped away the cold sweat on his forehead. “What we need to do now is to report this news to the Sage Committee, and then all of us should welcome him!”

“Oh, yes, yes! You’re right. Quick, report it in!” While the Sage Committee which controlled Sky City had their own methods of detection, as their subordinates, they had to do their utmost as well.

The burly man from before looked like he had just woken up as he snarled, “What are you standing there like that for? Report it in, and follow me to welcome him!”

“No need for that.” A white-gold flash appeared in the control room.

“Lord Boffel!” The staff of the control room immediately bowed to the man.

“He comes with good intentions and doesn’t want to act ostentatiously. I’ll see to him myself. Go back to your posts and forget about this!” The white-gold light spoke and diverged into many rays of light.

“Good, good! With our Morning Star taking over, anything that happens next isn’t our problem!” The burly man sighed, hands

behind his back as he left the control room.

The other members in the control room looked relieved as they sat back down. The young man who had reported this earlier continued to work diligently, concealing the envy and feverish look in his eyes.

Boom! The Colossal Serpent steadily descended atop a lawn with a large rune on it, not flipping up any dust.

“Is it Lord Leylin? Welcome!” Due to the urgent message just now, there was no staff member around. A young man with platinum hair and wings of light similar to the wings of angels stood under the elevating platform of the airship.

“I am Leylin Farlier. You are...?” The door opened and Leylin walked out, looking friendly.

Though Gilbert had suggested that he sneak in and conceal his identity, Leylin wanted the title of a Virtuous Sky Sage in Sky City, and he would need to make contact with the Endowing Scepter. He would definitely be interrogated thoroughly and would even attract the attention of the Monarch of the Skies. How could he conceal himself?

Hence, Leylin had chosen to step forward without any tricks. The title of a Virtuous Sky Sage from Sky City was an honour open to all Magi of the central continent, and large numbers of scholars would be attracted here. It was not shameful in any way that he wanted to obtain this.

Chapter 589 - Lightwing

The title of Virtuous Sky Sage was an honour given by Sky City to top scholars. As long as Magi had achievements in academics and were acknowledged by the Sage Committee, they could be awarded this title.

Not only was it an honour to become a Sage, there were benefits to it as well. Not only could they gain a bonus of two levels to their vitality from the Endowing Scepter, they also had the opportunity to join Sky City themselves. Even if they did not enter, the Monarch of the Skies would still protect them, and they would be able to move around the central continent without obstruction.

Hence, whether it was for the fame, the benefits, or just to make up for their weaknesses in academics, large numbers of scholarly Magi came here every year, which allowed Sky City to gain the good reputation of being the cradle of truth.

Even if he couldn't pass, just gaining the favour of the Monarch of the Skies and being baptised by the Endowing Scepter once was no big issue.

Leylin was now feeling very confident. The gift he had prepared would surely move rank 6 Breaking Dawn Magi!

How could the coordinates of another world not be enough? He'd never promised Wayne not to give away the coordinates of the Lava World to a third party anyway.

It was attractive enough that the Monarch of the Skies could make an exception.

He was just unsure if Wayde and Zegna would cough up blood after finding out about this.

Which Magus would not take the secret of a world's coordinates to their grave? Only a freak like Leylin would actively go around, using it as a gift and giving it to others.

“Boffel!” The person who had arrived announced his name.

As he began to judge the Magus opposite him, the first word that came to Boffel's mind was ‘Young’! Whether it was his handsome face or the surging life force, everything gave him a sense of youth.

“Based on the rumours, Lord Leylin should be less than three hundred, yes? You've already become a Morning Star and gained such a huge reputation!”

Boffel observed this genius Warlock. He wore gilded robes and gloves. His eyes were full of warmth and his smile was like the sunshine. With the crescent dangling from his earlobe, his handsome face was the type that young, teenaged girls or even female Magi would go crazy over.

“So it's Lord Boffel!” Leylin looked at this person who seemed very similar to an angel, and had no idea how to react. However, the Morning Star radiation from his body was something that

could not be imitated.

The Monarch of the Skies held control of various organisations across the continent, and had quite a few Radiant Moons under his wing. Obviously, the Morning Stars subordinate to him were much larger in number. Boffel here was one of them.

Official Magi could make modifications to their own bodies. By the time a Magus reached Morning Star, they were almost guaranteed to have something strange on their bodies. Presently, Leylin could not tell if the other party's shining wings were due to his bloodline or some sort of spell. The only way to confirm would be to run tests on him.

“Are you here as a representative of the Ouroboros Clan, my Lord? What is it that you require?” Boffel asked after the greetings. This was a question that had been weighing on his mind for a while. He had heard of the Ouroboros Clan's recent activities, as well as of their conflict with Jupiter's Lightning. It was unlikely that Leylin would come out at such a crucial time for a holiday.

“Mm! I heard that the appraisal for Virtuous Sky Sages is about to begin. I've come bearing the truth!” Leylin did not conceal his motives.

“Appraisal?!” Boffel was dumbstruck. Never could he have expected that Leylin would actually be interested in this,

The title of Virtuous Sky Sage was only something that made it more convenient for scholars to travel across the continent.

However, Leylin was already at Morning Star. Which organisation would not give him face?

Benefits, honour and the like were as fleeting as cobwebs to Morning Star Magi. Perhaps the only thing they would regard with importance would be the baptism of the Endowing Scepter for them, the only thing that they regarded as important would be the baptising through the Adept Scepter.

An increase of almost 20 points in vitality was very attractive even to Morning Stars.

“The Sage Appraisal is a public selection of Magi throughout the central continent. Am I not qualified?” Leylin asked with a smile.

“Of course you are! Lord Leylin’s presence is sure to make the appraisal more exciting than usual!” Boffel answered without any hesitation.

The Sage Appraisal had long since gained a reputation for its independence of factions and status. It held the unanimous approval of all of the central continent’s Magi, which was how it had become a holy land in the first place. It took in fresh blood all the time, and Boffel would be a fool to refuse Leylin.

“Hehe... In that case, please follow me to the temporary villa we’ve prepared for you. You can organise the thesis that you wish to present as well as your experiments, and wait for the appraisal to begin!”

Boffel's invitation was enthusiastic. Though they were few in number, Morning Stars were known to attend the Sage Appraisal, and Sky City had its own policy on dealing with this.

In general, as long as the Magi who came forward did not break laws and had no restrictions placed on themselves, they could do as they wished and would need to be received warmly.

“Many thanks!” Leylin did not reject Boffel's invitation.

No matter where he went, he would be monitored anyway. He could just move into the place that had been specified, and he would be treated well too.

“My Lord!” A maid wearing a pure white silk gown was respectfully holding a towel and other items, waiting for Leylin's summon.

“This is a pretty good place!” Leylin had on a loose white robe and was half reclining on a chair made of jade and stone. Within arm's reach were fine food and good liquor.

He was now inside a gigantic white villa. The whole place seemed to be made entirely out of white marble, resulting in an aura of refined elegance. Three fountains were placed next to Leylin, spurting out fragrant spring water.

Outside was a flowering garden with a lawn. The lands of the

villa were very expansive, and in Sky City where every inch of land was extremely valuable, this was practically unbelievable.

Of course, special privileges and preferential treatment were inevitable and only rightful when it came to Morning Stars.

After bringing him to this area and instructing the staff inside to take care of him, Boffel left in a hurry, probably to report to his superiors.

Hierarchy was etched deep into the minds of the people in the Magus World. Even if Leylin displayed his incredible battle might and terrifying talent, the one receiving him was merely a Morning Star.

The real ruler of Sky City, his Majesty, the Monarch of the Skies, was still acting behind the scenes alongside with the other Radiant Moon.

“You are a Lightwing?” Leylin couldn’t help but ask after seeing the white feathers behind this maid’s back.

“Yes, my lord!” This maid was rather tall and slender. Her legs and body were perfectly proportionate, resulting in a smooth curve.

The Lightwings were one of the winged races. They had an exceptional sensitivity to light elemental energy particles, and usually had very good results when training in light-type high-

grade meditation techniques.

She seemed to be using a three level meditation technique.

Of course, if she were of Boffel's level of strength, Leylin would be unable to identify her bloodline and specific meditation technique, as they were both at the Morning Star realm.

"What's your name?" Leylin took a towel from the other party and wiped his hands as he asked in curiosity.

"Yuro, my lord!" The Lightwing maid spoke as if in a hurry. Leylin's presence just put too much pressure on her, even if he intentionally withheld his energy undulations.

"Accompany me outside." Since he had come to the place called the cradle of truth, how could Leylin miss a chance to go out? Besides, he had come as a guest. Boffel would be stupid to dare restrict his freedom.

However, he was currently in someone else's territory. With Boffel being backed by the Monarch of the Skies, Leylin had to give him some face and bring the maid along.

"Al-Alright!" Yuro lowered her head deeply. As a maid of this villa, she obviously knew her duties.

"Let's go!" Leylin stretched before taking the lead.

“Do you know where the Great Library is?” Leylin was most interested in this place. The information in his A.I. Chip only came from the Ouroboros Clan and what he’d gathered himself during his travels. Compared to the entirety of the central continent, that was like a drop in the ocean.

The Sky City, however, was different. Not only was it the territory of the Monarch of the Skies, it was also the holy land of knowledge, the academic center of the entire central continent.

The knowledge they had accumulated was bound to be at a terrifying level. How much would the A.I. Chip grow after he acquired all of it?

Knowledge was power among Magi. This was no longer just a maxim, and had instead become a fundamental truth.

“The Great Library is beside the Sky Plaza. Would you like to go there, my Lord?” Yuro asked in a low voice. As she raised her head, Leylin’s near devilish handsomeness warmed her face.

“Of course! I’ve long since been interested in the largest library in the entire central continent!” There was a hint of worship in Leylin’s tone. There was a thirst and worship of knowledge specific only to those who were keen to learn the truth.

“Understood, my Lord. Please come with me!” Yuro began to lead the way.

Her long, soft hair came loose, occasionally floating above the feathered wings on her back, as it it were sitting on a gentle breeze.

Leylin rubbed his nose and followed with a laugh.

After heading out of the residential area, the shadows of conical buildings were seen as the buildings covered the glaring sun in the sky. There were plants growing beside the spotless streets. The bustling streams of people travelled back and forth, making Leylin feel like he had returned to his previous world.

Chapter 590 - Genius

Seeing some of these structures, Leylin suddenly understood a fact. 'Sky City occupies a small region of land, but it has a burgeoning population. It's obvious that every bit of land here is expensive. The villa that I was allotted to was probably in the wealthiest region. In this place, nobody below the Morning Star realm can have such a luxury...'

There were streams of people on the streets, and practically all the different races in the central continent could be seen here. The Magi here possessed scholarly auras and were dressed in luxurious clothing, treating the others with respect.

'Through the influence of civilisation, the behaviours of the residents of the city have evolved...' Leylin exhaled deeply. Only a place like Sky City which was under the protection of a Monarch could display such a moving scene.

As Leylin had withdrawn his aura, he now seemed like the most ordinary of low-ranked Magi bringing his maid out as he took a stroll. He did not attract any attention.

As he was walking, he saw many Lightwings like Yuro. Quite a few were dressed like servants, following behind Magi. This made him observe Yuro herself, and he found her to be lacking.

Lights flashed in Leylin's mind. Yuro's talent was nothing in Sky City, and if she truly wanted to stay here she would need to rely on the Magi. Her best option was to become a servant.

Of course, those who were already considered excellent amongst the Lightwings obtained a higher status. However, no matter how much status they had, they could only remain as subordinates in front of their owners. This was rather uncomfortable, and feeling sorrow for their own kind living this way was understandable.

Boom! There was a sudden explosion in the streets, and the place immediately turned chaotic.

“Hm?” Leylin moved several steps backwards without leaving behind any marks, and Yuro grew nervous as she looked around them.

‘This intense energy wasn’t targeting me, it seems to be a coincidence.’ Leylin thought. He had stepped backwards in order to avoid trouble and waved his hands to get the nervous Yuro to back down. He then turned his attention to the scene.

A group of white-robed Magi with jewelled crowns on their foreheads and curved blades in hand were in a fight with another group of Magi.

‘These energy undulations... They are at rank 3, but they possess a frightening vitality. Not bad!’ Leylin easily saw through the veil that the Magi had cast upon themselves.

The white-robed Magi had astoundingly high vitality. This was especially true of their leader, his curved blade launching terrifying glints of light as it forced the dark Magi opposite them to

withdraw.

Leylin was rather interested in gaining information about tempering the body.

“Do conflicts like this happen often here?” Leylin shot a glance at Yuro.

Yuro shook her head, “No! I’ve been here for decades, and this is only the fourth time such a thing is happening! The Sage Committee will react soon enough!”

“They’re already there.” Leylin looked towards the sky, a smile on his face.

Rumble! Platinum flames flickered, forming a clump of light from which a Magus in platinum robes stepped forth. He looked extremely young, even childlike. However, the moment he arrived, a frightening energy swept across the area.

Thud! The two groups of Magi who were in a tussle were immediately blown backwards. The leader fell to his knees as his bones exploded under a suppressive force. Finally, he collapsed to the ground like a giant toad.

Morning Star domain! This little imp was actually a Morning Star Magus! And what’s more, Sky City’s first reaction to such an issue was to send a Morning Star to suppress it!

Swish! In the meanwhile, even more Magi dressed in Sky City's uniform had rushed to the scene. None of them was below the Hydro Phase in terms of power, and all of them had a hardened, bloody aura and indifferent expression.

With the suppression from a Morning Star as well as the arrival of a large group of elites, the two groups were immediately restrained. Even their seas of consciousness were bound as they were escorted away. Their heads hung low.

‘Hehe! As expected of Sky City. Their strength is so great that they can send out such elite forces quite casually.’ Leylin envied them.

Yuro misunderstood his gaze. Seeing this lord watching the direction in which these Magi were taken, she thought he might be wondering how they would be taken care of.

“They’re done for. Since they dared create trouble in Sky City, people from both ends will be punished. At the very least they’ll be expelled, and they might even be forced into labour...” she explained to Leylin in a low voice.

“Mm! Who are they?” Leylin was not really interested in the state they would end up in. What he was more concerned about was the body-tempering spells that the Magi had used.

Though it was merely a quick glance, Leylin could tell that their body-tempering methods were complete. If there was information for Morning Stars, then it would definitely be able to affect him to

a certain extent.

“I don’t know, but based on their attire, they should be people from the Northern Desert!” Yuro answered.

Suddenly, she felt a chill in her body and looked around, realising something had changed.

Under the domain of a Morning Star, be it the Magi or the residents, they were all lying on the ground, too afraid to move. Actually, they couldn’t move at all, and yet she was standing as if nothing had happened. She and Leylin seemed extremely out of place in this scene.

‘Is this my Lord’s strength? After all, he’s a Morning Star as well!’

The Magus floating in mid-air discovered this strange situation quickly. With a flash of platinum flames, the childish Morning Star appeared in front of Leylin.

“I never expected to see a Lord here!” Upon seeing Leylin, the arrogance on his expression was moderated.

When the young man turned and saw Yuro, recognition dawned in his eyes. “I remember you! You’re a maid in Boffel’s villa!”

“Yes, Lord Weyers!” Yuro knelt respectfully, making introductions “This is an important guest of Lord Boffel’s— Lord

Leylin Farlier of the Ouroboros Clan!”

“So it’s you! The strongest Kemoyin Warlock, someone who killed Demon Hunter Cyril right after advancing to Morning Star.”

Leylin could do little about this. As there was no obvious method of classifying Morning Stars, their reputation and achievements in battle had become their distinguishing characteristics.

And what he was currently famous for was killing Demon Hunter Cyril. As for the title of strongest Kemoyin Warlock in history, he had no idea how that had come about. It left him speechless.

“Lord Weyers became a Morning Star even before reaching a hundred years of age. Even in the entire history of the continent, he’s among the top hundreds!”

“Before reaching a hundred?” Leylin nodded in understanding.

When someone advanced to become a Magus, they would permanently keep their original appearance. This fellow must have become an official Magus extremely early, and the following advances had helped him retain his looks. This was why he appeared this juvenile.

‘It looks like he probably became an official Magus at eight to nine years old. What a demonic genius!’ Leylin’s pupils shrank.

When he was eight to nine years old, he probably didn’t even

know what a Magus was.

‘To reach that level, one needs an astonishing aptitude, but that is not enough. There also need to be top-grade meditation techniques and expansive resources, as well as the mentorship of famous teachers. It looks like this Weyers has a great backing.’

Even as he wondered about such things inside, Leylin feigned shock. “Lord Weyers is a rare genius in the continent! Morning Stars like us can only blush with shame...”

Words of flattery were free of charge, and he specifically picked out the nicest words. As expected, a look of pride rose on Weyers’ face.

Face was something he had long since thrown into the drain. With this Magus’ strength, talent and backing, one could not show distaste on their face unless it was possible to kill him in one move and eliminate his backers.

Leylin had nothing against him, and he began to assess his own strength. It was probably difficult to destroy Sky City, which was why his words of flattery were boundless.

Even if they were merely pleasantries, it also depended on who was saying them.

Weyers had been treated as a genius since he was young, and he had probably heard many compliments like this before. However,

praises from Morning Star like Leylin evidently put him in a good mood.

“Of course not! If I, as I am now, were to be matched against Cyril, things might be slightly difficult. I quite admire Lord Leylin...”

Geniuses were perhaps the loneliest of people. Weyers had never had someone at a similar age to his who could speak to him as an equal. While Leylin was slightly older than he was, they were somewhat around the same age. Apart from being a Warlock, Leylin had some reputation in Potioneering too. Hence, Weyers felt like he had found a companion at the same age and began to converse with Leylin.

“...Haha, Once this matter is over, I’ll definitely drop by for a visit, Leylin.”

By the end of their conversation, Weyers had automatically dropped the formality of the Lord title, calling Leylin by name. It showed that they had gotten closer.

Weyers and Leylin conversed for a long while as if nobody else was present. Whether it was the Magi on the ground or the other guards, nobody dared disturb them, and they could only wait pitifully.

Of course, due to the power of the Morning Star domains, they could not hear the contents of the conversation between the two. All they knew was that this Lord of theirs, who had always looked

cold, seemed to be in a good mood.

There were very few Magi who the Lord found to be pleasant company. The guard team was astonished as they all snuck peeks at Leylin before departing with Weyers.

Chapter 591 - Great Library

“Let’s go! Leylin watched Weyers as he left and brought Yuro with him. He had yet to arrive at his intended destination, which was the Great Library. To him, whatever just happened was like a circus act and nothing more.

When Leylin’s figure had disappeared as well, the remaining Magi present immediately got up, their faces full of grime.

Being affected by the battle out of nowhere and being suppressed by a Morning Star domain for a long time had now left them in a pitiful state.

Afterwards, the officials who had arrived slowly began to tidy up the roads and calculated the losses. Everything was methodical and thorough.

“Gill!” back in the office, Weyers’ voice was low. The arrogance from before had completely vanished.

“Master!” A black shadow silently surfaced from the floor.

“Investigate this! Who’s responsible for the incident at the Floating Feather Avenue? Who was it that did this on my watch?” Weyers’ voice was frigid as he spoke in a discerning manner.

“Understood!” The black figure answered and withdrew noiselessly.

Once Weyers was alone in the room, he frowned. He began to sift through the memories of the day's events, and a cold smirk appeared on his lips. "Trying to use me as cannon fodder, eh? Good! Very good!"

How many among those who had reached the Morning Star realm were fools? No matter how young he looked, even if he seemed like a child, Weyers had lived for almost a hundred years. It was clear to him what had happened.

Provoking a Morning Star Magus just for some false reputation? He would not do anything so stupid. Even if his backing could take on the backlash, pointless actions should be avoided if possible.

"That Warlock Leylin from today was quite interesting. Like me, he's being bound by some pointless reputation." Through the events that had occurred that day, Weyers had formed a favourable impression of Leylin.

He was currently enraged at the person who had set up this situation. "Perhaps I've been keeping a low profile for too long, and some people have begun to think I'm an easy target..." he muttered to himself after a long period of silence. The temperature dropped as his voice sounded, and the place turned into an icy wonderland...

Of course, Leylin was not aware of any of this. After Weyers had left, he had arrived at the Great Library under Yuro's guidance.

“Truth is my calling!” “The pursuit of knowledge is the foundation of all strength.”

Leylin was currently observing a large number of statues in a seemingly boundless palace. They were proportionate, and so detailed one could differentiate the strands of hair on their bodies. It made them seem lifelike.

The pedestals under these statues held information like their time periods, maxims, achievements and the like.

Leylin turned his attention to the time period of the central statue after reading its maxim. “Illesme. Year 1327-?”

“Just a birth date, and no death date. Could he have lived for over five thousand years?’ Leylin stared at this statue in astonishment. He saw a kindly old man there, a spotless white beard floating in front of his chest. A pair of wise eyes hid behind circular rimmed glasses.

“This is the Great Sage, Lord Illesme. He was the first generation ruler of Sky City and is a Breaking Dawn Magus. While his whereabouts are currently unknown, many still believe that he is alive, and is perhaps risking his life exploring foreign worlds...” Yuro was full of admiration as she made the introduction.

“Mm!” Leylin had seen some information regarding this Great Sage, but those were all mixed in with legends and rumours. None had been as specific as the base of the statue.

He circled the forest of statues with interest, finding that only Morning Star Magi and above were allowed here. They were scholars who had made significant contributions to Sky City or the Magus World.

There was a small number of Magi who were like Illesme, with only a birth but no death date.

This meant there was a good possibility of them still being alive, perhaps stuck in foreign worlds or ancient spell formations. However, if they were to appear as a group, the strength they possessed was enough for the entire central continent to tremble.

“Without the contributions of the past sages, there would not be the Magi of today!”

Leylin looked solemn as he bowed to the many statues, “I, Leylin Farlier, shall complete all your unfinished work, and resolve all regrets!”

Of course, he could only say this inside his mind. If Yuro heard it, things would be slightly troublesome.

Though the continent was full of ambitious Magi, there were few as egotistical as Leylin.

After they paid their respects, Yuro brought Leylin to the entrance of what seemed like a greek temple. “My Lord, here is the entrance to the Great Library. The collection here in the Sky City is

open to all Magi with no restrictions.”

What surprised Leylin was that the entrance to the library had no doors, nor were there any guards. Everyone could move about freely.

A comfortable warm glow from eternal light spells filled the area.

Magi would pass by Leylin every once in a while, but while there were quite a few of them, they were generally very quiet.

Yuro spoke in a low voice by Leylin’s ear. “The Great Library is set up above a gigantic spell formation and is being managed by a sentient spirit genie. It’s in charge of all management, and while there aren’t any guards stationed here, there has never been an incident thus far!”

“There’s never been an incident here?” Leylin nodded. This meant that on top of the basic effects of repelling dust, moisture and flames, the gigantic spell formation also possessed an exceedingly more powerful defensive ability.

“Yes! Rumour has it that the defensive spell formation of the Great Library can even confine a Morning Star...” She was apprehensive while she spoke, peeking at Leylin while afraid he would grow angry. However, Leylin remained calm, and Yuro could not tell if he was happy or annoyed.

“Not bad! My expectation on the information here has risen

further now!”

With the spirit genie managing the area, every single corner of the library was probably being monitored. With the ability to suppress even Morning Stars and the Magi of Sky City being ready to provide support very quickly if anything were to happen, there seemed to be an impenetrable defence. There was obviously a vast amount of information.

There was a large bright hall past the entrance that could hold over a thousand people without becoming crowded. At the middle were hundreds of tables, and what looked like terminals.

“The Great Library is separated into seven levels. The first three are open to all Magi, and you can browse through once you pay a certain number of magic crystals. The information and documents at the fourth level and above are kept very confidential, and one can only browse through them using information points.”

Leylin stood aside, watching a Magus operating the system. After inserting pure magic crystals into the terminal and using spiritual force to interface with it, he took out a blank crystal ball at the opening of another device. Large amounts of information was transmitted, instantly filling the crystal ball up with information.

“Transmission of data, as well as a backup!” Leylin shouted in surprise. Thankfully, the terminal could not directly send information to the Magus’ memory, or Leylin would be worried that something like the A.I. Chip existed in this world.

“Yes! As long as it’s information that the spirit genie has a backup of, it can be duplicated using the terminal. Of course, there is a required fee.”

Some information was stored in certain special materials, and it could only be presented in that specific format. For example, there were some books that the spirit genie was unable to make a duplicate of, and required that one read using the physical copy.

Leylin now had so many magic crystals that he cared little for them. He asked Yuro, “How do I obtain information points?”

“There are two methods. One is to complete missions by the Sage Committee. The second is to furnish the spirit genie’s inner library with information it still does not possess. One will be awarded information points based on the value of the added information.”

Yuro laughed wryly, “But I don’t recommend the second method. This could have been possible in the early days, but with the addition by generations of Magi, there’s very little information that the Great Library has yet to obtain...”

After hearing how the library operated, Leylin was quiet for a long while and took a deep breath. “How bold!” he exclaimed. Even the first three levels being made public showed how bold they were.

The system of information points conversion also allowed the library to become more abundant in information, and by this point, it had accumulated a vast trove of knowledge.

Such a huge amassment of information had allowed Sky City to withstand the test of time. Considering it one of the strongest organisations in the central continent was not even a stretch.

Yuro brought Leylin to a terminal. After paying the magic crystals, she passed a white crystal card to Leylin. “This is a blank crystal card. Every newcomer here will obtain one!

“You may choose to seal it with your spiritual force, or you can leave it open. However, you will then need to keep your crystal card properly, or else anyone can choose to use it!”

With a sweep of Leylin’s soul force, the library card began to emit a black luster. He placed the card in a small depression, and the terminal’s screen instantly brightened.

A few lines in a familiar script appeared on it and gave him a few choices.

Leylin did not try to skim through the table of contents, but instead chose to obtain information points through providing data.

Though Yuro mentioned that the database was already quite complete, Leylin was confident. His A.I. Chip had a lot of information regarding the Lava World! The Great Library couldn’t have information from foreign worlds, could it?

Chapter 592 - Shocking Accumulation

[Beep! Spiritual force data connection detected, proceed with transmission?]

The A.I. Chip intoned.

Although Leylin had placed a crystal ball on the transmission port of the terminal, he was actually mobilizing his A.I. Chip for it instead.

“Try this first!” Leylin selected a piece of information regarding the one-horned clan of the Lava World and uploaded it.

“Serial number ZXC678 has chosen to contribute information. Processing...” A progress bar suddenly appeared on the terminal screen.

As the progress bar reached completion, it was replaced with new content.

“Helix Tree composite image: 89% complete! Initial inventory: 40% complete! Effectiveness: 51%! Initializing fusion of data... Helix Tree composite image: 91% complete! Your contribution has been evaluated and you will be awarded 26 information points!”

Whoosh! A golden light flashed, and the number 26 appeared in a new row on Leylin's library card.

He drew a sharp breath. 'It even contains knowledge from such a remote place as the Lava World, even if it's flawed...'

After a moment of thought, though, he came to a realisation, "The ancient Magus World was in control of a great number of other worlds. Sky City obtained a portion of the ancient world's database, so it's no strange matter that it contains some pieces of flawed content!"

After that one attempt, Leylin had to restrain his excitement. "I'll be living here from now, so don't disturb me unnecessarily," he instructed Yuro. Soon after, he left the dumbfounded maid alone and buried his head into the sea of knowledge.

The huge library in Sky City could be said to have everything. Its information was not limited to that about the central continent; there was data about other worlds as well.

Further in from the data terminals and the hall was the gigantic library that resembled a palace. Some sort of technique had been employed to expand the space within. At a glimpse, one would see bookshelves as massive as mountains, all so densely packed and numerous that there seemed to be no end.

Leylin was now standing at the foot of a bookshelf that was tens

of metres tall. The giant wooden ladder brought him in front of a row of little black catalogues as per his wish.

“Mm! Raphael’s Poetic Saga!” Leylin nodded, his eyes glistening.

“The many ancient myths and legends actually contain a large amount of intelligence, it’s just that those who recorded these accounts have beautified and romanticised them. Thus, we have to separate the wheat from the chaff in order to obtain the most accurate information. Raphael was a famous poet in ancient times, yet he also had a hidden identity as a Magus. Therefore, all the accounts that he recorded have high research value...” Leylin muttered to himself as his eyes glistened. He fingered through the numerous volume numbers of a series of books and stopped when he reached volume 239.

When he tried to pull out the book, the robotic voice of the spirit genie rang in his mind, “Beep! You are requesting to read Raphael’s Poetic Saga, Volume 239. Fee is 2 information points. Do you wish to proceed?”

“Yes!” With a motion of Leylin’s soul force, 2 information points were automatically deducted from his library card. The energy that had been protecting Raphael’s Poetic Saga also disappeared suddenly, allowing Leylin to remove the book easily from the shelf.

He clicked his tongue. “Although I know that library books of grade 3 and above are very expensive, even these mere historical records have such exorbitant costs...”

Leylin shook his head. The wooden ladder, as though a living creature, automatically transported him onto the ground.

Leylin was now in the fifth storey of the library, which was much quieter than the previous levels he had been to. There was practically no one there, and beside the tens of bookshelves, there would always be a small area where Magi could peruse the books.

Leylin found a random chair and sat down as he began to flip open the jet black cover of Raphael's Poetic Saga.

"I have come.... I can see..."

The pages of the book were a dazzling flame-like red. The words, especially, were like fire sprites, jumping around the pages.

'A.I. Chip, record this!' Leylin commanded inwardly.

[Assignment established, beginning scan! Beep! Raphael's Poetic Saga, Volume 239 discovered. Supplementing Raphael's Poetic Saga in the history folder!]

The robotic voice of the A.I. Chip sounded. Seconds later, the entirety of Raphael's Poetic Saga had been recorded.

"I've been searching high and low for this portion of Raphael's Poetic Saga, and was lacking just these few volumes. Who would

have thought that this huge library would actually contain the full set! Now that it has been supplemented...”

An expression of satisfaction surfaced across Leylin’s face. As a bonus, he had discovered the shortcomings of the spirit genie and the data terminal.

Through data transmission, the spirit genie could only fully engrave low grade data records into crystals. However, Magi would still have to obtain the knowledge within them through studying them, unlike the A.I. Chip which was able to directly transmit information to one’s memory.

Comparing the time consumed by the two methods, the disparity was rather frightening. This further proved that the A.I. Chip’s operational and analytical abilities were far better than that of the spirit genie.

Moreover, content that was at grade 3 and above were mostly engraved using the Magus’ own energy. The materials the books were made of were also very special. The spirit genie was unable to duplicate such information, and thus Magi had to come down personally to study the content from the physical book itself.

“Even so, this huge library is still rather overwhelming!” As compared to his previous database, the amount of information in the entire library was seemingly like a vast ocean—boundless. It was incomparably enriching. Leylin felt like a person who was nearly dying from thirst being thrown into a freshwater lake all of a sudden. He absorbed all the content as though his life depended on it, and never stepped a foot out of the place.

The same went for the A.I. Chip. As its database grew with even more detailed and complex subjects, its technical ability was supplemented unceasingly.

The copious amount of information in here formed a foundation for all disciplines of magic scholarship.

Leylin had a premonition that the numerous resources he had amassed this time would result in a relatively drastic upgrade for the A.I. Chip. After this upgrade, he would definitely reap harvests that he would not have even dreamed of before!

[Beep! Supplementation of foundational information complete. Refreshing and restarting system, estimated time: 2 hours, 34 minutes and 13 seconds!]

The A.I. Chip prompted, startling Leylin.

“It actually grew to such an extent? What surprises will be the renewed database bring me?” This was a happy occasion, and Leylin’s face almost lit up with delight.

“Indeed, I made the right choice to come to Sky City. Even if not for the Endowing Scepter, I just had to make this trip.”

Although there was loads of information in the huge library,

Leylin felt that content that was grade 3 and below were the most important. This was because he possessed a near unlimited amount of magic crystals, and coupled with the data terminal the convenience of information transmission was unparalleled. In just a short span of time, the foundational information that could be duplicated by the spirit genie had all been backed up into the A.I. Chip.

As for more advanced content that was above grade 3, Leylin had tossed out all his information to the spirit genie—as long as it was eligible for conversion and would not attract any trouble, of course. This allowed him to exchange his data for a monumental amount of information points. He then specifically searched for topics that Warlocks and the A.I. Chip lacked information on before commanding the A.I. Chip to scan and record it.

With the A.I. Chip, a large amount of academic content could be derived from just the foundational information alone. No matter how high the grade, the content could still be deduced.

After all, now that he already had a great foundation, all that was left was to perform derivations that would consume copious amounts of operational energy.

Leylin used his information points to directly access the content that the A.I. Chip did not have the ability to derive, thus completing his database.

In this manner, within the short span of a month or so, he had already recorded roughly all of the content in the huge library.

One must know that even Radiant Moons, Breaking Dawns and other Magi or scholars who grew up in Sky City wouldn't be able to remember so much. The excessive accumulated information would have conflicting information, causing the Magus to forget some things. They would have to constantly refresh their memory.

With their standards, being able to remember all the grade 1 and 2 information would mean that one was an absolute genius. Leylin, however, had exceeded them by leaps and bounds. He'd accumulated a lifetime of information!

If others knew about his terrifying rate of progress, Leylin would definitely attract a lot of trouble. Thus, he could only be secretly satisfied with himself, not revealing anything.

"When the A.I. Chip is done refreshing, I'm afraid that I will be worthy of being called the most learned person throughout the entire central continent, and will be knowledgeable about even the research done in other worlds..."

Leylin had now thoroughly understood the meaning of the phrase "knowledge is power!"

While his further studies did not increase his strength by a single bit, the underlying effect on his foundation was truly terrifying.

"This is just right! The information points are mostly spent, so I might as well use up all of the remaining ones as well!"

Leylin fished out his library card, the thin lines of golden numbers immensely glaring. They couldn't be compared to the single long line of numbers on his card previously. The astronomical number of information points had only lasted him a month or so.

Crash! Opposite Leylin's desk, a female Magus raised her head and peered over her book curiously, gazing at Leylin's back. A pair of spectacles with thick lenses was perched on the bridge of her nose, and her hair was tied in two braids.

She had been paying attention to this strange Magus in front of her for a long time now.

He didn't seem to lack information points, which could be seen from how he often referred to thick stacks of resources. Even if she worked all day and night for a month without rest, she wouldn't be able to earn the amount of information points required for such information.

After selecting his resources, he didn't read the information carefully, but instead flipped through it briefly before casually casting it aside. This made her heart ache.

Library resources that were grade 3 and above were only for private browsing in the reading room. They couldn't be brought out of the library or exchanged with others. Under the supervision of the spirit genie, there were no loopholes.

Thus, this female Magus could only drool with envy at the mountains of resources Leylin had acquired with his information points, and couldn't do a single thing about it.

Without the scanning abilities of the A.I. Chip, Leylin could only depend on reading the resources himself to obtain knowledge. Thus, he chose a book on how to optimise one's vitality, and laid back in his chair as he slowly started to read.

The eternal light spell was adjusted by the spirit genie, gently tuning the light rays for a better reading experience. Time ticked by along with the rustling sound of the pages turning.

'This odd Magus is finally acting normal!' The female Magus secretly nodded, then continued to immerse herself in her books. Time was precious, and she could not afford to waste any of it.

Chapter 593 - Soul Profiling

[Beep! Database has been refreshed. Update completed.]

After Leylin had flipped through about half of the book in his hands, the A.I. Chip which had gone silent for a while suddenly sounded out.

“Good! Let’s see if there are any differences in the upgraded A.I. Chip!” His attention immediately wandered from the book, and he focused on his A.I. Chip.

[Beep! Database on soul force is complete. Beginning collection of host’s data, recalculating.]

The first prompt that the A.I. Chip gave had Leylin elated.

“So soul force has finally been enumerated...” He had been at a loss due to the A.I. Chip’s inability to enumerate soul force for a very long time. All this while, he had collected a lot of information on the soul, and performed many experiments and thought of numerous conjectures. However, all that had not been able to complete the database on the soul.

Now, the A.I. Chip had completely deduced this information.

“Show me my current stats!” Leylin immediately commanded.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (complete form). Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 74.9, Spiritual Force: 956.8, Magic Power: 956 (magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force). Soul force: 96 (Five Star)]

The A.I. Chip intoned.

“96 soul force? What does ‘five star’ mean?” Leylin asked.

Soon after, a passage of information was shown by the A.I. Chip,

[The star rating is a method that the Sky City has come up with to evaluate Morning Stars, based on organisms in the astral plane. Newly-advanced Morning Stars are at one star, while the peak is at five stars...]

“I see. What beings are used as the standard?” Leylin wasn’t that interested in this star system. Instead, he was rather tempted to perform research on the organisms that had been set to be the standards for Morning Star Magi.

[The organisms that have been set as the standard are the

beings of the astral plane—the Heavenly Astral Race! At birth, they possess strength at the Morning Star realm, and it’s unknown how powerful they can become. The race was wiped out during ancient times. The Magi of Sky City obtained some of the data from ancient times, which is how it became the standard when it came to evaluating strength!]

“Heavenly Astral Race? Beings from the astral plane? Morning Stars at birth?!”

This piece of information had Leylin completely stunned. Never did he expect there to be dwellers in a place like the astral plane, and they were even so powerful that they had Morning Star strength right from birth.

If compared to the Heavenly Astral Race, Giant Kemoyin Serpents could only cry. Their end point was this race’s beginning! There was no way to begin to compare them since they weren’t even on the same level.

“Even such gifted creatures went extinct. Looks like the events during the ancient times were unfathomable...” Leylin sighed deeply.

[Acquired information on a standard individual of the Heavenly Astral Race. Change standards?]

Leylin's current system of measurement used the standards from his previous world, which was why the numbers in each attribute seemed to be so phenomenally high, especially since they were calculated with regular humans in mind. If he used the standard criteria of the Heavenly Astral Race, his stats would immediately drop sharply.

Compared to before, with the standard strength of a regular person at 1, this was now compared with the terrifying strength of a Heavenly Astral Race at 1. There would obviously be a marked difference in quantity.

'Changing the measurement units? Let's try!' Leylin touched his chin. "Display it!"

[Beep!]

A blue light flashed, and the numbers immediately changed before Leylin.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (complete form). Strength: 1.5, Agility: 1.2, Vitality: 2.7, Spiritual force: 4.3 Soul force: 4.3 (Five Star)]

Seeing the numbers that had decreased drastically, Leylin was rendered speechless.

‘In other words, my strength and agility are only slightly higher than a Heavenly Astral Race at Morning Star. My vitality is twice that of theirs, while my spiritual and soul force are more than four times greater. All in all, I can take on two or three of them at once?’

This comparison had stunned Leylin. He was now considered to be at the apex amongst Morning Stars in the central continent. He could even rival a Radiant Moon, and yet he was only slightly stronger than a child of the Heavenly Astral Race?

This was quite a blow to his ego.

“Forget it! Show the numbers according to the units from before. At the very least, the smaller the base numbers, the higher the precision!” Leylin stroked his chin, ‘When the numbers in all aspects increase by a large amount, I’ll then begin using the units of the Heavenly Astral Race. That’s better!’

With a flicker from the A.I. Chip, all his data reverted to the original.

[Display host’s soul diagram?]

At this moment, the A.I. Chip showed another prompt.

“Of course!” Leylin did not hesitate at all. After the soul force database was completed, his grasp on soul force was even greater, and he could do things that would have been very difficult before.

One of these included the structural diagram of his soul.

Bzz! A diagram that had been magnified countless times was projected in front of Leylin’s eyes.

His soul, which was also the truesoul of a Morning Star, was protected within the point mass. The point mass’ terrifying density and strength was the last defensive layer protecting a Morning Star’s truesoul.

There were few Magi who could clearly observe their own truesouls within their point mass, and make appropriate changes to train the soul. In fact, there were practically none.

With the help of the A.I. Chip, he could finally pass through this barrier.

In the diagram, Leylin’s truesoul was like a tiny star, emanating bright rays of light, with a tinge of crimson within. It was as if a crimson Giant Kemoyin Serpent was cruising inside the thing.

[Beep! Host’s soul composition is loose and not dense enough.
Suggestion...]

Through the diagram and the A.I. Chip's analysis, Leylin's issues when training the soul were made apparent, and the A.I. Chip gave concrete suggestions.

If other Morning Star Magi were to know of this, they'd want to commit suicide out of envy.

When had the mysteries of the soul ever been displayed before Magi?

'It was probably because of the hasty infusion of Fireplume.' Leylin stroked his chin, 'Luckily, I can still salvage the situation through the improved meditation technique.'

Every three ranks in training as a Magus was a major hurdle. The first to third focused on training spiritual force, and the fourth to sixth on the soul. If problems with the soul were not resolved now, there would be huge issues during his future advancements.

However, this was not the end of the surprises that the A.I. Chip had to offer.

[Beep! To generate a conjecture of Radiant Moon soul and compare it to a diagram?]

The A.I. Chip asked robotically,

“Yes!” Leylin obviously chose that option.

Afterwards, beside his soul diagram, a few other similar ones appeared, marking out the initial, middle, and late stages of Radiant Moon.

In the diagram, the difference between Morning Stars and Radiant Moons was made obvious. The soul of a Morning Star was similar to a star, dazzling and condensed, but a Radiant Moon who had just advanced had a soul that was tens of times larger than that of a Morning Star, forming a large and full sphere.

In other words, it resembled the moon.

As for the Radiant Moon stages, those who had just advanced had souls which only emanated bright rays from a small portion of its full area. The rest of the moon was dim, forming a crescent. It was like a new moon being blocked by the sun.

Magi at the middle stage of Radiant Moon had half their soul emanating clear rays, like a half moon. Peak Radiant Moon Magi had light that was dazzling and transparent, like a full moon.

“Name these stages New Moon, Half Moon and Full Moon!” Leylin did not hesitate to label these Radiant Moon stages.

Of course, his soul was now merely a star and was a large distance away from reaching Radiant Moon.

‘There were mistakes in my previous conjectures. Zegna was probably merely a New Moon, while Scarlet Eye was at most a Half Moon. He had yet to achieve the peak, Full Moon!’

Leylin’s eyes suddenly flashed with understanding. He had not obtained the twelfth and thirteenth levels of Fireplume, so it was plausible that the fourteenth level could still be at the Radiant Moon realm, and was representative of the soul reaching Full Moon.

‘In that case, the road from rank 4 to rank 5 has completely unravelled in front of me!’ Leylin looked ecstatic. The third and fourth ranks had a very large disparity between them, with spiritual force upgrading to soul force. There was another huge gap between rank six and seven, with soul force upgrading to the manifestation and wielding of Laws. Hence, all these gaps were immense and usually caused tremendous changes.

Advancing from rank 3 to 6, one’s training was mostly on the soul, because it was the level of one’s soul that signified one’s strength.

“First is Morning Star, where the soul becomes a tiny star, with power from one star up to five. Next are the New Moon, Half Moon and Full Moon phases at the Radiant Moon realm!”

The path through Morning Star and Radiant Moon were completely presented before Leylin.

‘That’s basically it. Of course, there might be some odd geniuses at the apex who break through these boundaries, but in general, that’s how this is divided.

‘This upgrade was definitely worth it! Even just the completion of the soul force database alone would have been enough, not to mention the rest.’

An expression of elation rose on Leylin’s face as he could not hold himself back and burst into laughter.

“My Lord!” At this moment, Yuro’s voice travelled over. It was very low, and she was obviously afraid of disturbing the other scholars.

“Mm?” Leylin turned back and saw Boffel behind her.

“Haha! So Your Grace has been staying in the library all this while. Such a thirst for knowledge is definitely admirable, but the Sage Appraisal is about to begin. Besides, the Monarch of Skies would like to meet Your Grace...”

Boffel had on an amiable smile, while the female Magus beside him looked rather flabbergasted.

Chapter 594 - Stuart

‘Boffel? Could it be the ‘Divine Luminescent Wing’? And calling him ‘Your Grace’? Isn’t that a title used in ancient times for Morning Stars? And the Monarch of the Skies? Oh, goodness. Could this Magus be a Morning Star as well?’

The female Magus who had a pair of thick glasses on peeked at Leylin, feeling like he was as unfathomable as the mountains and the seas. She could not help but lower her head, feeling ashamed at her previous conjectures.

Boffel did not spare her a glance. Since violence could not be employed in the library, the usage of Morning Star domains was restricted. She could hear some of what they were saying, but since this was an honest conversation there was nothing to be hidden anyway.

“Oh, my apologies. The information here is just so abundant that I forgot about the time!” Leylin stood up, looking apologetic.

“Anyone who disturbs a Magus immersed in the ocean of knowledge should have their souls scorched in the flames of the ninth hell. Why would I mind?” Boffel had a very witty way of speech, and Leylin immediately formed a better impression of him.

Boffel was not at all surprised about Leylin staying in the library all day. Many scholarly Magi would treat the Great Library as their home upon reaching Sky City for the first time. There were people who stayed within from a few months to even decades, and if not

for having too little information points, they would even stay there for their whole lives! Compared to these people, Leylin had only been there for a month, which was very normal. Boffel felt that he seemed to have too many information points, but then again, considering he had just returned from a foreign world, he must have gained large amounts of knowledge from it, so this was understandable.

“Alright. I shall head there now.”

Leylin placed the book back in its original position. He had reaped a great harvest this time, and the Great Library currently did not have anything especially useful to him. Besides, the Monarch of the Skies had summoned him, and it was best that he tidy himself up. This was a necessary part of etiquette.

“And you, earnest young lady!” Leylin shot a glance at the female Magus who only wished she could hide behind her book.

“Your Grace, Boffel, and this... your Grace. Please forgive me for my offensive behaviour!” Cold sweat was already dripping from the female Magus’ forehead.

Though Sky City was a peaceful area that paid attention to the law, Morning Stars always had privileges. The moment Leylin or Boffel found her an eye sore, she would wind up in a pitiful state even if they didn’t act themselves.

“Haha... don’t be afraid! I want to thank you for accompanying me while I studied for this past month. Treat this as a gift!”

Leylin laughed, and the library card in his hands flew out. Scanning the female Magus' library card, he transferred his remaining information points to her.

The Great Library now held little meaning for Leylin, which was why there was no point in having these information points with him.

“This...” Though Leylin felt that the number of information points left was pitifully low, to the point that it had almost hit zero, this was still a gigantic amount for the female Magus! She immediately cried out in surprise.

By the time she had recovered from her shock and wanted to thank Leylin, she found that they had long since left.

“Your Grace's act of providing financial aid to other Magi is truly admirable!” Boffel could not understand Leylin's actions, since the information on him showed that Leylin was not someone so charitable.

“Hehe... I'm just in a good mood!” Leylin chuckled.

This explanation rendered Boffel completely at ease. Warlocks were truly a group of Magi who were very emotional. In such good moods from the benefits from the library, they could indeed reward any low-ranking Magi as they wished. This unusual situation lost all strangeness when Warlocks were involved.

Boffel did not pay much attention to Leylin's momentary act of kindness, and instead brought to attention some things to take note of when meeting the Monarch of the Skies.

"I don't get it..." Leylin immediately asked Boffel, "I'm merely a Morning Star. Why would the Monarch of the Skies want to see me?"

The other party was a Breaking Dawn Magus with influence all over the central continent. He had complete control of the airship networks, and possessed a foreign world of his own that had been completely taken over. The Morning Stars and Radiant Moons under him were innumerable.

This sort of person should, by right, be far superior to him. Why was there the sudden desire to meet Leylin?

Leylin had once had the idea of making a trade with the coordinates of the Lava World, but he'd never once expressed these thoughts.

'Something's suspicious...' Leylin stroked his chin and immediately, Jupiter's Lightning came to mind. It could not be helped. He had few enemies in the central continent, and Zegna was the only one of them could influence the organisation behind Sky City.

'I was just worried you wouldn't come!' A smirk appeared about Leylin's lips.

The heart of Sky City was a large-scale floating garden, forming the ‘floating’ landscape that gave the title of the floating city.

This garden— the Drifting Garden— was the heart of Sky City’s power. It was also the temporary imperial residence of His Majesty, the Monarch of the Skies.

“This is Boffel. Step aside.” Boffel flew all the way to the Drifting Garden with Leylin in tow. The Warlock had tidied up and was now dressed in formal attire.

The deeper into Sky City one went, the more the instances of probing and detection, to the point that Leylin’s expression changed slightly. If not for Boffel guiding him, it would have been inconvenient for him to sneak into the Drifting Garden without being detected.

Looking down from the edges of the Drifting Garden, one could see all the sights of Sky City. It left one’s heart free and unfettered.

Further in was a cobbled lane. On both sides of the path were Devil Fungi Taro, Heavenly Intoxicating Nectar, and large amounts of other precious plants that Leylin did not even know the names of. They were numerous, and all in full bloom. If not for the A.I. Chip detecting powerful shackling runes there, Leylin would have had plans of taking a bunch.

“After walking through this area, we will arrive at His Majesty’s residing quarters. I can only accompany you up to this point.”

Boffel laughed as he spoke, “His Majesty is a very amiable person, and he’ll definitely...”

“Boffel, you seem to have brought someone new here. That’s against the rules!” Another voice sounded, and Leylin especially went stiff, feeling like he was being stared at by a poisonous snake.

“You!” He raised his head, seeing what looked to be a kindly old Magus approaching them.

“Lord Stuart! This is Duke Leylin Farlier of the Ouroboros Clan, here to meet His Majesty.” Boffel bowed. At the same time, he introduced the person to Leylin in a quiet voice, “This is Lord Stuart, a Radiant Moon Magus. Since His Majesty is often absent, he is usually in charge of managing Sky City...”

“So it’s Lord Stuart!” Leylin bowed, neither too enthusiastic nor too cold. His sensitive soul immediately found a trace of ill intent directed at him. In that case, he wouldn’t bother being too cordial.

“Hm?!” Such an attitude rapidly increased the distaste that Stuart already had. He did not hold back and began to criticise Leylin. “As expected, it’s a little chap with no manners. Is it really alright for this kind of person to meet with His Majesty?”

“Lord Stuart, Leylin is a treasured guest of our Sky City.” Boffel coughed and answered with a warning. Stuart’s attitude was obviously biased, and he could not watch further.

“Your Highness, Stuart, you are in no position to judge whether I have any manners!” Leylin retorted without restraint.

This immediately left Boffel dumbfounded. This was a Radiant Moon, a great rank 5 Magus! In Sky City, he had tens of thousands of subordinates under him, and yet, Leylin was not giving him any face?

In actuality, if the other party was merely a little arrogant, Leylin did not mind humbling himself and treating him the way he did Weyers. However, Stuart was obviously here to create trouble, finding Leylin an eyesore before even meeting him. No matter how much Leylin tried to endure this, he would only be humiliated, and all for nothing. There was therefore no reason to be courteous.

“Good! I’ll teach you some manners right now!” Hearing Leylin’s tone, Stuart was evidently exasperated. Never did he expect a Morning Star like Leylin to speak to him in such a manner!

Rumble! Formless soul force was like a raging sea as it gushed towards Leylin.

He had intentionally controlled the might of the spell, such that it affected only this small area. With Stuart’s control, he was confident that he could keep the battlefield within the area and not alarm anyone else.

Boffel could only laugh wryly. While he did agree that Stuart had gone too far, he only stood aside.

“Hmph! Is a rank 5 so fantastic?” Leylin sneered, his soul force that had reached five stars surging forth.

The gigantic phantom of a Giant Kemoyin Serpent with scarlet lines on it appeared behind him, hissing at Stuart.

“Hss!” The ferocious soul tide formed a gigantic black snake, colliding fiercely with Stuart’s soul force.

“Hm?!” Stuart’s eyes widened, not expecting to have difficulties in dealing with Leylin. ‘Five star soul force? Didn’t the intel say four stars?’

Crackling sounds rang out as the two bouts of soul force cancelled each other after the collision. The forces that went astray caused an explosion.

Pak! Pak! Pak! The sounds of countless runic chains breaking could be heard. The concealing spell formations that Stuart had previously set up were completely broken through!

“Urgh!” Leylin staggered backwards, face completely red.

Stuart, on the other hand, stood completely still as he stared at Leylin expressionlessly, not intending to pursue this fight.

The strength of this Morning Star before him had exceeded his expectations, and he was a five star Warlock! It would take a large amount of time and energy to take him down.

What was even worse was that this would not be hidden from His Majesty, and Stuart's expression turned dark.

Chapter 595 - An Audience

“Hmph! Count yourself lucky!” Stuart glared at Leylin with resentment and dissipated into wisps of soot.

“What are you waiting for? Let’s go!” Leylin neatened the creases in his shirt with an indecipherable straight face.

“Y-You...

“You managed to withstand an attack from Lord Stuart? But he’s a Radiant Moon Magus! Hold up, what did he say just now? Five Stars? You’ve reached Five Stars?” Boffel stammered and pointed a trembling finger at Leylin. Uncertainty brewed inside of him.

Leylin reaching five stars carried a great amount of significance. There were less than thirty Five Star Morning Stars in the entire central continent, and Leylin was one of them. He was someone at the peak!

Furthermore, being able to withstand a strike from a Radiant Moon? The more Boffel looked at Leylin, the more he thought that this fellow was a monstrous genius like Weyers.

‘You’ve found a rival, little Weyers.’ Boffel laughed bitterly in his mind before he walked forth. As he looked at Leylin, he felt helpless and lost.

“Let’s move quickly, we shouldn’t have His Majesty wait,” Leylin

said considerably.

He already realised the intention behind Stuart's behaviour. The man was obviously trying to catch him unprepared. The ideal situation was to be able to capture him directly, but if that failed he could always sow the seeds of mistrust between Leylin and the Monarch of the Skies. If those seeds were to sprout, Leylin would be done for.

Of course, Leylin was still patient about it all. Even though Stuart was already a dead man in his eyes, none of his thoughts surfaced on his expression.

"Oh! Indeed, we can't let His Majesty wait!" Boffel seemed to have woken up from his daze.

After passing through the garden, they came upon a chain of fragile and complicated buildings that seamlessly formed a sort of circuit.

Green vines coiled snugly around the spotless marble pillars decoratively, but a thorough scan by the A.I. Chip showed that there were actually a huge number of spell circuits here.

"Circuit structure?" Leylin was slightly taken aback. "Could it be that of a perpetual motion disk?" He remembered coming across such a thing in the library.

"Right! This is it, rumoured to be able to move indefinitely

without an energy source!

“The sages of the Sky City will join hands with the addition of you, my Lord, to perfect this hypothesis and create an energy source for the whole Drifting Garden.” Boffel continued.

“Sadly, this system is still quite a distance away from actual perpetual motion. As it is right now, it consumes 9826 magic crystals a month, and it’s also impossible to expand the system to use it for the entire city.”

“Still, it’s impressive enough that it can support the whole of the Drifting Garden for an entire month with just that amount of energy!” Admiration was painted all over Leylin’s face.

As for it being used for the entire city? If such a thing had succeeded, the entire continent would be filled with floating cities, and Sky City would definitely not be the only one.

Leylin held back his admiration and sauntered into the palace alone, leaving Boffel behind. He had actually wanted to bring Boffel along, but the person himself refused outrightly. This left him at a loss for words, but he was also astonished at the imposing presence of the Monarch of the Skies.

In front of him was a jade-built snow-white door, at least ten metres tall. It exuded a sense of divinity and dignity, and instantly led Leylin who was standing in front of it to think that he had arrived in a land of giants.

‘No traces of spells or restrictive measures?’ Leylin’s eyes flashed blue as he scanned past the gargantuan door and the enormous statue in front.

‘Can I not detect something set up by a Breaking Dawn yet? Or are such things no longer of any significance to the Monarch of the Skies?’ Leylin believed in it being the latter assumption, but he secretly hoped for it to be the former.

“But...” He stroked the white gloves in his hands, seemingly gaining strength from that action. He then took a deep breath before arriving in front of the door.

The door rumbled open upon sensing Leylin’s arrival and revealed the spacious site within, closing once more with a thud as he stepped in.

“This is...?” Despite being stunned for a bit, Leylin observed his surroundings, realising he was in a big hall. The two side walls were littered with countless paintings— mostly depicting scenes of war between Magi and other races, but also demons on occasion. The deeper in the hall one went, the more abstract the paintings, slowly turning into mere meaningless lines and streaks at the end.

Directly opposite Leylin was a huge statue; a human with six pairs of wings walking out of an enormous shell accompanied by horn-blowing angels and petal-throwing maidens.

The entirety of the statue was carved with such realism that it had an aura of life about it. This was especially true for its eyes

that were made of black pearls. They seemed to move, focusing upon Leylin.

“Leylin Farlier!” A voice resonated within the hall.

“Huh?!” Leylin turned his head to the statue. Its eyes were pinned on Leylin, and it seemed to be smiling.

Snap! The statue moved all of a sudden, and walked out of the shell, ripping off the plaster on the wall.

The whole hall seemed to have come to life in tandem with the male statue’s descent, differentiating itself from the outside world and forming two distinct domains.

“Greetings, Your Majesty!” Leylin knew the identity of this person by now. The difference in their statuses was clear; even if this was only an embodiment of the Monarch of the Skies, he still had to show the utmost respect. Not only was his etiquette perfect, even his expression shouted out ‘humility’.

Leylin did not mind bowing down in front of someone he could not oppose at the moment. Furthermore, the Monarch of the Skies was a pioneer in the pursuit of truth, a good role model who deserved Leylin’s salutations.

“Leylin! You’re a fine lad! I apologise for Stuart’s rude actions!” A gentle voice sounded from the statue.

At the same time, Leylin was slightly taken aback by its sharp observation as he felt its gaze on his earrings and the two gloves.

“Is the purpose of your visit to enhance your vitality with the Endowing Scepter? If so, I can grant your wish directly!” the winged statue said unhurriedly.

Yet, Leylin had other plans in mind. “No, Your Majesty. Only a Virtuous Sky Sage can come into contact with the Endowing Scepter, that is a tradition of Sky City. I don’t wish to break this balance; I’ll obtain it through the proper channels, honourably!”

“ ... ”

His reply was clearly unexpected; he felt a dignified yet hidden force scanning across his body. He didn’t show anything in his expression, but the A.I. Chip had already begun working its magic.

In the past, Leylin would have been worried about his secrets being revealed. But now, with the advancement of the A.I. Chip, if he could not manage to hoodwink the mere embodiment of a Monarch, he might as well give up on life.

The only things the statue found out were the things he wanted it to.

The force circulating on his body was retracted, and it was apparent that the Monarch of the Skies did not detect anything out of the ordinary.

“You’re good! Very good!” A voice sounded from the statue after a good while.

“Your Majesty! I am willing to offer you the coordinates of the Lava World!” Leylin took action immediately upon sensing the imminent departure of the statue and presented his long-awaited gift. A ring of shining coordinates flew to the side of the statue.

“Hmm?!” The twelve-winged statue did not accept it readily, but rather stared at Leylin, “Leylin, I believe you recognise the value of foreign worlds. The fact that you offered such a treasure means that you want something.”

“Your Majesty, I only wish for Sky City to remain neutral when conflict breaks out between the Ouroboros Clan and Jupiter’s Lightning,” Leylin replied humbly.

“To remain neutral?!” Leylin felt the statue’s gaze pause at his hands before it replied, “Alright!”

“My Lord! There is a Mister Leylin who wishes to see you!” A phantom reported in Weyers’ room.

“Leylin?” Weyers raised his petulant face, shock evident in his eyes, ‘Didn’t he go see His Majesty? Is he done already? And why did he come to me first?’

Even if he was taken aback, Weyers still managed to pass an order, “Invite h– no; I’ll go pick him up myself.”

Leylin did not beat around the bush when he entered the room, dropping the bomb directly. “Weyers, do you want to go up against Stuart?”

“Wh– What?” Weyers’ smile hardened, “Are you nuts? Why would I go against a Radiant Moon Magus of my own organisation?”

“Is that so? Then why do I feel like you’re someone who bears grudges? Moreover...” Leylin smiled and pointed a finger, causing a blue light screen to appear.

It showed two people in the midst of a conversation, one of them that sinister-looking old man, Stuart. His eyes were burning with hatred, “You lied to me! That Leylin was obviously a Five Star Warlock. I’ll have to sacrifice a lot more in order to go up against him. Zegna had better give me a remuneration I’ll be satisfied with!”

In front of him was a Morning Star engulfed in darkness, bowing his body and looking extremely humble,

“Lord Zegna said Lord Stuart has been a close friend of his for many years, and would definitely help him out. Also, our plan to pin the blame on Weyers almost succeeded, didn’t it?”

Weyers was appalled enough by Leylin's Five Star status, but his expression turned even darker as he listened to the conversation.

Chapter 596 - Sudden Attack

“So what if our previous plan failed and Leylin managed to pass the Monarch’s test? We still have a chance!” This Morning Star from Jupiter’s Lightning was still trying his hardest to persuade Stuart. “Leylin is about to participate in the appraisal for Virtuous Sky Sages. As long as we get Weyers to participate as well, they’re likely to come into conflict eventually... After all, they’re both geniuses, and those kinds of people love glory and solitude...”

“Your plans are just too troublesome...” Stuart shook his head, “I can tell you from experience, the more complicated a plan is, the more slip-ups there are. The simpler plans usually have a higher rate of success! Leylin is merely a Five Star Morning Star, and no matter how crafty he is, he can’t break through the bloodline shackles and reach rank 5. I’ll just have to deal with him personally the moment he leaves the vicinity of Sky City. Of course, the price will double.”

Weyers not falling into the trap had instilled a sense of crisis in Stuart.

“If Your Highness can do this for us, we will be grateful!” The Morning Star Magus in the black mist immediately bowed in thanks.

“Actually, the rewards can still be the same as before, but you’ll need to help me eliminate someone.” Stuart’s voice turned low.

“Who is it?” This Morning Star suddenly had a bad premonition.

“Weyers!” Stuart looked vicious all of a sudden.

“Enough!” Weyers announced coldly, black lightning breaking the screen apart.

“What do you want?” He was beginning to trust Leylin.

Though images like these could be forged, the screen from before had displayed even the soul undulations belonging to the other party, and Weyers had no choice but to believe it.

At the same time, he was now beginning to feel terror towards this Leylin who had the ability to spy on even Radiant Moon Magi!

This was a rank 5 Magus! On top of that, from what Weyers knew, the other party had something similar to a world’s protective sphere that could isolate his residence from everything. Yet, Leylin had been able to snoop on him!

‘This is just too terrifying!’ Weyers glanced at Leylin. The Warlock’s smile suddenly sent a chill down his spine.

“Simple! I’ll go and take care of them. You just have to stop the powers of Sky City from interfering!” Leylin straightforwardly explained his plan.

As for how he had found out about the other party's scheme? Of course, that was due to the stardust bugs! This formidable, incomparably minute being of the Oakheart Clan could not be detected by even the most advanced spell formations. It was the best way to spy on someone, and he'd planted them on Stuart's body in secret during their clash.

Leylin's previous methods only allowed him to discover when he was being spied upon by stardust bugs. However, after reaching the Morning Star realm and extorting the Oakheart Clan, he had obviously gotten a hold of some young stardust bugs by force, using the A.I. Chip to form his own way of manipulating them.

He'd wanted to learn of Stuart's plans, but he'd never expected to see such a scene which had much more potential to be exploited.

'Weyers is an absolute talent, and there are definitely people in Sky City who oppose him...' Leylin was confident in this assumption. Weyers was an arrogant person, and someone trying to make use of him or take his life was not something he could take lying down. He was sure Weyers would act on this.

Leylin merely wanted him to stop the interference of external parties and took on the more dangerous job himself. Thus, there would not be any issues.

However, Weyers had one last question, "What if the Monarch of the Skies finds out?"

"Haha..." Leylin burst into laughter, "I just returned from

meeting him, and he agreed that Sky City would remain neutral in a conflict between the Ouroboros Clan and Jupiter's Lightning. You can go ask him if you want!"

"That's not possible!" Weyers cried out in alarm, and began to say a few words into a secret imprint. His expression immediately changed, and his voice even turned hoarse, "What did you use to move His Majesty?"

"Coordinates to a foreign world. Is that enough?"

"Enough! You're insane, but I like it. Let me accompany you in your insanity!" Weyers' pupils began to burn with what seemed to be an ambitious fire, growing gradually in intensity.

Leylin and Weyers stood side by side in the sky, watching a building in the distance that had a large number of runes flickering on it.

"Stuart's villa is over there! He's a Radiant Moon though, can you handle him?" Weyers' voice was low.

"That's my problem to deal with. You just have to focus on holding down the fort. Besides, even if we can't handle Stuart, we just need to get that Morning Star from Jupiter's Lightning. That'll be enough to discourage him from further action. The higher-ups in Sky City will also be disappointed in him, which will lead more Magi to side with you!"

Weyers didn't refute Leylin's calm analysis. Since the two of them were already working together, all attempts at concealing anything would merely be a joke.

"In the future, I will definitely take on any of the pressure that Sky City might exert on you, as well as suppress Jupiter's Lightning's forces!" Weyers' voice was icy cold. He'd already discussed these terms with Leylin, and they'd even inked a contract.

"That's enough!" Leylin chuckled, turning into a streak of black light and piercing into the dense spell formations like a sword. A large amount of runic chains flickered into existence, but they were quickly shredded apart.

"He actually dares to barge into the nest of a Radiant Moon. Where does he get his confidence from?" Weyers muttered to himself in the distance.

"Stuart, prepare to meet your maker!" A booming voice was transmitted into the entire area, causing many Magi to gape in shock. Since when did someone dare to barge into the residence of a Radiant Moon Magus in Sky City without an invitation, even acting so unbridled? Was something changing?

A large number of consents gathered at the place, watching the alarming scene nearby.

"Soaring Demonic Phoenix!"

Chirp! The phantom of a terrifying phoenix wreathed in black fire emerged along with high-pitched cries, its gigantic wings breaking apart the spell formations in Stuart's residence. Black flames spilled in all directions.

The remaining spell light was devoured by the black flames, and the formations completely lost their might. Yet, the giant blackfire phoenix was still unsatisfied, and it pushed at a building underneath.

Rumble! Like a natural calamity, the black flames swirled through the area and all that was left behind was merely a huge pit, as well as two stunned figures. All other life energy was gone.

With Leylin attacking at full power, besides Stuart and that Morning Star who could somewhat take it, the region had been completely levelled. The many maids, servants, and the like were completely obliterated.

The might of just one attack had reached this extent!

The onlookers grew crazed at this scene, thinking they were still dreaming.

"That is Lord Leylin!" Yuro's hand clamped on her mouth.

"Ah! It's that Morning Star who gifted me information points!" In her shock, the spectacled female Magus dropped the books she

was holding.

“Wha-What’s going on?” Stuart was still in a daze. He had obviously reacted, but long years of a pampered life had resulted in his disbelief when someone dared to attack his residence. What’s worse was that they succeeded!

The stupefaction was soon replaced by rage.

“You... You dare—” Stuart snarled, terrifying energy undulations sweeping through the area. Weyers, who was already a distance away, immediately moved much further backwards, now more fearful as he watched Leylin’s back at the centre of all of it.

“I am Duke Leylin Farlier of the Ouroboros Clan, here to kill the Morning Star of an opposing organisation, Jupiter’s Lightning. All unrelated personnel are to leave!” Leylin did not wait for Stuart to speak, an immense voice travelling everywhere instantly.

“What? He’s that Leylin, the most powerful Kemoyin Warlock in history?”

“Yes! The Ouroboros Clan and Jupiter’s Lightning are now at war!”

The clamour from around the female Magus with thick glasses allowed her to get Leylin’s name. Watching Leylin’s back, traces of concern and admiration flashed across her face.

“Die!” After proclaiming this, Leylin did not give Stuart any opportunities to speak. A gigantic Kemoyin Serpent phantom with scarlet stripes on it appeared behind his back. As it thundered forth, two vertical pupils like stars gazed at the Morning Star wrapped in black mist.

“My– My Lord, save me!” Though similarly a Morning Star, he knew that there was too large a disparity between him and Leylin, and only Stuart would be able to save his life.

“You’re going too far!” Terrifying flames began to burn around Stuart, all a result of his anger.

He even vowed, deep in his heart, that no matter the cost he had to kill Leylin right here on this day!

“It’s you that I want to bully!” Leylin laughed manically, the gigantic phantom serpent swallowing both Stuart and the Morning Star whom he did not know the name of. Frightful energy undulations were immediately dispelled, and if not for the two of them controlling the situation, these undulations would have spread to the outside.

Even so, Weyers’ expression changed as he activated quite a few layers of defence, ensuring that the battlefield was only above Stuart’s residence.

A red signal alarm sounded in the control room of Sky City along with a voice, “Beep beep beep! Beep beep beep! Warning: dangerous energy detected! Warning: dangerous energy detected!

“Discovered intense energy undulations. Location: Above Lord Stuart’s residence!” The phantom images of two Magi fighting appeared on the screen, showing another Morning Star that could only hide in a corner.

The screen locked onto Leylin. “Determined target to be a Morning Star Magus!”

“What? The person who’s fighting at the same level as Lord Stuart is actually a Morning Star? Have you gone stupid?”

The person in charge smashed a file on the supervising staffer’s head.

Chapter 597 - Hot On The Heels

“Rescanning. Confirmed to be a Morning Star Magus!” As the spirit genie’s voice rang out, the person in charge was silenced. One instance could be considered a glitch, but what if it happened a second or third time?

He watched the figure on the screen in disbelief, “What level is he at? Display his star grade!”

The screen quickly changed, “Target is Leylin Farlier. Saved data: Four Stars.”

“What a joke! Rescan him.” He was practically yelling at this point.

Swish! An energy bar appeared, and the four star level was filled almost instantly. The meter arrived at five stars.

“So it’s a peak Morning Star. It’s no wonder that he can contend with Lord Stuart. But don’t worry, he can’t hold on for long...”

He sighed suddenly, but immediately after, the monitoring staff pulled him to look at the screen once more. In that moment, he practically turned to stone.

On the screen, the meter filled up even the five star grade, and then burst through it!

The screen glitched out and was restarted. The spirit genie then gave another evaluation.

“A Morning Star at the Six Star grade! It’s a monster, a monster!” He collapsed feebly onto his chair.

“My Lord! What do we do?” The staff watched the man in charge, hesitating to speak.

“What else can we do? Activate the most powerful defences and ensure that their battle won’t affect any other regions. We can’t handle the other matters...” The man’s eyes rolled back as he lost consciousness.

Weyers was on the battlefield, and he slowly gained more clarity on Leylin’s strength.

“This level of strength...” Weyers watched the giant phantom of a serpent soaring through the sky as it let loose terrifying sounds. He had become slightly dazed, “This is definitely stronger than a Five Star. Is he a legendary Six Star Morning Star?”

There were only five normal ranks for Morning Stars. However, history always produced frightening geniuses that defied common sense. This was the Six Star grade! A Morning Star who could match up to a Radiant Moon!

“He’s actually reached this level?” Weyers clutched his fists

tightly, thinking about his pride at breaking through to Four Stars, and he suddenly flushed red. He wanted to find a place to hide in.

Swish! Swish! Large numbers of elites rushed over, looking solemn and preparing for death.

Platinum flames flashed, and Weyers stood in their way, “I’ll take over here. Step back for now.”

Though he was envious, he still had to abide by their agreement. Weyers watched these guards and the Morning Star that arrived behind them in a lofty manner, and offered his greetings...

Boom! A tremendous energy tornado split open, and a blackened Stuart was ruthlessly sent flying as he arrived beside Weyers.

Leylin threw the Morning Star Magus to the ground, the black gas already completely removed from him.

“It’s a Magus from Jupiter’s Lightning!” “The spirit undulations are correct as well. I’ve seen him once before, and those can’t be hidden!”

Many Morning Stars looked at each other.

“Everyone can see that Lord Leylin was merely attacking the Magus from the opposing organisation, Jupiter’s Lightning. Based on the decree of the Monarch of the Skies, our Sky City is to maintain a neutral stance,” Weyers stood up and spoke

righteously.

Many Morning Star Magi exchanged glances, and watched Leylin who did not back down despite his injuries. In the distance, Stuart looked exasperated as he maintained his silence.

Leylin and Weyers glanced at each other, grinning. The outcome had been decided.

Information about this huge battle in Sky City spread like a storm.

The Warlock Leylin took on a Radiant Moon Magus by himself, only suffering light injuries to capture a Morning Star Magus from the other party. His name spread far and wide, and Stuart had been delegated to a supporting role.

The commotion grew further and further, dwarfing that over the Sage Appraisal.

Now, Weyers watched on as a black airship left Sky City from a private port. A strange expression was on his face.

The person leaving was naturally Leylin. Though he had successfully taken care of the Magus from Jupiter's Lightning and humiliated Stuart, he had completely ruffled the feathers of Sky City.

After all, he had ruthlessly attacked on of their esteemed elders in their own territory! If not for Weyers helping him control the situation, the Magi of Sky City might have just declared war against him.

Weyers obviously did not go uncompensated for his help. They had discussed that part beforehand, which was the only reason Leylin was cocky enough to rush to the frontlines.

Even then, knowing that he was garnering too much attention, Leylin did not dare stay in Sky City much longer. He accepted Weyers' proposal and went through unofficial channels to be baptised by the Endowing Scepter, keeping a low profile along the way. With his vitality increased by about 20 points, he secretly left the area, not participating in the appraisal.

As long as he obtained the profits, Leylin did not particularly care for such a title, and he tossed the conversation he'd had with the Monarch of the Skies to the back of his mind.

Leylin looked at his stats.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (complete form). Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 94.9, Spiritual Force: 956.8, Magic Power: 956(Magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force). Soul Force: 96 (Five Stars)]

“My vitality increased by 20 points, which means my body is pretty much adapted to the increased soul force now. The Endowing Scepter was truly essential!”

Leylin couldn't help but mumble to himself as he recalled the scepter.

He had realised during the baptism that the Endowing Scepter was the energy core of Sky City. If it was attacked, the entire city would fall to the ground, leading to a horrifying disaster.

The Endowing Scepter was not an actual scepter, but instead a gigantic energy reaction furnace. Its refined looped structure was something Leylin admired, and he had the impulse to steal it and study it.

Leylin suddenly came back to himself, a slight smile about his lips. “It's about time they caught up to me.”

Rumble! Immense energy undulations swept through the area, and the Colossal Serpent vanished in a puff of smoke. Leylin, who had been prepared, merely stood in mid-air while staring at Stuart who had suddenly appeared ahead of him.

Within Sky City, Weyers watched the direction Leylin had left in, and muttered to himself, “Though I agreed to help you take on the pressure from Sky City, you'll need to deal with Stuart's retaliation

yourself!”

His gaze was full of complicated feelings, “Leylin, I admit that you’re the biggest genius I’ve seen, to the point that you can tussle with a rank 5. However, the disparity between ranks is not something one can step across so easily...”

In the battle before, Leylin had successfully captured the Morning Star Magus alive, but he had also paid the price of getting injured. Meanwhile, Stuart had been covered in dirt, but he had no real injuries.

Now that he was away from Sky City, it was hard to tell the outcome if he was caught.

The most likely outcome was that, after an intense battle, Stuart would end up with serious injuries and Leylin would wind up dead.

Insanity flashed in Weyers’ eyes, “There needs only be one true genius, and that will be me!”

“Is he gone?” Flames flickered, and a Magus stood beside Weyers that looked similar to him. The Radiant Moon energy he gave off was even more terrifying than Stuart’s.

He glanced at Weyers with a look of encouragement, “You did well this time! With Stuart dejected, our organisation can now make ourselves known in Sky City!”

“Leylin’s already gone. I’ve also received news that Stuart has followed him!” Weyers’ voice held a trace of laughter. Weyers daring to oppose Stuart was not because he was a fool, but because someone else was backing him.

“Weyers, do you know why His Majesty, the Monarch of the Skies, promised not to interfere in the battle between the Ouroboros Clan and Jupiter’s Lightning? A Radiant Moon isn’t nearly enough for His Majesty to do this...”

The Radiant Moon looked serious as he spoke.

“Could it be...” Weyers’ expression changed.

“Leylin, you can’t run this time. I will return the humiliation you gave me today tenfold! No, a hundredfold!” Stuart’s voice was distorted, and his expression vicious.

Though Leylin was powerful, his total strength could still not match up to his own. This was what he had depended on when he chased after Leylin. Besides, he had help today, and could absolutely kill Leylin here!

Meanwhile, Jupiter’s Lightning headquarters, in a Magus Tower.

“Is it all prepared? It’s about to begin!”

Observing the bubbling Pond of Lamentation, Zegna's expression fluctuated as a female voice was heard.

“This will consume 21% of the Pond of Lamentation's energy reserves, and might even affect your transformation! Have you thought it through properly?”

“I've thought it through enough. Do it!” Zegna's voice was low.

“Alright! Give me a portion of the control rights...”

Mysterious, complicated incantations sounded in the secret room, and multiple black masks arose, disappearing into the void.

“Hm?” Leylin, who was facing Stuart, had a change in expression.

Large numbers of black masks suddenly surrounded his body, sticking onto his face.

[Beep! Host has been inflicted with a curse. Vitality and soul force have weakened!]

the A.I. Chip's voice transmitted.

“A curse? And it’s a long-distance ancient curse?” Leylin’s pupils shrank.

“Haha... You’re fated to die here. I will extract your soul and torture you for a thousand years!” Stuart laughed madly before he charged forth.

A terrifying rank 5 spell formed a snarling black monster that opened its large, ferocious mouth in Leylin’s direction.

“Scarlet Earring!” Red light flashed from Leylin’s ears, and a crescent-shaped blade of scarlet light slashed out...

Chapter 598 - Usage

The scarlet crescent of light slashed through the sky. The humongous black monster howled in grief as it disintegrated into black vapour and dispersed.

From the black vapour came Stuart's voice, full of fear, "A piece of high-grade magic equipment! You actually have a piece of high-grade magic equipment!"

He looked at the crimson earring hanging on Leylin's ear, his eyes filled with restraining fear and insatiable greed, "I'll kill you! All of this will be mine!"

'A.I. Chip, begin resisting the radiation from the curse, and find the source!' Leylin looked solemn as he secretly gave the command. If it was in the past, such an ancient curse would be highly troublesome to deal with, but with the vast amount of information from the Great Library as his trump card, and the A.I. Chip's ability to successfully quantify soul force, he had formed a decent database, allowing him to resist.

The same went for the Scarlet Earring. Before he thoroughly understood its origin and functions, he didn't dare to use it much. However, he had managed to find the history of and a detailed introduction to the Scarlet Earring in the Great Library, including operational instructions. This naturally allowed this piece of high-grade magic equipment to be put to full use.

Most of the magic equipment circulating around the central

continent was low-grade. Middle-grade magic equipment was rare, and high-grade magic equipment would make even Radian Moons green with envy!

His ability to use the Scarlet Earring had boosted Leylin's strength tremendously in one go, especially against things such as suppressive curses like now.

[Beep! Task established, begin projection of soul interference. Searching for source of curse!]

The A.I. Chip immediately intoned.

A layer of light yellow light was emitted from Leylin's body, while the numerous black masks rushed up like moths to the flame.

'A curse way beyond my expectations! And with such horrifying crippling abilities! It must've been cast by a Radiant Moon. I'm 90% sure Zegna is behind this. Who would've thought that he had talent in the field of curses...'

An icy glare flashed in Leylin's eyes. Even he could not deploy such an ancient curse, especially if it was a technique that involved crossing space. This even exceeded the boundaries of what a rank 5 could do!

‘Or maybe... Someone is helping him? An even stronger Magus at that?’ This idea had Leylin face turning darker. Not only did he have to fight against two rank 5 Magi who had joined forces, he had to pay even more attention to as mysterious high-ranking Magus who was spying on him.

“I really underestimated you previously!” Seeing that the black masks attacking Leylin from all sides were decreasing in number, Stuart unexpectedly did not continue attacking him, but instead started to gasp.

‘He actually has a method to resist the ancient curse. He may be at the peak of a Morning Star formally, but his strength is comparable to that of a Radiant Moon Magus! And he even possesses a piece of high-grade magic equipment! If I had known all this earlier, I wouldn’t have taken action even if Zegna multiplied his remuneration by tenfold!’

No matter how he felt, Stuart was a Magus after all. After his rage had subsided, he regained his senses and grew rational.

However, Leylin had a rather bad feeling about Stuart’s calm and straightforward manner of speaking.

“What a pity... Since the seeds of hatred have already been planted, I will not allow them to take root and germinate!” Stuart looked at Leylin with a profound look in his eyes, “If I cannot make you fall today, the day you advance to rank 5 will be judgement day for me! Even the Monarch of the Skies will not be able to save me...”

Leylin was silent, and didn't say much. Indeed, his enemy understood him best. Once he had sufficient strength in the future, he would definitely return for revenge and even eliminate him completely. He was not the only one who thought of this, as Stuart had as well. Neither of them tried to conceal it.

“So you must die here today, lest I be destroyed and return to the astral plane!” Stuart was resolute. Bizarre undulations appeared on his body, and the rings of light representing his five innate spells flickered into existence behind him. Even spacetime seemed to have been frozen at that moment.

“A Radiant Moon Arcane Art?!” Leylin's expression was extremely solemn.

Morning Stars, powered by their point masses, could combine their four innate spells to produce the Morning Star Arcane Art, and Radiant Moons could do the same with their five. This terrifying fusion of powers was strong enough to cause massive destruction even at rank 4; how strong, then, would it be at rank 5?

Leylin had never seen a Radiant Moon Arcane Art before, but it was evident that the entirety of Sky City would be hard pressed to survive Stuart's attack.

If not, he would have long used his Radiant Moon Arcane Art when he was humiliated then. He wouldn't have been so afraid of the Monarch of the Skies and forced himself to endure for so long

before finally taking action now!

This place was rather far from Sky City. Even if the undulations spread to the Sky City, its defence mechanisms and the Magi inside would be able to handle it. Thus, Stuart could go all out without any qualms!

At this moment, Leylin seemed to have seen Stuart's true soul through his point mass! His soul was sparkling with the frigid, dazzling radiance of a crescent moon!

'The superposition of innate spells to form a Morning Star Arcane Art does not result in a simple additive effect. With the introduction of a fifth, rank 5 innate spell, the formidability of a Radiant Moon Arcane Art is definitely exponentially greater. It should be at least ten times as strong, if not more!'

Leylin stared at the fused rings of light behind Stuart, fear rising within him. They were rippling with a bright radiance that seemed like it could destroy the world in one sweep!

"Stuart has really firmed his resolve. He actually dared to show his Radiant Moon Arcane Art in the main world!" Leylin sighed deeply and didn't go on the offensive directly. While Stuart was casting the Arcane Art, a frightening protective mechanism had automatically formed around him. If he attacked now, he might have to face the dreadful wrath of the Radiant Moon Arcane Art directly!

'The disparity between our powers is too large. Such a

formidable strength is enough to cause my fall!’ Leylin’s face flushed red. ‘The only way now is to....’

He slowly took off the white glove on his left hand, revealing an imprint in the form of a sun that was surrounded by black flames.

[Beep! Curse procedure found. Initializing tracking mode. Source confirmed.]

At this instant, the A.I. Chip brought him a piece of good news.

“Might as well settle them together then!” Leylin’s eyes glistened as he rushed towards Stuart...

Sky City.

“What does that mean? Didn’t Leylin obtain an agreement of neutrality from the Monarch of the Skies in exchange for the coordinates of the Lava World and his outstanding strength that could match a Radiant Moon’s?” Weyers gazed at his elder, puzzled.

The Radiant Moon Magus, however, shook his head. Weyers could even detect a bitter smile at the corners of his lips, much to his astonishment.

This elder of his was relatively strong among the Radiant Moon Magi, so why would he have such an expression? Could it be that Leylin's strength had already grown to the extent that even he felt helpless?

Weyers shook his head firmly, as though trying to expel this thought from his brain. He didn't consider that the more he did this, the deeper this conjecture took root in his mind.

Rumble! Horrifying vibrations were transmitted over, accompanied by dazzling white light.

"This is... a Morning Star Arcane Art? No! An energy undulation more terrifying than a Morning Star Art... Could it be Leylin?" Weyers lifted his head, gazing at the bright flames in the distance with a glint in his eyes.

"Stuart could not control himself in the end!" The Radiant Moon Magus sighed deeply, then said to Weyers, "You're lucky to be able to witness a Radiant Moon Arcane Art in the main world; and even other, greater things!"

"Greater things?" Weyers was rather confused, but soon after his mouth dropped agape in shock.

What did he see? A sun! An existence from ancient times, a boundless sun that was incomparably vast! It suddenly eclipsed the radiance of the Radiant Moon Arcane Art.

The degree of heat and undulations of heat waves emitted by it struck terror in his heart. Weyers knew that even a thread of those flames was sufficient to seriously injure or even kill him!

Under the rays coming from this sun, the white radiance of the Radiant Moon Arcane Art popped like a bubble. The corona had grown enormous and still continued to expand, quickly spreading to the outskirts of Sky City.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Numerous defensive spell formations shattered one by one. Terrifying golden-red heat rays intruded into the place, and it was as though the sky had disintegrated and the sun had fallen. Many buildings collapsed as the entirety of Sky City descended into chaos.

“Ah...” Weyers’ jaw hung open. He had never imagined that Sky City, which had always been incomparably stable and never experienced a single tremor, would waver like a small sailboat in the stormy seas under such a horrifying attack, facing destruction and death at any moment.

Under the dreadful might of a rank 6 spell, even Sky City, the most academic progress in the entire central continent, was on the verge of collapse!

The humongous floating city wobbled violently in the storm of pure gold flames, seemingly about to fall apart any moment!

“This cannot do! We must escape as quickly as possible, and be

far away from the range of this spell. This is utterly terrible...” Weyers murmured to himself.

Just as his defence mechanism could hold no longer, a hand landed on Weyers’ back, stabilising him instantly.

“Don’t panic! We still have our lord! The Monarch of the Skies will not sit still and allow the fall of Sky City!”

The words of the Radiant Moon Magus seemed to have a strong reassuring effect, allowing Weyers to recover from his previous state. Still, the shock in his pupils did not fade for a long time.

“That spell... Is it... No! That’s no longer a spell! It’s the law! The law of fire!” Weyers had never acted like this before. Never had he felt that he was so immensely insignificant and powerless. The disparity between him and Leylin was huge.

Chirp! Spotless white feathers floated down like snowflakes, accompanied by pleasing chirps. They firmly wrapped around the entire city, blocking out the flames.

With the assistance of this strange force, Sky City started to regain its stability.

“It’s the Monarch of the Skies! He has made a move!” The Radiant Moon Magus gasped.

The numerous Magi in the Sky City kowtowed devoutly in the

direction of the Drifting Garden, expressing their gratitude to the monarch for saving their lives.

Chapter 599 - Surging Waves Through The Continent

The Monarch of the Skies wrapped his city up in a strange energy barrier, and the tremors grew less violent.

After the energy storm outside passed, Weyers looked at the sight not too far away from him, and suddenly cried out involuntarily, “The thunder layer of Akev! Where has the thunder layer of Akev gone to?”

Below Sky City was originally a gigantic sea made of black thunderclouds. This was a natural skyscape that acted as the first defence of Sky City.

Even Crystal Phase Magi would find it so difficult to pass through it was practically impossible.

Now, however, the gigantic sea of black thunder clouds had disappeared, leaving only a fog formed of condensation.

“Obviously, everything has been destroyed. Even the city itself has been reduced to this state...” The Radiant Moon Magus laughed wryly.

Weyers recovered from his surprise and glanced at Sky City, which was now in ruins, and lowered his head as if in disappointment.

Even if they had been protected by the Monarch of the Skies, which prevented the city from being destroyed completely, most of the buildings had been devastated by the firestorm. Even if the core hadn't been destroyed, the losses were still hard to estimate.

Even most of the gigantic floating island had been burnt to a crisp, and it seemed incomparably ugly.

“Wha-What’s going on? Could Leylin have done this? How’s that possible?” Weyers’ eyes looked lost.

“The peak of rank 6, a power that’s already beginning to touch on the might of laws. That should be the ancient Sun’s Child’s ‘Sun Scorching Nirvana’!” The Radiant Moon Magus’ voice was solemn. “Leylin was somehow able to obtain the bloodline of the Sun’s Child, and he’s probably unrivalled in his knowledge on bloodline spells. To be able to recreate ancient attacks like this using a bloodline imprint...”

“Leylin?” Weyers grew bitter. “Then Stuart...”

“With Sky City in this state, how do you think he ended up?” The Radiant Moon sighed slightly, “We were still colleagues...”

Seeing his colleague fall just like that, he wasn't feeling that good.

“Stuart went against my decree and took part in the battle between the Ouroboros Clan and Jupiter’s Lightning. I hereby

declare his expulsion from Sky City!” An odd voice rang in Sky City.

“It’s the Monarch of the Skies’ voice!” Weyers cried out involuntarily. “ “Even His Majesty isn’t willing to provoke Leylin?”

Only now did he realise the disparity between Leylin and him, to the point that he felt utter despair...

Rumble! The void was shattered, and large amounts of golden-red flames surged into the area.

‘What is that?’ Zegna had this one thought before he was swallowed up by the golden-red flames in an instant as he cried out sharply.

The golden-red flames did not let anything slip by and began to wreak havoc on the surroundings. Even the Magus Tower of a rank 5 Radiant Moon Magus could do nothing against it.

The faint sound of a woman’s piercing scream was sent out from Zegna’s arm.

“Damn it, it’s the ancient Sun’s Child!”

“Curse of ancient times, heed my command. Show me the wrath

of time and space...” The woman’s voice quickly chanted.

Tss tss! Accompanying the strange and terrifying incantations, the black gases in the Pond of Lamentation surged outside, tangling with the sun’s flames.

Multiple distorted souls appeared in the air, forming a durable layer of light that disallowed the roasting flames entry.

Once the storm passed, the black streams of gas from the Pond of Lamentation had decreased by a large amount, and all that was left of Zegna was a charred arm on the ground.

Whoosh! The charred arm exploded, and flesh and blood began to grow at a rapid rate, forming Zegna once more.

Now, however, his expression was terrible, and he had frightful burn marks on his body.

“The ancient flames of the sun thankfully exploded a fair distance away from us, and through the and a great part of its might was reduced through the spacetime channel. If not, it wouldn’t be just you losing your life...” The mysterious woman’s voice sounded.

“Damn it, DAMN IT! How did it come to this? Everything should have been smooth-sailing... Ugh...”

Zegna roared in his fury, but suddenly, he stopped, as if his

throat was being clutched. Little flames were beginning to burn on his body once more.

“The Sun’s Child was at the peak of rank 6 Magi, and a being beginning to comprehend laws. Its flames hold within some of the power of law, and cannot be so easily taken care of!”

A hint of helplessness could be heard in her voice. Large amounts of water from the Pond of Lamentation flew into the air, forming a black robe and draping over Zegna.

“Ugh...” Zegna sighed in satisfaction. After he wore the black robe, the terrifying golden-red flames finally went out.

“Sun’s Child? How did he do that?” Zegna was puzzled, and even afraid. He had to admit that Leylin was full of miracles, and seemed to be his nemesis.

“I don’t know.” Narsha’s voice turned cold. “What you need to worry about is the Pond of Lamentation... To save a fool like you, I consumed more than half of its energy. You need to begin amassing resources more...”

“What?” When Zegna saw that there was only a thin layer of black gas left, his face fell, “That’s not possible! I put in all of my accumulated wealth to construct this...”

“Then you’ll need to launch the next plan...” She spoke slowly.

The secret room descended into silence, and only after a very long while could a low sound of acknowledgement be heard.

The incident in Sky City ended with the fall of a Radiant Moon Magus. The fall of someone of such status immediately swept through the continent like a hurricane.

This was a great rank 5 Magus! There were few of them even in the entire central continent, and they were truly among the top strata of the Magus World's society. They were the goals of all young Magi, and each one held an immense reputation for their battle strength. Even if they weren't in control of the large organisations, their statuses were second only to Monarchs. Their experiences could be written down as legend, forming an enriching story!

Someone like that had actually fallen? And at the hands of a Morning Star Magus?

The first reaction most Magi had after hearing this was disbelief, but when conclusive evidence was shown, and especially with the announcement of Stuart's subsequent expulsion by the Monarch of the Skies, the central continent sank into a strange silence.

The Magi collectively lost their voices. This was killing a Radiant Moon at the Morning Star realm! It was no longer the purview of a genius. Leylin was a demon!

If he could even kill Radiant Moons, what were Morning Stars worth? How many organisations had Breaking Dawn Monarchs in their midst in the central continent?

Hence, many Magi organisations added Leylin to the list of people they absolutely could not provoke. The Ouroboros Clan even received regular expressions of goodwill and discreet inquiries, both out in the open and in the shadows. It kept the two dukes extremely busy.

The main character in this story—the most powerful Kemoyin Warlock, and the most powerful Morning Star in history—went missing. Duke Leylin Farlier had mysteriously disappeared from the public eye.

Torrential rain fell down from the skies. There was lightning everywhere, and one could see meteorites every once in a while.

The heart of the fight between the Radiant Moon Arcane Art and rank 6 bloodline imprint had been in Sky City, but close to 10% of the central continent had been affected. Abnormality in the climate was only a small part of it; spatial rifts had opened up everywhere, and would likely have to be closed up by Monarchs.

A secret room had been opened in the middle of a desolate mountain. There were no channels for external communication, and countless concealing runes filled the surroundings, sealing this place up.

A figure dressed in tattered platinum robes was half-leaning on the rock walls, observing the back of his hands and looking deep in thought.

“My battle might right now is comparable to Radiant Moons! On top of that, the bloodline imprint of the rank 6 Sun’s Child has an immensely terrifying radiation. Even if all the Prophets in the central continent work together, they still won’t be able to track me down...”

Leylin was very confident in his hiding abilities. It would require a Breaking Dawn Prophet to act, and even they would only be able to find slight traces of him. However, there were few such Magi across all of history, and there were likely none in the present. Hence, he was rather at ease when it came to his safety.

“I never thought that the backlash from the Sun’s Flames would be so immense!” Recalling the scene from that day, a wry smile appeared about his lips. Under the threat of Stuart’s Radiant Moon Arcane Art, Leylin had brazenly used the bloodline imprint on his left hand and launched a terrifying attack.

It was as if the ancient Sun’s Child had been revived. The moment Sun Scorching Nirvana was launched, the Radiant Moon Arcane Art was torn apart, and even Stuart had fallen there and then.

That was not all. Leylin had even followed the path of the curse and sent a portion of the might of the spell to the caster. Even if Zegna wasn’t dead, he would at least have some injuries at this point.

Such a terrifying rank 6 spell had been launched through a bloodline imprint, and had still almost extracted everything from Leylin.

As Leylin was not rank 6 and definitely not the Sun's Child, he had also been hit with a backlash from the Sun's Flames.

If not for him having another of the bloodline imprint to protect him and the black flames of the Emberflame Technique having the unique effect of controlling those flames, he would not only be gravely injured but even die!

There were definitely more than one or two in history who had died from the backlash of employing a spell that far surpassed their ability, and Leylin had almost followed in their footsteps.

“Thankfully, I’m fine. It would’ve been way too sad if I’d been killed by my own spell...” Leylin’s heart was still palpitating in fear.

“Whatever it is, I’ve finally healed all of my injuries today. What should I do next? I need to think it over properly!”

Chapter 600 - Evasion

‘A.I. Chip, show me my condition!’ Leylin commanded in his mind.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (Matured Body). Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 100.2, Spiritual force: 956.8, Magic power: 956 (magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force). Soul force: 96 (Five Stars)]

His vitality had finally broken past 100, solving the issue arising from the rapid advancement of his soul force. Seeing this, Leylin could finally heave a sigh of relief. After all, his main goal in coming to Sky City was to solve this issue completely.

The Endowing Scepter had initially increased his vitality by two levels, the equivalent of twenty points. Afterwards, the disaster that was the Sun’s Flames had actually resulted in a profit for him. His Fireplume had managed to take in quite a bit of the energy from it, and it resulted in a surprising transformation that pushed his vitality past the mark.

Now, he had completely reached his target, and all that was left to deal with were the repercussions, which were slightly troublesome.

At this thought, a wry smile appeared about Leylin’s lips as he grew gloomy.

After all was said and done, Stuart was still a Radiant Moon from Sky City. There were few even amongst the subordinates of the Monarch of the Skies who were ranked as highly as he was.

And now, such an important person had fallen at Leylin's hands. Even if the Monarch of the Skies expelled Stuart from Sky City afterwards, it was likely just to avoid provoking him for now. Leylin would not believe that the Monarch had no thoughts on this matter.

Leylin could very well raise his hands and leave just like this, but the Monarch of the Skies could not. He had to pay the cost of Leylin and Stuart's battles, which included things like mending the spatial rifts and the like. However, it wasn't his fault that this occurred in his domain. Leylin had been left without a choice.

He was sure that, at this point, the Monarch hated him to the core. In fact, he had probably provoked the entire organisation of Sky City.

After all, Leylin had used the coordinates to a foreign world and the help of some other Sky City Magi to put pressure on Stuart. This had already depressed the Monarch of the Skies, but it was still acceptable.

However, even Weyers and his backers would feel sympathy for his killing of the man.

By the looks of it, the entirety of Sky City harboured no

favourable impression of Leylin, and could even act against him.

“This is getting troublesome...” Leylin laughed wryly, and the cold glint in his eyes became increasingly obvious. Since others were going to plot against him, he would prepare his vengeance.

Besides, the other party was just a Breaking Dawn Magus. How amazing could he be? With the A.I. Chip, the advice of the ancient Wisdom Tree, and the Kemoyin bloodline, Leylin was confident that he would reach that realm in due time, even surpass it.

“However, I still have to face the real problems. As I am now, I can somewhat deal with New Moon Radiant Moon Magi. If I activate the bloodline imprint, I can even threaten Full Moon Magi!”

Leylin had an accurate estimation of his battle might.

“However, there’s only one chance left to activate the bloodline imprint of the Sun’s Child. After this, there’s nothing left... Even if it’s the attack from the ancient Sun’s Child, a Full Moon Magus still has a chance of survival. A Breaking Dawn Monarch can definitely take it on, obviously, and it’s just a matter of the price to be paid in exchange...”

“If I appear now, there might be Full Moon Magi, even Breaking Dawn Magi trying to kill me in fear of my potential. I won’t be able to defend myself against them at all.” That was why Leylin had been in hiding all this while, and the reason he had not returned to the Ouroboros Clan headquarters. Though such a scenario wasn’t

likely, he was still prepared for the worst case.

If he really was caught by a Breaking Dawn, there was no chance of survival even if he used his trump card.

One only lived once, and Leylin didn't believe he'd get one more opportunity to travel to another time after death.

"I'm afraid that, before I reach Radiant Moon, I'll need to hide in the shadows." Leylin sighed.

The moment he reached rank 5, Radiant Moon, the strength of his Warlock bloodline, in addition to his methods as well as trump cards would give him a chance to flee with his life even when faced with a rank 6 Magus.

If that was possible, he would be a Magus at the peak in the central continent, and he would no longer need to fear any attacks, whether in the open or in the shadows.

"Rank 5, Radiant Moon!" Leylin sighed. "How could the bloodline shackles of Kemoyin Warlocks be solved so easily... It doesn't matter; I have to break through them no matter what, else I'll have to remain in hiding for the rest of my life. If that were the case, it'd be better to start anew in another world!"

At this thought, Leylin flipped through the book of imprints in his hands and tapped the image of a Giant Kemoyin Serpent.

After a static sound, Gilbert's agitated voice was heard. "Leylin, is it you?"

"It's me!" Leylin answered concisely. Though there were restrictions when it came to secret imprints, both users were Morning Star and with the amplification of soul force the distance across which information could be transmitted was increased by a large amount.

"It's great that you're alright, hehe... You've done something incredible! Emma and Freya are very worried about you." It was no surprise to hear Gilbert's wry laughter from the other side of the secret imprint.

"My apologies for making you two dukes worry. Also, please help me apologise to Freya! I probably won't be able to return for a period of time..." Leylin's voice was low.

"What? Are you in trouble? Do you need us to come over?" Gilbert began to get worried. Leylin was currently not just the pillar of support of Ouroboros Clan, but also their hope!

"I'm fine! I'll just need to go on a journey for a period of time. I shall leave matters of the Ouroboros Clan to both of you in the meanwhile." Leylin concealed his imminent attempts at breaking through to Radiant Moon, and gave Gilbert the impression that he was going to wait until the fuss died down.

It was enough for the two Morning Star dukes to be in charge of the Ouroboros Clan. Leylin, who had disappeared, would act as a

huge deterrent anyway. Before he popped up again, any Magi who wanted to attack the Ouroboros Clan would have to consider the consequences of offending a Magus with the might of a Radiant Moon!

“Alright, that works.” Gilbert was old and wise, and quickly thought of this matter in a short period of time.

After a brief silence, Gilbert presented another piece of news. “... Actually, someone from the Warlock Union looked for me. He hoped that you’d go to the Morning Star Area, and they’d definitely ensure your safety!”

‘Morning Star area? Warlock Union?’ Leylin pondered over it, ‘With a few Radiant Moon Warlocks in charge, safety should not be an issue, but throwing this idea out at this time... Are they trying to rope me in, or is this a conspiracy?’

Thoughts churning at lightning speed, Leylin quickly answered, “It’s alright. Thank them for their goodwill on my behalf!”

Even if they were protecting him without any ulterior motives, Leylin would not go to the Morning Star area. He would never place his own safety in the hands of another person. In other words, even a Radiant Moon Warlock was not qualified to guarantee his safety.

“Even rank 7, 8 or 9 existences can’t be relied on. The most steady method is to count on oneself.” Leylin’s eyes were full of mirth as they shot out his resolution.

“Alright. Oh, you....” Gilbert on the other end could only laugh wryly.

“Well then, take care!” “Take care!” After they bade their farewells, Leylin closed off the channel and left the area.

It was still possible to monitor communication via secret imprints. This was merely a temporary place used to recuperate, and he had long since planned to leave it. If not, he would not take the initiative and communicate with the external world.

After Leylin left, blazing black flames immediately began to burn, turning the desolate mountain into ashes.

Bzzz Bzzz! Not long after Leylin’s departure, space began to ripple as it twisted on itself, forming a door flickering with light.

A few human figures walked out, their bodies emanating terrifying energy undulations. Seeing the mountain that had turned to ashes, they sighed, “We’ve come too late.”

A figure stood above the ashes and tightened his fist, but could only shake his head helplessly, “He was very cautious and did it cleanly, not leaving behind any trace of his scent. It’s impossible to chase him down.”

“Prophetic spells are useless against him. Are we really going to let him go?”

The few black figures began to discuss amongst themselves.

“This Warlock has the highest potential out of every one I’ve seen. At rank 4, he can kill a rank 5, and once he reaches Radiant Moon, how much more powerful can he get?”

“You seem to have forgotten something. He’s a Giant Kemoyin Warlock, and he has the problem of bloodline shackles. The limits of his own strength are rank 4. This is a restriction on his soul! Since ancient times, there have been so many bloodline Warlocks, and yet none have broken through it. Do you think he can?”

There was a trace of pity in this new speaker’s voice, “But I must admit that Leylin is definitely a genius. He’s among the best in all history, but it’s a pity that he’s chosen the path of a Kemoyin Warlock. If he walked the path of a Magus, we might have seen the rise of another Monarch!”

“It’s not a pity. It’s fortunate instead, fortunate that he chose the path of a Warlock!” The black figure right in the middle suddenly spoke, his tone icy.

“Yes! It’s fortunate that he’s chosen to be a Warlock!” The other black figures agreed with each other, turning into great amounts of black gas and dissipating.

Leylin knew nothing of what happened after his departure. He had not even left stardust bugs behind.

Though this method was very discreet, Radiant Moon Magi had terrifying soul force, and there was a chance of being discovered. Leylin was not going to allow people to track him by making use of the bugs.

He quickly switched locations, his methods of destroying his scent all because of his cautiousness. Thankfully, he had dodged this bullet.

‘How should I begin to tread the path of rank 5, Radiant Moon?’ Leylin had now used an altering spell to change his outer appearance and arrived at another area in the central continent.

What was in front of him was a sea of fire...